

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 14.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The New Year.

Up into the sunshine, soul of mine,  
I brook no darkness here;  
The sun is shining on the hills  
In the first day of the year!  
The glittering snow on the pines,  
Like frosty fingers they rise,  
And the earth below and the sky above,  
Are clad in happy guise!

Up, up, my soul, no longer sit,  
With folded hands, alone;  
The Future opens arms to thee,  
The Past is dead and gone!  
The Future, with her luring voice,  
Cries "hither, hither, sweet!"  
The Past, a shadow of the lost,  
Is tracking at my feet.

Up, up, my soul! no glance behind;  
Turn not one wistful look;  
Leave all the Past to Him who gave,  
To Him, again, who took!  
Press on, on the year of life  
Cannot be always May;  
Yet the snow-birds sing on the leafless  
tree.

And why not thou as they?

Up, up, my soul! no longer sit  
Inert with fear and dread,  
Since Nature's calm is all around,  
And the sky shines overhead!  
Up, up, and climb the mountain path,  
With strong, unfettered will!  
And let thy motto ever be,  
"Onward and Upward" still!

## Select Literature.

### THE PEAL OF HOPE:

#### A Bellringer's Christmas Story.

##### CHAPTER I.

##### UP AMONGST THE BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

Only dull metal, are they? Ah, so people say. They come to look at my bells sometimes—the visitors I mean—after they have walked up and down the aisles and seen the brasses, and the dead crusader with his massive hands crossed upon his breast for ever, and the colors from the window stealing down him. They quarrel about him too, and some say he is not a crusader at all; and I stand by and listen, wondering where his ashes are, and whether my bells know anything about him or not. And then I hear them talk so wisely of the date of bells—when the first was cast, the composition they are made of, and the wonderful way in which the founders can calculate to a sentence what a certain amount of metal will say when it is cast. Ah! my bells, is that all? They know nothing of what passes between you and me in the still, dark hours, when we are alone with the bats and the owls, the mice, and all the creeping things that nights bring in her train. They look up at the dark forms and speculate, and shake their heads; but they would not touch a rope; they are afraid of the big wheels; and the solemn iron tongues are still, and have not a whisper for their ears."

And the old man took a rope over his shoulders, and clasped his hand upon it. Here he reigned a king in his own palace; he loved the great wheels and the ponderous bells, the knotted ropes, the rugged wood-work, and the great black shadows that darkened the walls with strange, fantastic figures around him. The man and the place had known each other through many a midnight vigil; about the iron tongues hovered strange stories, dim with sorrow like a distant dirge, and glad with a tender musical utterance of gladness soon to pass away. Nothing but dull metal! To him they had voice and soul. What human voice could utter forth such sounds of rejoicing with them that did rejoice? What was so full of the darkness of death as the funeral knell? And he looked from the spade beside him to the bells above, as though in grave recognition of the link between the two.

"I smile at the wise ones," he said, "the readers of big books and writers of learned papers, who have gone so far to learn so little; who look at my friends up there as though they were nothing but machines, formed by man to do man's will, with no power of their own. And you, children of the readers and writers, gently nurtured, you love the bells; but yet they whisper not their secrets to you. Listen, then."

"Little maiden with the deep eyes, looking out upon an unknown world, once I held you a moment in my arms—these crooked, work-worn, ill-clad arms—and tears fell down upon your baby face, but they were not from my old eyes. Listen."

"It was the last night of December, and I took my keys, and same to sit where I am sitting now, that I might wait for the birth of the good New Year, and welcome it. Many a ghostly shape started up in my path across the churchyard, but I knew them all, and greeted them as I passed; many a queer-shaped urn, with the bare arms of some drooping tree spread over it, and rustling in the wind a sorrowful petition to the passer-by to go on his way in silence, and leave the slumbers of the dead untroubled.

"I feared not ghosts, nor shadows, nor the great white cross that gleamed before me in the moonlight, stretching forth its arms as though for ever supplicating. 'See, on this I suffered for a dying world! Raise thine eyes to me, and live!'

"I came on, and sat here, with my lantern waiting, for it was not yet twelve o'clock;

and my raven perched beside me, and ruffled up his feathers, as though he would have hinted that it was cold. I was not cold. I am never cold here. I scared the bats from their corners, and a heavy-winged owl fled screaming away from my light; then the mice came out, and the beetles and creeping things; and a great spider ran up the rope, and crawled about my hand. I cared nothing for that, I was used to it. *"We think it a queer, dreary sort of place to be in at that time of night, and all alone; but then it is as good as home to me. The odd little noises and rustlings might scare people not used to them, as the white cross in the churchyard took a ghostly form to frighten those who did not know what it was; but they did not scare me. I heard a carriage go rumbling down the street past the churchyard from some of the Christmas parties; then another and another, and I began to wonder idly whose they were, and whether they would be amongst those I should see in the morning for we were to have a grand wedding the next day. All the country round had been ringing with it; all the neighbors talked about it; the little children could think of nothing else, and the universal cry was, 'Thank goodness! we shall not lose her; she will be with us all the same.'*

"Would it be all the same? My bells told me better. They knew that the shadow of a changed life and altered hopes must pass over the bride, for whom they ring their joyful peal; and she can never be the same again. And then I thought about the bride-groom, for whose coming of age I had set my bells to ring only twelve months before, and whose strong young arms had taken their turn at the ropes many a merry night. Would he do it again? The question had scarcely come into my mind when I heard a step upon the stone stairs; not a step like mine, but light and springing, and I knew to whom it belonged.

"Here as usual," he called out, "amongst the bats and the spiders. A brave night, old boy, with the stars shining like a million golden balls, and the old tover blinking under them like an owl. Well, a Merry Christmas to you Jeff, and a Happy New Year, when it comes!"

"Same to you, sir," I said. "But I didn't look for you to-night, Mr. Hugh."

"No? I can't go to bed; I shouldn't sleep a wink. There's a restless spirit about, somehow."

"You're breathing like a blown hunter, Mr. Hugh."

"A merry Christmas to you all," he cried, "and a happy New Year."

"Mr. Hugh," I said, and then I stopped. When I looked up in his face, thinking how young, and strong, and handsome he was, and longing to bid him be careful of the tender little blossom which was his own now, I saw on each of his cheeks a spot of burning crimson, and my heart sank, and the words I might have dared to say died on my tongue.

"Make them speak, old friend, up there in the belfry," he said; "let us have a merry peal to-day."

"And this day next year," shouted a voice in the crowd; "and every New Year's day as long as we live. We'll keep it up."

"Then every hat was held high above its owner's head, and every lip joined in the shout that rose exultant on the morning air, 'Long life to them, and happiness!'

"And I saw the bridegroom stand bare-headed to them; and the face of the bride, covered with its white veil, turned once towards the crowd. Then I went to my place in the belfry.

"How the grim warriors beat their iron sides that day! How they laughed, and fired, and clashed, and filled the tower with noisy echoes from top to bottom, keeping the jacks-daws circling round like an uneasy cloud, uncertain where to settle.

"It's better than you can do, old fellow," said one of the ringers, as we stopped to rest.

"His familiar there helps him," was the response. "Mr. Hugh's a fine chap, isn't he?"

"He'll have a fine lot of money some day, and that's better. Wish I was in his shoes."

"There's to be an ox drawn to the Square and divided; and a lot of sheep. And there's dinner for everybody that likes to go for it. Now then."

"And all day long, at intervals, the bells rang out as vigorously as ever. 'Long life to them!' But through it all, plain, and plain, and unrelenting, came the knell. And I only heard it.

"At night when the ringers were gone, and I was alone, I looked up at the iron tongues, and said, 'What is it for? What do the burning cheek and glittering eyes mean? Many a dreary work I have to do; but they are both so young; let us spare them. It is hard to toll on a wedding-day. Give me the marriage-peal, but take back the knell.' But they were dumb, and there was no answer, save the whistling of the wind, and the croaking wood-work.

"The bonnie wee lassie! With her gentle eyes, and the dainty fingers that were always ready to help the helpless and give to the poor.

"I called up her face before me as I thought how merrily we, up in the belfry, would bid her God speed on the morrow."

"Children, a blessing upon her was warm in my heart, but it never rose from thence to my lips. A sudden chill crept over me. The shadows on the wall grew darker and darker; out of the dim corners came eyes full of a stern sorrow and mournfulness, and looked at me till I was fain to cover my own, but could not. It was as though they knew—these solemn, wonderful eyes—the deep things of the charnel and the grave, of the past and the future; as though they knew, even before my own ears had heard it, the secret of the bells. For while I looked and trembled, the semblance of an open grave was before me; and there was no sound now of creaking wheels or shivering ropes, of bat or owl, or falling rubbish; but, in the dead and ghostly stillness, there came to my ear a peal of marriage-bells, soft and sweet as

though a fairy's breath had blown them across those ponderous unmoved shapes above, and after them, full, and solemn, and low, the tolling of a funeral knell. Who should know the sound if I did not? It filled my ears, and made my brain turn giddy. The bells had spoken to me, and I had listened. And when I looked up, my raven—down birdie, kept quiet—was perched upon the spade at my side, croaking out, 'Dig! Alas! what was I to dig?'

"Old Jeff," he said, "thanks for your welcome. We are glad to be home again. But—this staircase of yours—is this such a cranky, breathless sort of affair; we must see if something can't be done."

"Only twelve months ago; and now here were my old arms telling the passing bell, while his —. Then I saw another picture: blinds drawn over the windows, and a sheet over the bed. A face which no crimson spot could touch again on the pillow: hands crossed upon a clay-cold breast, like the hands of the dead crusader in the chancel.

"And there's your bird of ill-omen safe and well, and gruff as ever. It is but a weird sort of companion though; and the place doesn't you find those midnight watches of yours somewhat dismal, eh?"

"He never used to think so. The tone was now to me, as well as the sharp catching for breath, and the sinking of the old boorish spirit that was never wont to find the belfry a dreary place. I did not say this, however. I looked at the young wife and then at her husband. Did she know?"

"It is better than a solitary hearth, Mr. Hugh; and I am alone you know, wherever I go. And then there are these—friends of yours as well as mine; I said, pointing to a rope.

"He shook his head, and smiled.

"I should like it, Jeff; but my wife won't let me."

"I turned away, that he might not see my face. As if I could look at him and not know that a single pull would shake almost the life out of him. He said that, looking down upon her with proud fondness, as a young husband should.

"'Dare Hugh,' she answered, 'only for a while, until you get stronger. For I like the bells too; and when you are able for it, you shall ring, and I will sit and listen—outside, though,' she added, laughing. 'I wonder the ringers are not all deaf.'

"As she spoke, his face contracted with a strange expression—a sudden wandering look of fear, and perplexity, and pain. Did he hear the bells as I heard them? Did they send down upon him some voice of warning and trouble then, as she spoke of his getting stronger?

"I wish we had never gone away, Jeff. I was strong before we went. I think the travelling must have knocked me up. But, here, give me a rope and let me try. It is all nonsense. If I could do it once, I can do it now."

"A little hand held him back—a little light touch, like the touch of a feather."

"Mr. Hugh," I said, "go out into the sunlight. It is dreary in here, and there are draughts in every direction. We will have a peal when you get stronger."

"Yes, you are right; let us go. There's something damp and earthy about the place. Come, love!"

"And when I thought they were gone, all once a dainty touch was on my hand, and eyes full of a dim and distant agony were looking up at me.

"You sent him away—they are all killing me with fair words, which I don't know how to believe. You have known him so long; you love him. Tell me, is the change in him so very, very great?"

"I bent my head over the poor, trembling little fingers, and said, 'He is changed; but the summer is before him; he may rally—God help him!'

"Then through the silence of the place there was a single heavy, half-stifled sob; a faint voice calling to her from the old stone stairs, and she was gone.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPIRIA.

"It was the last night of the year, and I made my way through the churchyard, to keep my lonely watch in the belfry. Snow covered the grass-grown graves; snow hung heavily upon the trees, and weighed down the branches, dropping from them in silent, sudden tears upon the kindred snow beneath.

And the white cross gleamed whiter than ever as I passed it; but on my heart was a weight heavier than snow, and I mourned in the starlight, and wondered at the dearness which are always wise and good.

"I put my keys into the lock, and the door swung back heavily upon sullen hinges; the worn stairs seemed harder worn than ever, and more bitter the wind that circled about them. My old seat met my eyes blank and desolate, and the sound of my feet on the floor awoke no echoes from the dark forms of my giant friends overhead. All was sombre and still as the grave, except the iron heat that beat in the tower above to tell the flight of time.

"Look at them, little one; the silent, grim old warriors, always at their post! How many stories are written upon those coats of grimy mail? How many times have they rung solemnly the changes of life, and joy, and death? Many a sad heart has been sad for years; many a glad one filled to overflowing at the sound of their merry music.

And now, I put my hand to a rope, and sent forth upon the night air the passing bell for the soul which was gone from amongst us. And my bird perched upon my shoulder drearily, and croaked.

"There were pictures in the bells that night for me. As the hollow boom fell on my ear the rough wood-work and the huge cobwebs, the broken floor and the dull wall, faded away from before me. I saw a white-veiled

maiden whose feet trod a path sprinkled with the scanty flowers of Christmas; and over her head, as she entered the church, hung a chaplet of everlasting flowers. Then a hand grasped mine, and an unsteady voice said,

"Make them speak, old friend, up there in the belfry. Let us have a merry peal to-day."

"Only twelve months ago; and now here were my old arms telling the passing bell, while his —. Then I saw another picture: blinds drawn over the windows, and a sheet over the bed. A face which no crimson spot could touch again on the pillow: hands crossed upon a clay-cold breast, like the hands of the dead crusader in the chancel.

"I wish you 'A Happy New Year.'

"A Happy New Year to you all!" I heard

cried.

"As I slowly wended my way

Fast a crowd of young schoolboys, who stood

in the street,

On a cold and wintry day.

I looked, and before me an aged old man

Groan, with cane swaying back in the air;

But it fell, as he shouted with boisterous

mirth,

"I wish you a Happy New Year."

"A Happy New Year to yourself," I replied,

As I picked up his fallen cane;

"May God grant you many a happy new year,

A Happy New Year once again."

"Woman," he answered, "I once was young

And as gay and as happy as they;

Had parents too, who loved me as dear

And taught my young lips how to pray.

"But my father died in his youthful prime;

My mother his sad fate soon shared;

And all that they left in this cold, wide world,

Was an orphan in deep despair.

"For years I toiled in a stranger land,

To gain me a humble home;

But a crust was too good for an orphan boy,

A bed—good enough for a throne.

"The clock struck, and I rang out the midnight peal; but the dismal knell was gone from that too, and I heard in it only a welcome for the new-born year."

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

## The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears and are paid, except at the option of the proprietor, and any notice given him prior thereto discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .25
One square one year, .10.00
One square six months, .06.00
One square three months, .04.00
Half a square one year, .06.00
Half a square six months, .04.00
Half a square three months, .02.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *lent*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked by the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

### AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANFIELD.  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay Square, Cornhill Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this place as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL reaches every town in New England, and surrounding Woburn, and it will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOURNAL PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL AND MME. DEMORET'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be had for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise could not be obtained for less than \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new broad patterns, needle and embroidery drawings, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

### THE LIQUOR LAW.

A short time ago an article in the Boston Journal said, that an effort is to be made at the approaching session of the Legislature, to repeal the prohibitory liquor law. This is something new to us, and we certainly hope that the effort will not be successful. The statement that the law has proved a failure, is simply untrue. In many of the towns in the Commonwealth, it has proved a great success, and has prevented the public sale of spirituous liquors almost wholly. But we are sorry that we cannot say the same of our cities, where no determined attempt has been made to stop the traffic, and the poisoning beverage is dealt out unblushingly at noonday. We feel quite confident, that any effort at all is made to enforce this law, there is no more difficulty attending it, than there is in enforcing any other law. The greatest trouble has been found in the disagreement of juries. But this is in a great measure done away, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is just as easy to obtain conviction before a Middlesex County jury, for a violation of the liquor law as for any other law on the statute book. If this is not so in Boston, it is the fault of those who make up the jury list, and not of the law. If your jury is made up of thieves it will be quite as difficult to convict a man of stealing, as it now is to convict one of rum-selling. This is "what's the matter" in Boston, and as long as so many people are interested directly or indirectly, in liquor selling, so long will there be difficulty in enforcing a law for its suppression.

Another assertion in the article before alluded to, will not bear investigation. It is this—"There never was so much liquor sold as at the present time." "And it never has been more generally used in old times, when it was kept on the sideboard of almost every family." A moment's reflection will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical on this subject. In the first place there are more than two hundred towns in the Commonwealth where it is not sold at all now, where there were formerly several places in each town, where it was sold openly, according to law. Have Boston and a few other places so multiplied their rum-shops, that the number is made good? We do not believe it. Besides, if so much more rum is sold now, who drinks it? So far as our own experience goes, and this agrees with that of others, not one-third of the people in the State—with the exception of Boston and a few other large places,—drink any ardent spirits at all. It is considered a burning disgrace for a man to be seen drinking, or even frequenting places where liquor is sold. These statements we rely on as facts, and go to disprove all assertions which are put forth by interested parties to show that the liquor law is ineffectual. It is a little strange that those who wish to violate a law should be the most earnest for its repeal, and that they argue which make it, that aids their business. Is this probable? The cry for repeal should come from another quarter, before it is listened to.

But it seems to us that the Journal confutes its own argument. It assigns as a reason why the liquor law should be repealed, the fact that a great deal of liquor is sold in connection with it, and it gives the draft of a new law based on the license system, and re-

commends this because people will be able to purchase in large quantities to keep at their homes, where they can readily obtain it. If people drink so much now, why does the Journal wish to increase the quantity? The truth is, people who argue in this way, have no desire to restrict liquor selling. It is a mere ruse to get rid of this, to them, odious law, which exposes its violators to imprisonment with felons. So far as fines are concerned, they will pay them with comparative cheerfulness; but the idea of looking through a prison grate, does not strike them so favorably. It somehow compromises their dignity. The absurdity of looking for measures for the promotion of temperance, from such a quarter is preposterous, and we hope that no man who has the success of the cause at heart, will be so verdant as to lend his influence to the movement contemplated.

We think there are plenty of old and tried men enlisted in this cause, without going into the ranks of the opposition to find advocates. We have little fear that the Legislature will make any radical changes in the law. It may be well, however, for temperance men to look to the subject so that they may not be caught napping.

WAR MEETINGS.—A War Meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, last Saturday evening. Daniel Allen, Esq., of South Reading, made a stirring address, and created much enthusiasm. Nine persons signed the roll on this occasion. Mr. Franklin Keyes, was chosen Secretary in place of Mr. R. M. Dennett, ordered on duty.

Another meeting was held last evening, and was addressed by Rev. Mr. Squires. Below we give the names of those who enlisted:

Sidney White, Oliver M. Wade, Stephen Seaver, George Bancroft, Chas. H. Clements, Charles F. Swan, Robert Westcott, Horatio E. Tidd, John Waters, James Smith, Ed. K. Willoughby, John B. McCool, Samuel P. Hopkins, Lewis M. Walker, and P. George Murray. If all these persons pass, our quota of 52, needs only 3 of being full. Another meeting will be held this evening.

FOLLOWING will be found the names of those persons who have been sworn into the service since our last:

Geo. L. Brown, Peter Grant, Edward G. Eastman, and Peter O. Cole, join 1st Mass. Cavalry; Edward M. Dudley, Co. C, 2d Heavy Artillery; Cornelius O'Connor, Alonso S. Richardson, Edward Hoskins, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.; William Carroll, 11th Mass. Cavalry; John S. Fullerton, 1st Mass. Cavalry; Robert Pemberton, 1st (re-enlisted), Co. B, 32d Regt.; Jules Vallancourt, (re-enlisted), Co. C, 32d Regt.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Charles P. Metcalf has resigned the position, so ably filled by him in the Woburn Bank for a number of years, to engage in a wholesale business in Boston. Yesterday, the President and Directors of the Bank, presented him with a very fine, gold hunting-case watch worth \$165, as a connecting link between past esteem and future good will. A testimonial of this kind, coming from such a source, must be pleasing to the recipient, and speaks very much in favor of his integrity and uprightness. During Mr. Metcalf's connection with the Bank, everything, so far as he was concerned, has been satisfactory, both to the Directors and the public, and he leaves Woburn with the hearty good wishes of a large number of friends for his future prosperity.

REGIMENT.—Rev. John McCarty, who for some time past has had charge of the Catholic Church in this town, resigned his pastorate on Christmas day. His popularity, while in Woburn, has not been confined to his own congregation, but has extended far and wide, and his genial disposition has won him many friends, who will regret his departure.

ACCIDENT.—Charles H. Nichols, of North Woburn, had his hand badly bruised by being caught in a splitting machine at Horace Tidd's tannery. One of the fingers was partly torn off. This is the third accident, from the same cause, that we have been called upon to chronicle during a few weeks.

THE RECEIPTS AT THE ORTHODOX FESTIVAL, on Christmas evening, amounted to \$100. This sum was realized from the sale of admission tickets and refreshments alone, and will materially aid in the purchase of the piano for the Vestry.

DISCHARGED.—Private William Coveny, of East Woburn, Co. D, 33d Mass. Regt., who lost his left arm at the battle of Gettysburg, arrived home last Saturday, having been discharged.

THE DRAFT.—The draft has been postponed days, and accordingly will take place on the 16th inst. Government in granting these days of grace has conferred a favor on many communities.

RE-ENLISTED.—Sergt. Major Henry Flint, formerly of North Woburn, of the 1st Conn. Cavalry, has arrived home on a thirty days' furlough, having re-enlisted for three years more.

TRANSFERRED.—Private James Dooley, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., was transferred to the Invalid Cops, a short time since.

MR. S. S. PETTENGILL, of this town, has been appointed Second Asst. Engineer in the Navy, and will soon leave town.

WASHINGTON AND EVERETT.—Good, full length steel engravings of Washington and Everett can be purchased at the Woburn Bookstore.

REHEARSAL.—The Woburn Brass Band have made arrangements to renew their public rehearsals, and the sixth will be given on Wednesday evening next.

ALMANACS.—Old Farmer's, Brown's, Christian, Lady's, and Boston Almanacs, for sale at Woburn Bookstore.

ICELAND MOSS CANDY.—A supply of this excellent remedy for Coughs and Colds, can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

### Jeff Davis.

The following lines were read at the War Meeting in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last, and elicited much applause. The author is unknown to us, but it is said that his sympathy with the cause of the Union has not been confined to song alone, and that he has a son in the army.

O vile Jeff Davis! wretched fool! Since ever thou first tried to rule You made a happy people howl Through thy transgression; And now thy very people growl In desperation.

You knew it was not just and right, When you the people taught to fight, To rebuke to white, To split the nation.

The wicked actions plainly write Thy condemnation.

They dooms is written, thou must yield; No foreign nation will thee shield; Now thou hast nothing more to build.

They hopes upon, They late disasters in the field Show thou art done.

They slave oppression is not right, In which you take so much delight; But now their freedom is in sight,— They shall be free!

Think how the negro will delight In liberty.

They truly shall their freedom have, When you lie moulderin in the grave, Or, like some other wretched knave, Hang dangling high.

Or may by chance thy life to save, Run far away.

We hope you will get your reward, With your great General Beauregard, And many other of your guard,— Longstreet and Lee,— Who often have our forces dared, But had to flee.

Then shall we see the happy time, When North and South shall both combine.

To make this glorious Union shine More and more bright! And all shall seek for grace divine To keep them right.

WOBURN, Dec. 26, 1863.

NO NATIONAL BOUNTIES AFTER JANUARY 5th.—It will be seen by the following that no National Bounty will be paid after the 5th of January next. The only bounty provided by law is the one hundred dollars authorized by act of Congress, promulgated in General Orders forty-nine, series of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, from this office. Bounties will be paid in accordance with existing orders to those who enlisted January fifth, inclusive, for any three years organization in service, or authorized by the War Department, and in process of completion.

From information received last night by us, we learn that nineteen of Woburn's quota had been raised. Go on with the noble work, young men; do not let the stern realities of war make you falter, but come nobly to our support. Do not delay; do not be backward; do not wait for your neighbor, you may wait a moment too long, and then the privilege to serve your country will have passed away. Come one, come all. If you have riches, come and defend the cause of your countrymen.

Come poor men and mingle with us. For the honor of Woburn be it not said, that she weaned a com-

petitor in 1861; but come with a free, open

desire of your own, and soon the sweet notes of the bugle will sound the happy tidings of peace.

O.

NO NATIONAL BOUNTIES AFTER JANUARY 5th.—It will be seen by the following that no National Bounty will be paid after the 5th of January next. The only bounty provided by law is the one hundred dollars authorized by act of Congress, promulgated in General Orders forty-nine, series of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, from this office. Bounties will be paid in accordance with existing orders to those who enlisted January fifth, inclusive, for any three years organization in service, or authorized by the War Department, and in process of completion.

Furnish the Governor with a copy of this immediately. Acknowledge receipt.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

MASONIC.—At a Special Communication of Mt. Horob Lodge, of Woburn held on Wednesday evening last, the following members were installed officers for the ensuing year.—Horace Collamore, W. M.; Thos. G. Davis, S. W.; A. Thompson, 3d, J. W.; E. N. Blake, Treas.; A. S. Wood, Secy.; J. P. Stevens, S. D.; Geo. H. Conn, J. D.; D. H. Tillson, S. S.; William Pratt, J. S.; C. T. Lang, Marshall; Jos. B. Stowers, Tyler.

FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.—The semi-annual meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank was held at the office last evening. The Report of the Treasurer was made and accepted, by which we find that the amount of deposits is \$75,561.11, all well invested in sound stocks, mortgages, loans, &c., being an increase in deposits of \$12,000 during the past year.

HOME MONTHLY.—This household gem commences the new year with increased ability and determination to do good. Our readers who may wish valuable home reading, will find in this magazine the best selection to be had in the periodical world. It is published by D. W. Childs & Co., 456 Washington st., Boston, at \$2.00 per annum.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The publishers of the Continental promise for 1864, increased attraction, and that no pains shall be spared to make it a live magazine. The many excellent articles that have appeared in its pages during the past year, ought to ensure it now has.

Subscriptions are received at the Woburn Bookstore.

SCHOOLMATE.—The Schoolmate is, undoubtedly, the best periodical for boys and girls published in New England, and enjoys very large circulation. We command it to those youth who love rational amusement.

Mr. Frye, evidently pleased as well as surprised at this grateful acknowledgement, responded in pleasant and appropriate remarks.

He spoke with much feeling and earnestness, giving his friends that he keenly felt the separation when he considered that his relations with them had ever been most pleasant and agreeable. He accepted the beautiful gift with the expression of a fervent desire for the future individual happiness and prosperity of all.

The loss of Mr. Frye is not confined to the operatives in our Tannery, but is shared by the citizens generally.

I would here mention that Old Groton still retains her prestige, and as she was known, is ready to rush to the defense of the Constitution and the Laws.

She points to her sons now in the war—their companies—*to* Co. B, of the old Sixth Regt.,

which has twice been out in support of the "Stars and Stripes"; and to her many scattered sons now enlisted in other than Massa-

cusetts regiments.

Our present quota is 34, twenty-two of

which having been secured with a few ex-

ceptions from this town.

Although the busines

of Groton never was better, yet we

shall not be behind our sister towns in re-

sponding to "Father Abraham's" call.

B.

GROTON, Dec. 28th, 1863.

### Letter from the Rangers.

IN THE WOODS NEAR MITCHELL'S STATION, 4 miles south of Culpepper, Va., Dec. 25th, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL.—When I

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

tities of it manufactured for himself, to use in his professional practice.

This Salve was used in certain localities, the residents having it furnished free of charge until the year 1848, when the subscriber's parents left their once happy home and the land of their nativity, to seek a home in the land of Columbia. With them they brought the secret of the Salve they received from their predecessors. After arriving in this country they continued to make it, as before, for the neighbors, free of charge, until the fall of 1861, when the frequent calls made it, and the serious cases that it cured, induced the subscriber to bring it to more general notice, and to charge a small price for the article that has received the commendation of patriots upon the battle-fields of yore, as well as from persons of the present day. I am now resolved to lay it before the world as a remedy that is destined to relieve human suffering.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM GRACE.

Mr. Grace is constantly receiving testimonials from physicians and persons of the highest character and responsibility, testifying in the most unequivocal terms to the cures effected by its use. Therefore we have no hesitation in saying that it is a reliable family remedy, and should be in every house in every soldier's knapsack. We give the following from John G. Whittier, the poet, and one of the most conscientious men in the world.

Ambrose, 8th St. M., 1863.

Respected friend—I thank thee for thy favor, and the accompanying box. I have not had occasion to test it myself, but have heard it very highly spoken by such of my neighbors as have used it; and have no doubt of its being a valuable compound.

Very truly, thy friend,

To Wm. Grace. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

See advertisement in another column.

## Special Notices.

Y. M. L. A.

The Fourth lecture of the present Course, will be delivered by ARTHUR GILMAN, Esq., of Boston, on Thursday Evening, Jan. 7th.

Subject—"Characteristics of New England People."

GEORGE H. CONN, Secy.

Woburn, Jan 1, 1864.

To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. Harness or Saddle Galls, Scrotches, Mage, &c., it will also cure speedily. Spavin and Ringbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameness, and enable the horse to travel with perfect ease.

For many years past, the subscriber should have been greatly at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectively prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!!

A CARD — TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to speak to his fellow-sufferers the merits of our cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find ready for consumption, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please add—REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

SHAKE AND BURN! Shake and Burn! This is the life-saver ensured by the sufferer from Fever and Ague. He wanders like and uncertain shadow, never knowing what moment he may be prostrated, and therefore disengaged to his own safety. It is a common sight to see the condition of thousands in town and country. It is no exaggeration to say that Fever and Ague are greater pests than any twenty diseases in America. As a sure and safe remedy for this terrible affliction, we take great pleasure in recommending HOGGERTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which have already earned a wide reputation for rapid and powerful effects in renovating the system prostrated by this disease.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally, 10-4w.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It is well known to the Medical Profession that the Vital Principle or Life Element of the Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from any cause whatsoever, the body becomes deprived of iron, the whole system suffers.

The bad blood will irritate the heart, will stop up the vessels, will injure the brain, will affect the liver, and will send its disease producing elements to all parts of the system, and every one will suffer in whatever organ may be predisposed to disease, unless some medicine to cure disease obtained by a deficiency of.



IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS!

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It is well known to the Medical Profession that the Vital Principle or Life Element of the Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from any cause whatsoever, the body becomes deprived of iron, the whole system suffers.

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IRON IN THE BLOOD,

without restoring it to the system, is like trying to repair a building when the foundation is rotten.

In some cases, a disease of such valuable combination known as PERUVIAN SYRUP, that the great power of this VITALIZING AGENT over disease has been brought to light.

The Peruvian Syrup,

The Peruvian Syrup,

is a Protected Solution of the PROTOXIDE OF IRON, a new discovery in medicine it strikes at the root of Disease, by stilling the Blood with its Vital Principle or Life Element, IRON.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Chest, Diseases of Fevers, Nervous Affections, Chills and

Digestive Organs, and GLANDULAR DISEASES, and to have great control over

PHENOLIC AFFECTIONS.

Notwithstanding the interest and utility which have been devoted to its investigation, it remained almost useless, until Dr. Henry Anders, a physician and chemist of this city, after years of patient labor, and much trouble, discovered a chemical process which enabled him to dissolve,

PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER

without loss of strength, and which, while the scientific world, is attest by certificates of analysis from Dr. J. R. Chilton, of this city, and Prof. Booth, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia. The importance of this discovery is highly acknowledged by the Faculty that it was published in the Medical Journal, and its use recommended to practitioners (see American Medical Monthly,) July 6, 1856, page 76.

This valuable medicine is now available to the public for the cure of Serofila in all its manifold forms, and for the cure of all the various forms of Fevers, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

AS A TONIC.

It operations is evinced by strengthening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite.

As a Remedy for Consumption, Asthma,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous

Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

PREPARED BY DR. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists, No. 49 Broadway, New York.

51-3m.

Why is Cristadoro's hair dye popular?

Read the universal Answer to this Question.

BECAUSE

It imparts a natural black & brown.

It does not turn the hair white.

It does not soil the fairest skin.

It is applied in ten minutes.

THE READER

The Man that approves it.

Those who value Skin care use it.

The Ladies everywhere prefer it.

Those to whom time is valuable patronize it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold every where, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1, \$1 50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

11-4w

## Died.

In Woburn, Dec. 16th, Mr. William Jordan, aged 53 yrs., 8 mos.

Dec. 20th, Annie Clafferty, aged 4 mos.

Dec. 24th, Andrew Granfield, aged 1 yr.

Dec. 25th Nancy Ellen Onion, aged 15 yrs.

Dec. 27th, Mr. Timothy Mahoney, aged 48 years.

Dec. 28th, Mary Anne McKone, aged 2 yrs.

Dec. 29th, Rufus Harry, only son of Rufus P. and Abby A. Wyman, aged 6 yrs., 6 mos., 24 days.

Dec. 31st, Mary McCormick, aged 1 yr., 5 mos.

In North Woburn, Dec. 23d, Mrs. Harrington, A. Tidd, aged 43 years.

In Winchester, Dec. 23d, Mr. Calvin Richardson, aged 62 yrs., 8 mos.

Dec. 23d, Charles Dexter Brown, aged 37 years.

In Wilmington, Dec. 20th, Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Hudson, N. H., aged 54 yrs., 1 month, 27 days.

Dec. 29th, Michael Crosby, aged 71 yrs., 6 months.

Dec. 31st, Emma Bryant, aged 9 yrs., 6 months.

In Woburn, Dec. 21st, of Diphtheria, Edie Russell, only child of Edwin S. and Sarah E. Sawyer, aged 1 yrs., 1 mo., 9 days.

Lay him down beside his brother,

Lay him there to rest;

To thy God thou givest another

To dwell with him among the blest.

They could not long be parted;

Those buds were snatched by winter frost.

In that heaven of love united,

There safe from every blast.

Wouldst murmur Father, Mother?

Want to call him back again?

Think he's gone to meet his brother,

And your loss shall be his gain.

Freddie didst see Eddie coming;

Eddie crossing the deep flood;

Didst lead him through the pathway Christ provided with his blood;

'Tis not Eddie over which we weep;

'Tis the casket where the soul was hid;

Should we mourn the body

When the precious soul has fled.

Know we not how soon we follow

To the land of heavenly rest;

Yet it may be on the morrow,

God himself knoweth best.

S. S.

W. B. B.

## SIXTH PUBLIC REHEARSAL

BY THE

WOBURN BRASS BAND,

WILL BE GIVEN IN

LYCEUM HALL,

Wednesday Eve'g, Jan. 6th.

Nancy Wyman, Adm'r.

William Winn, Auctioneer.

Woburn, December, 26th, 1863.—13-3w.

Doors open at 7, to commence at 7 1/2 precisely.

W. B. B.

## THEATRE

AND UNRIVALLED STOCK OF

New Fall and Winter

CLOTHING!

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

13-3w

J. H. TYLER, Register.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the Subscriber has

been duly appointed Administrator of the

estate of CHARLES HAZELTON, late of Woburn, in said county, deceased, and has

presented for allowance the second account of his

administration upon the estate of said deceased—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Woburn, on the Second Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why you should not be allowed to have the same, and the said William P. is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks before the date of the hearing, or to appear to the time before said date.

Witness: WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, of Woburn, Massachusetts, and a member of the Bar, and a citizen of this state, in the year eighteen hundred and six.

Woburn, Dec. 24, 1863.—J. H. TYLER.

A. K. JOY, Adm'r.

Woburn, Dec. 24, 1863.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the Subscriber has

been duly appointed Executor of the will of

JOHN F. VALENTY, late of Woburn, in

the county of Middlesex, deceased, and has

presented for allowance the second account of his

administration upon the estate of said deceased—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate

Court to be held at Woburn, on the Second

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Painful Menstruation  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Suppression of their Courses;  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Irregularities;  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Profuse Discharges;  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Ulcerated Uterus  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Leucorrhœa, or Whites;  
**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From ALL their Complaints INCIDENT TO THE SEX, whether resulting from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Critical," or "Turn of Life," will find ; REMEDY in the



**HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.**

**FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL**

**NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.**

It is no new or secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practice of Medicine.

It will cure, in a very large proportion of the cases, such Diseases as the following symptoms would indicate, and immediate relief will be procured in all.

*Inclination to Exertion, Weakness, Unsoundness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alternate Chills and Flushing of Heart,*

*Dragging Sensation at the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance,*

*Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.*

Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place, Boston says:—  
"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KIST, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. S. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

Price per Bottle, Fifty Cents. 5 Bottles for Two Dollars.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment, THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, Geo. H. SWETT, M.D.—Proprietor.

106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON MASS.

The Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at Mrs. FIELD'S Millinery Store.

45—60.

**Old Brown Windsor Soap-Genuine**

On hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE !**

**THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE** is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

**Bibles and Testaments** is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

**FAMILY BIBLES** supplied to order.

**Hymn Books.**

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath Sch'l Books,** Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

**Photograph Albums**

In good variety, and at different prices, from 50cts. upwards.

**Juvenile Works,**

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

**Blank Books,**

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memorandums, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called. BLANK BOOKS, of particular kind, furnished to order.

**School Books.**

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

**Writing Paper.**

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Lettice, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

**Envelopes**

Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

**Pens,**

All kinds of Gillott's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

**Penholders,**

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

**Paper Hangings.**

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

**Miscellaneous.**

Cartridges, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper; Pen, Pencil, Paint, and Color, Inkstands, Paper Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measure, Transparency Slides, Pearl Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stampers, Croysons, Drawing Books, Stamps, Paper, Tea-cups, Bill-Fees, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

**Fancy Goods and Toys.**

A large variety of Work Boxes, Beticules; Puff, Back, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs; Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes; Crotchet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

Main St. Woburn Center.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL  
BOOK AND JOB  
PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
Main Street, Woburn.

We call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,

INSURANCE POLICIES,

BANK CHECKS,

CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

PAMPHLETS,

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CATALOGUES,

SERMONS,

NOTE BOOKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BALL CARDS,

ORDER OF DANCES,

SHOW BILLS,

POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

SHOP BILLS,

MILK BILLS,

LABELS,

dc., fc., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

will withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Saves your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mends your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Saves the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away the broken Ivory Fan, it easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter of that broken Pitcher did not cost but a little; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, it will never show when

you put together.

It will Mend Coral, Lava, & in fact everything but Metals.

Any article composed with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mended.

EXTRACTS:

Every Housekeeper should have a supply of

Johns & Croseley's American Cement Glue.

—New York Express.

It is always ready; this commands it to every

household.

We have tried it, and find it as useful in our house as water!"—Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

ECONOMY is Wealth.

\$10.00 per year saved in every family by One Bott.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

Price 25 Cents per Bottle.

\* Price

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: NO. 15.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Support under Suffering.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MARY HOWITT.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,  
Nor sorrow dim the eye,  
Where true love shall not drop, nor be dismayed;  
And none shall ever die.

Where is that land, oh, where?  
For I would hasten there:  
Tell me—I faint would go,  
For I am weary with a heavy woe!

The beautiful have left me all alone,  
The true, the tender, from my path have gone.

Oh, guide me by thy hand,  
If thou dost know that land!

For I am burdened with oppressive care,

And I am weak, and fearful with despair;

Where is the land, oh, where?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod  
before.

This desolate path of life;

Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,

Sorrow, and pain and strife.

Think how the Son of God

These thorny paths hath trod;

Think how He longed to go,

Yet tarried out, for thee, the ap-

pointed woe.

Think of His weariness, in deserts dim,

Where no man comforted nor cared for Him.

Think of the blood-like sweat

With which His brow was wet,

Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone,

In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"

Friend! do not thou despair,

Christ, from His heaven of heavens, will hear

thy prayer.

## Select Literature.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

#### A DANISH TALE.

BY H. STEFFENS.

The north-western part of the isle of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Moveable sandhills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to rise again at some distance. When travelling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whirled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and everything was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary moveable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great, that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard many steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage." Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and fearful—nay, even ghoulike. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain; but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror, that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them.

When arrived at the church-door, they bound up his eyes; he heard a well-known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candlesticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles, that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized. The sullen silence of the great multitude filled now his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Sideways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dug grave. The stone, that had before served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one stirred.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle size, broad-shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips slightly closed, a bold aquiline nose; the black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrows. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who kneeled at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed by terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bridal couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask—

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora, who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, shrill, yelling sound, which resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth everywhere from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then—

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?"

She answered by a perceptible "yes."—The half-eyes bride awoke, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast wavy up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like the anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in involuntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again, tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church-door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark, lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, with all its dreadful particulars, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brightly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased; a violent alteration followed; he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long

pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the church and hastened with a humming noise to the seashore.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson, with his companions, went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under all sail, leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood started them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of

rage introduced the fashion of wearing whalebone in stays. Beyond these slight, unsatisfactory, and meagre details, my memory has nothing more authentic to fall back upon in this department than the wax-work models of Madama Tussaud.

These being my sentiments, the above my testimony, it is no wonder that when the desire of knowing something about what in Germany are called "silver weddings," and "golden weddings," came upon me, that I should address myself to information to a German lady.

She sat down, and applied herself to the task of exposition, with the true gusto of one who is about to be employed on some highly congenial occupation. Some of my readers who are acquainted with Eastern romance may remember how, at the end of each day's march, little paunchy Fadlaeën sat himself down, shut his little eyes—the better to favor meditation—and pronounced his opinions oracularly; all the while he did so, never ceasing to interlace his little fingers, and twirl his little thumbs. Whenever a "party" falls into this attitude, and adopts this bearing, it is a sure sign of some highly elaborate utterance speedily coming to pass—of the intention to deal with the case in hand from the beginning onwards, to exhaustion. Such was the attitude and bearing assumed for the occasion by my German lady informant.

"The silver wedding," said she, "is a great noise—what your English boys call 'kicking up a great row.' Well, bride and bridegroom, bride's friends and bridegroom's friends meet together on the evening before the wedding, and eat and drink and make merry together. As to amusements, they are a matter of taste, and vary, as you may suppose, with the rank of bride and bridegroom; but singing, dancing, music, and blindman's-buff are usual. Well, the next day comes the wedding, of which I need remark no more," observed my fair informant, "that what may seem to you, an Englishman, the peculiarity of an exchange of rings—one being given by the gentleman to the lady, the other by the lady to her husband. This exchange I consider fair," musingly, and a trifle dogmatically, remarked my informant.

"And next the honeymoon," began I, leading off into a new train of communications.

"Well, no," she said; "not a honeymoon, in your English sense, for the whole married life of a German couple is one lasting honeymoon." (If there be any exception fair informants leave them inferentially;) "they nevericker, never get tired of each other. Incomes are mostly small, but certain; hence there is no money anxiety. People, knowing what they have to live upon, live upon it. Everybody being aware of the extent of everybody else's means, there is no field afforded for the display of that sort of small pride which shows itself in living or dressing beyond one's means. German ladies make the best of wives," continued my informant, "one being given by the gentleman to the lady; and the man who dresses himself in a style below his place and circumstances, is sure to be ill-received. Some philosophers, and some men of property, may save himself from the ridicule, and slights, and humiliations to which ill-dressed men are liable."

"The golden wedding," said she, "will begin with the real wedding. No (after a pause;) I must go back farther—must begin with the 'polter abend.' No; farther back still; in short, with the beginning.

Somewhat apprehensive that my fair informant would commence with the birth, rearing, and education of the two illustrative lovers that were in process of time to become two spouses (bride and bridegroom,) lastly, husband and wife; not forgetting to expatiate on the little ruffles which disturb the current of all true love, I ventured to tell my fair friend that the very slightest notice of preliminaries would suffice for the occasion. She bowed assent.

"When, in Germany, a gentleman experiences a tender sentiment for a lady, (thus spoke my informant,)—the first thing he does is to speak to her mamma and papa. If mamma and papa look approvingly, then the gentleman asks consent to pay his address to the young lady; if not, there the matter ends."

I opened my eyes.

"Has the young lady nothing to say on her own behalf?" demanded I.

"Not much; 'tis not like England. We way differ in Germany."

"Why better?" she echoed; "simply because it is."

I could not be otherwise than satisfied with the lady-like logic of the answer.

"If the lady's papa and mamma see no objection, and if the gentleman's papa and mamma see no objection, the two young people exchange rings, become engaged, call themselves bride and bridegroom, and advertise their engagement in the newspapers."

"Pleasant," thought I.

"But if the lady should happen to see a gentleman she loves better," remarked I, deferentially.

Quick as quick could be, my last words were caught up.

"A woman never loves twice," observed my informant. "Women are not like men." I did not argue the point, but went on, quite deferentially, to suggest the hypothetical case of change of feeling and opinion on the gentleman's part.

"A German young gentleman is only too happy to get a good wife," said she. "He wants somebody to clean his pipes, cook for him, make his coffee, and bring his supper. Germans are quite different from Englishmen."

"Different! How? Why?"

"Because they are," said she.

I could not be otherwise than satisfied.

"If engagements are thus irrevocable," I inquired, "why don't the young people get married at once?"

It was a stupid question; I ought to have reflected upon the pecuniary means. That was not, however, the point of view from which my fair questioner contemplated the marriage postponement.

"The bride and bridegroom wait a long time—years sometimes," she informed me—"occupied in studying each other's characters. Moreover, it is a pretty practice, at least, in some parts of fatherland, for the lady, however poor, to furnish the house and find all the linen."

It was explained to me that a lady's want of dowry did not prevent this, inasmuch as each of her friends would give a present—none of the trumpery trinkets such as people give in this country, but good, substantial household goods—one, a wheelbarrow of crockery, we may say; another, a stove; yet another, what shall we say?—a bed, perhaps, and thus to every detail. In Germany almost the majority of people are Government employees; and in this case a man's income is known to the farthest penny. A young lady does not expect to begin wedded life with all the luxuries owed by her parents.

"At any rate," continued my informant,

"early marriages are more frequent in Germany than in England; and inasmuch as the battle of life is more easily fought in Germany than in America, I am disposed to think that, upon the whole, married life is happier. The wedding day being fixed, we come to the 'polters abend.'

"If you consult your German dictionary," said she, "you will find that 'polter' means a great noise—what your English boys call 'kicking up a great row.' Well, bride and bridegroom, bride's friends and bridegroom's friends meet together on the evening before the wedding, and eat and drink and make merry together. As to amusements, they are a matter of taste, and vary, as you may suppose, with the rank of bride and bridegroom; but singing, dancing, music, and blindman's-buff are usual. Well, the next day comes the wedding, of which I need remark no more," observed my fair informant,

"collects additional lore by the midnight lamp. With this object in view, men exert their best energies in their several modes; but there is one mode which, in addition to all others, is adopted, with rare exceptions, by the whole human race, namely—an attention to personal appearance, or an endeavor to produce favorable impressions by the fashion, or propriety, or becomingness, or neatness, or splendor of their habiliments. The effect of dress is indeed of unquestionable importance. It typifies a man's position in society; it indicates his taste, his manners, his breeding, and his education. A perfectly suitable dress is a passport almost everywhere. Wealth or worth ill-attired is usually ill-received. The man who dresses in a style below his place and circumstances must expect to meet many a mortifying rebuff. Some philosophers, and men of genius have been great slovens, and have affected to consider attention to personal appearance as effeminate or foolish. This mistake is less common than it used to be, and most of our literati now dress like gentlemen. A person dressed with propriety may save himself from the ridicule, and slights, and humiliations to which ill-dressed men are liable."

"And Beau Brummell thought *clean linen* the indispensable requisite of a gentleman, and that it was the last luxury that he would resign. Dr. Johnson confessed that he had no passion for it." Barry, the painter, used to be wretchedly ill-dressed in every other respect, but he was scrupulously careful that his shirt was *clean*, and *gentleman* in point of texture. His costume gave the idea of extreme negligence without uncleanliness. As Goldsmith's plum-colored coat is so renowned, we may mention that Barry usually wore a claret-colored great coat that reached to his heels."

"Beau Brummell thought *clean linen* the indispensable requisite of a gentleman, and that it was the last luxury that he would resign. Dr. Johnson confessed that he had no passion for it."

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

family physician. A bad fit may make a perfectly well-formed man what boys call a 'perfect Guy,' and an object of ridicule wherever he goes. A general feeling of the importance of dress has in these days led the public to exhibit what, in a good sense of the word, may be termed favoritism, for when a really first-rate tailor is once known, there is a perfect run upon his house. He enjoys a sort of monopoly."

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each additional insertion,	.25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.50
One square one year,	1.00
One square three months,	.60
Half a square one year,	.40
Half a square three months,	.25
Half a square charged as a square;	.25
more than half a square charged as a square.	

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *labeled*, 12 cents per line for each insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

\* \* \* All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. Mansfield.  
Stoneham—Dr. Jonathan Hovey.

Reading—L. E. D. Gleason.

S. M. PITTCRICHILL & Co., Boston and New York; J. H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Noyes' Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The creation of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an adviser in all matters. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PRINTING done at short no glee, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and Miss Demont's QUARTERLY MIRROR or FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

\* \* \* Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## QUOTA OF WOBURN.

The quota of Woburn is full to overflowing, and great is the satisfaction theret. To accomplish this, a very large amount of labor had to be performed, but it was done cheerfully and the result will more than repay in honor and glory. The number of Woburn men now enlisted under the last call of the President, is 56, which undoubtedly will be increased to above 60, as the Selectmen have assurances that several additional three years men will re-enlist. It must be gratifying to the town to know that every one of these fifty-six men were residents of the town at the time of enlistment. This is a record that will shine with increased splendor as time rolls on. It is an undisputed fact that Woburn moves slow at first in such matters, but when once she gets under good headway, the thing is sure to be successful in the end. It ought also to be gratifying to the town to know that she is able to send into the ranks of the noble defenders of the country, so fine and capable a set of men as those just enlisted, who, we feel assured, will uphold the honor of our town and the old Bay State, under all circumstances. To the Selectmen, and the different Committees, who have worked incessantly during the past four weeks, much credit is due for the tact and determination they have displayed in forwarding the good work. They have the gratification of seeing Woburn equal in patriotism to any other town in the State.

We are enabled to publish below the names of those enlisted, together with the Companies and Regiments, which they purpose serving in:

Robert M. Bennett, Co. K, 35th Mass. Regt.  
Charles H. Colegate, " "  
Julius F. Ramdell, " "  
George A. Sprague, " "  
Herbert J. Persons, " "  
George H. Reddy, " "  
Thomas McCarthy, " "  
Cornelius O'Connors, " "  
Newell A. Taylor, " "  
Alonzo L. Richardson, " "  
James Fitzgerald, " "  
Michael Finn, " "  
Edward Hoskins, " "  
Lewis M. Walker, " "  
George Murray, " "  
James McGoff, " "  
Robert W. Westcott, 1st Mass. Cavalry.  
George H. Cabill, " "  
John S. Fullerton, " "  
Pearl Grant, " "  
Edward G. Eastman, " "  
Charles H. Clements, " "  
George L. Brown, " "  
Peter O. Cole, " "  
Jacob Wortman, Jr., " "  
Horatio O. Tidd, " "  
Stephen Barker, " "

W. H. Bancroft, (re-enlisted), 10th Mass. Regt.  
Benj. S. Cutler, " "  
Albert O. Cutler, " "  
John F. Murray, " "  
Thomas Kelley, " "  
Patrick Kelley, " "  
William A. Long, " "  
George Bancroft, " "  
William S. Dean, " "  
George J. Morse, 59th (Vet.) Regt.  
Stephen Hines, " "  
Benjamin W. Perkins, " "  
Edward K. Willoughby, " "  
Henry Howard, " "  
Granville Parks, Co. C, 2d Regt., Heavy Art. Ge. H. Edgecomb, " "  
Omer H. Soule, " "  
Augustus W. Newbury, Co. I, Rbt. Pemberton, (re-enlist), Co. B, 32d Ms. Regt.  
James Reed, " "  
Jules Vallancourt, " Co. C, " "  
Charles P. Carling, 3d Mass. Battery.  
Edward M. Dudley, " "  
Henry G. Weston, Hancock's Div. Post Band.  
S. E. E. Richardson, 17th Mass. Regt.  
Aaron Butler, (re-enlisted), Co. I, 2d Ms. Regt.  
Francis Wilson, " "  
J. L. Smith, (re-enlisted), K, 19th Mass. Regt.

PROPOSITION TO CALL OUT A MILLION OF MEN.—A proposition is before Congress to call out a million of men. We cannot imagine what these men are needed for, except it be to take Richmond; and if it is so, men will flock in, in thousands at the first bugle call. Anxiety will be felt until the master is understood. "On to Richmond!" would make a glorious battle cry just now.

CAMILLA URSO.—We have the pleasure of announcing that Camilla Urso, the gifted violinist, will favor the people of Woburn and vicinity, with an exhibition of her great powers, at Lyceum Hall, this (Saturday) evening. It seldom happens that we are privileged to listen to so accomplished a performer upon the violin, and we trust that she will be greeted with a full house. Our hall is commodious, and we will be glad to see a large delegation of the admirers of talent, from out of town, present on this occasion.

FINE.—Timothy Buckley was brought before P. L. Converse, Trial Justice, on Tuesday of last week, on complaint of John W. Day, Policeman, for refusing to aim his gun while endeavoring to arrest a person for disturbing the peace. It seems that Mr. Day attempted to arrest John Reddy, and a man, by the name of Howards, who were fighting near S. J. Ellis' store, and called on Buckley to arrest him, but he refused, and Mr. Day was handled quite roughly until another policeman arrived, when the parties were arrested and placed in the Lockup. For this offense, Buckley was fined by the Court ten dollars.

WAY—It'll not ask you to tell me now!

I departed as soft as I could, you see,

When the vision of your appeared to me,

A youth and maid, and a knell full well-

'neath the Moon's bright light, that did tell.

—They—heeded not the passing hour,

But rejoiced in Love's peerless dower;

And a diamond's ray flashed gayly, I trow,

On the delicate hand of—tell me who!

WOBURN, Aug. 1863. R.

CONF CHURCH  
For the Middlesex Journal.

For the Middlesex Journal,  
"O! Why?"

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

As I walked at sunset one eve, you see,  
A curious incident happened to me;  
A hunter quite slowly by the lake  
Rode here and there through the grass and brake.

Yet he needed not the bounding deer

That crossed his path afar and near,

But he wound his horn right clear, I trow—

O! why did he do it? Tell me, now!

As I walked still further on, you see,

A stranger incident happened to me;

A fisher-girl, on the quiet lake,

Roved slowly near the margin brake.

Yet she headed not the leaping fish,

Nor thought how pretty they'd look in a dish,

But she sang so sweet—of Love, I trow—

O! why did she do it? Tell me, now!

I returned in an hour or two, you see,

And tarried a moment beneath a tree.

A rideless horse came prancing along—

I saw the skiff with no maid or song—

'South! near some willows, growing hardy,

A huntsman and maid talked secretly.

Something gleamed—an instant—a ring, I trow—

—I'll not ask you to tell me now!

I departed as soft as I could, you see,

When the vision of your appeared to me,

A youth and maid, and a knell full well-

'neath the Moon's bright light, that did tell.

—They—heeded not the passing hour,

But rejoiced in Love's peerless dower;

And a diamond's ray flashed gayly, I trow,

On the delicate hand of—tell me who!

WOBURN, Aug. 1863. R.

A WORD ABOUT ORGANS.

So much was said about the large Organ in Boston Music Hall before its arrival, and so much more has been written in its praise since, that the impression upon the public is that all other instruments in this country, are eclipsed by it in every point. It is truly a very large Organ, and the case is an exquisite piece of workmanship, which is all very well as far as the eye is concerned; but let one hear it played without seeing it, and the expectation of the listener will be disappointed.

The beautiful Organ built by the Messrs. Hook for the First Congregational Church in this town, is equal, if not superior to the one in the Music Hall in reference to quality of tone. It is not of course so powerful, nor does it possess the variety of combination, but it is better balanced as a whole and better voiced. The mechanical part is perfect, and it has stood the test of three years without repair. The reeds cannot be excelled; every register is in order, and the voicing of each pipe as smooth as the ear can desire.

Especially when the full organ is used does the proper balancing of the heavy pedal bass support the whole volume of tone, and the effect is not so harsh and repulsive to the hearer as in the great one.

Let the people of this town hear the one in the Music Hall, and then listen to our own, and they will begin to prize the treasure which we possess as an attraction to our town.

It is a work which will be appreciated for years to come, as the sweetness and grandeur of its tones become more impressed upon the mind.

Had the directors of the Boston Music Hall, placed at the disposal of the Messrs. Hook the same amount of time and money which have taken place; two hundred and sixty thousand men have been killed, disabled and discharged; while in the meantime, four hundred and sixty-five thousand young men have arrived at the age suitable to bear arms. Contemplate it for a moment; what an army of young men; what vitality and recuperative power does this nation possess. Well has Henry Ward Beecher said, that in fifty years, this nation will walk amid the nations of the old world, like an "elephant among mice."

To-day I have taken a stroll down to "Webb's Wharf" to see the monster steam ram being built for government. It is much larger than the "Dictator." This ram is called the "Dunderberg," which in the Danish language, signifies "Thunder Mountain," and it is a thunder mountain indeed; in length, 480 ft.; in width, 100; in height 50 ft.; with sides of solid oak 7 ft. thick, covered with iron plates 30 ins wide, 15 ft. long and 6 ins thick, fastened on with screw bolts 2 inches through and 3 feet long, screwed into the solid oak. It is the most powerful monster ever built; with bolts, braces, timbers and cross ties, that would seem to defy a thousand cannon and challenge the wrath of a thousand waves; while its ponderous iron prow would crush all opposing force. The guns upon the upper deck are protected from above, by a root of oak timber and iron 6 feet thick, with side openings for them to vomit forth their missiles of death and destruction. Three years from the beginning, will be required to finish this ram and a force of 300 men are constantly employed upon it. In looking from the upper deck into the hold of this monster, its strength and power is seen in full view, and a dizzy maze fills the head as if one were looking down into the deep bowels of some great Titanic creation. None of the machinery is yet in, but is being built at the "Novelty works," near by. I paid a visit to this establishment, where 1200 men are employed building engines, boilers, cylinders and cranks, that fill the beholder with the wonders that science and skill can accomplish.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

Why is Cristadoro's hair dye popular?

Read the universal Answer to this question.

**BECAUSE**

It imparts a natural black or brown.

It does not crisp or hurt the Hair.

It does not stain the skin.

It is applied in ten minutes.

**THEREFORE**

The Man of Taste applies it.

The Ladies everywhere prefer it.

Those to whom time is valuable patronize it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, Aster House, New York, sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

11-14

WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but Nurses need apply. Apply to K. L. FLENT, Kill's Court.

**FOUND.**

On Thursday, Dec. 24th, in the Woburn Centre Depot, a Portmanteau, containing a small sum of money. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at the Middlesex Journal office.

**NOTICE.**

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent of the MIDDLESEX COUNTY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the Town of Winchester, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

The Midshipman is an old, well established and safe Company, and persons insured in it, are assured indeed, and need have no fear of future assessments.

A. N. SHEPARD.

Winchester, Jan. 6th, 1864.—15-2 mos.



IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS!

**IRON IN THE BLOOD.**

IT is well known to the Medical Profession that the Vital Principle, or Life Element of the Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the Lameuses, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. It will also cure speedily. Spavin and Ringbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameuses, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameuses will effectively prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

**Married.**

In Woburn, Dec. 21st, by Rev. Mr. Bedford, Mr. Jefferson J. Shedd, of Charlestown, to Miss Lucy A. Streeter, of Woburn.

Jan. 7th, by Rev. J. S. Kennard, Dr. Samuel Warren Abbott, surgeon of U. S. Gunboat, Captain T. V. Sullivan, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 29th, by Rev. Mr. Swallow, Mr. Bradford Skeleton to Miss Almira Shedd, both of Burlington.

In Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 24th, by Rev. J. L. Dodge, D. Dr., Mr. Henry H. Linnell, of New York City, to Miss Anna A. Swaney, of Brooklyn. No cards.

In South Reading, Dec. 31st, by Rev. E. A. Eaton, Mr. Hoyt Parker, of Boston, to Miss Laura Matilda Mansfield, of South Reading.

In Acton, Jan. 2d, by Rev. Geo. W. Colman, Augustus B. Clarke, Esq., of New York City, to Miss Helen E., only daughter of Harris Cowdry, M. D., of Acton.

Also by the same Jan. 2d, Mr. Nelson Holman, of Harvard, to Miss Charlotte Conant of Acton.

**Died.**

In Woburn, Jan. 2d, Ann Riley, aged 32 years.

Jan. 3d, Alpheus Merriam, aged 64 yrs., 11 months.

In Winchester, Jan. 1st, Mrs. Lucy John son, aged 87 yrs., 6 months.

In Copley, Va., Dec. 27th, Private B. F. Warren, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., aged 24 years, 11 m., 11 d.

In Wilmington, Jan. 6th, Joshua Jaquith, aged 70 years, 2 mos.

In Burlington, Jan. 3d, Mary F., wife of N. J. Simonds, aged 28 years, 10 mos., 10 d.

**COLLECTOR'S SALE.**

THE subscriber has on hand a large assortment of

**CLOTHS**

FOR **WINTER WEAR,**

which he is prepared to make up at short notice, in the best manner. His stock of goods comprises

Dark and Light French Cassimeres, Tricots, Meltons, Silk Mixtures, Black and Colored Cloths, Doeskins, &c. &c.

Also, a full assortment of SILK AND CASHMERE VESTINGS.

**FURNISHING GOODS** of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE,

Wade Block, Woburn.

**MILLINERY GOODS!**

Fall and Winter Styles 1863.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,

GRATEFUL for the liberal patronage she has received, she remains to her New Bank bluid, would respectfully inform the public, that for non payment of the taxes hereinafter mentioned, the several lots or parcels of land hereinbefore bought and described, and the amount of \$20.24 is assessed on the same for the State, County and Town Tax for 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, belonging to John H. Bishop, of Woburn, on Johnson's lane & Forest street; Easterly by land of Bishop and Private street; Southwesterly by a Private street; Westerly by Stevens street, and contains 100 rods and 100 rods. The value of said land, and Westerly by land of said road, and the same for the State, County and Town Tax, assessed for 1863, which is unpaid.

MIAL CUSHMAN, Collector.

Winchester, Jan. 7th, 1864. 3w.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

To the Heirs of ALWARD, and others interested in the estate of ELBRIDGE WYMAN, late of Woburn, deceased, and his executors, executors, &c.

W. HEERLUS, WILLIAM P. WYMAN, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to the executors the account of his administration to the date of his death, and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Monday in January next, at three o'clock, all the right, title and interest of Anna Reed, late of Woburn, of the sum of \$100,000, and to give account of your conduct to the court, and if you have, why the same should not be allowed. And the said William P. is ordered to serve this Citation upon the executors, and to appear before the Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the Second Monday in January next, at three o'clock, all the right, title and interest of Anna Reed, late of Woburn, of the sum of \$100,000, and to give account of your conduct to the court, and if you have, why the same should not be allowed. 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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 16.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### To the White Chrysanthemum.

Lovely white Chrysanthemum!  
I bid thee joyous welcome,  
In this wintry gloom!

Beautiful is thy presence,

Most delicate thy fragrance,

My sunny room!

Pure as is a maiden's love!

Teaching me to look Above—

To its source and thine,—

I hail thee, my Monitor.

Eloquent, of the Author

Of thy life and mine!

Like my Zee, thou dost seem,

To be offspring of a dream,

When an Angel slept!

Or the fragrance of a tear,

Springing from the Earth so drear,

When our Saviour wept!

Truth  
Needs no flow'ry speech!"

R.  
WOBURN, Dec., 1863.

## Select Literature.

### THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveller, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned, he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travellers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travellers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths, he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth, poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests, but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an artful trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travellers watched each other's movements. At last, a marsh coming in the way, forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words.

"We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high-road in the middle of the night. Fortunately it we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet,

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moments' hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage. "There are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travellers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet and Lussac rushed towards it. Lussac intended to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip, that he was forced to let go his hold. Behold our travellers, then, dragging their weary limbs along the highway.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travellers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched towards the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; everybody had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after awhile to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur."

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as easily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through, when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, asking the girl of his early choice to share his new home, is a vision that conquers all our sentimental scruples, as it appears he has done the remaining patriotism of Ireland. Every such man is a Columbus in Connaught. There is no resisting him. The odds are tremendous against Queen Victoria and tenacity a day, the Established Church and potatoes, the Union Workhouse and yellow-green—evidently supposing we can always answer for our side of the comparison."

**TREATMENT OF WOUNDS IN HORSES.**—A correspondent recommends the following remedy for the healing of wounds upon horses: "Saltpetre should be dissolved in warm water, in such proportions as to be moderately strong to the taste, and blue stone added until the solution is slightly tinged. This, and nothing else, is to be used as a wash, two or three times a day. It purifies the wound, destroys the proud flesh, produces granulations immediately, and heals the wounds of which its immense orchestra is capable. All instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, two pedals or foot keyboards, command those several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ.

Dr. Holmes (O. W.) says it was at first proposed to move the sixty-five pairs of bellows, designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoirs, but it has been found more convenient to substitute two nine-horse power self-regulating Ericsson engines as motive power. Dr. Holmes states that these engines keep an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument.

It requires six able-bodied organists to manipulate this immense musical machine, and those engaged at the inauguration at the Boston Music Hall, were J. K. Paine, organist of West Church Boston; Eugene Thayer, of Worcester; B. J. Lang, of the Old South Church; Dr. Tucker, of St. Paul's Church; J. H. Wilcox, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; and G. W. Morgan, of Grace Church, New York. They were selected with reference to avoidiousness as well as musical qualifications, their weight ranging as follows:

### On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

She died when earth was far beyond all price;  
When earth were warmer than her own coat of  
silk;

And when off's cup, for her, overflowed  
with milk.

Raised tenderly, she spent her brief years,  
Like cats in Egypt—sacred, free from fears—

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time;  
She might have been a sausage long ago—

A muff, a fiddle-string; but to her prime;

She hath arrived with an unruffled brow;

Shielded as she had but one sweet life.

Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife—

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings;  
Perhaps a dweller in the milky-way;

Purring with joy amid all purring things;

No longer blinded with the light of day;

Where boys are not, nor stones, nor tears, nor  
sighs—

All dogs forever banished from her eyes—

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine  
Of pleasant thoughts, pure as a kitten's  
dream;

Calm as her own washed face at day's de-  
cline;

Soft as the scent of catnip—rich as cream.

Then lay her tender ground all snug and nice—

For, like the "Puss in Boots," she'll catch no  
mice—

Weep not for her!

### The Monster Organ.

[The Washington Star contains the following amusing account of the great organ, over—or rather under—which our Boston friends have been glorifying of late.]

Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall, in that city, of the largest organ in the world, built expressly for "the hub" by Welch of Wurtemburg.

The pressure of war news has prevented us from noticing the Organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the powers of the "GREAT INSTRUMENT." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune down their partial and doubtful high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to a choir of six thousand throats. Its longest windpipes are 235 feet in length (requiring the erection of a tower for their spiritual accommodation,) and a full-sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. Eight hundred and ninety-five stops produce the various changes and combinations of which this immense orchestra is capable. All instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or hand keyboards, two pedals or foot keyboards, command those several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, and the great organ, and the piano and forte pedal organ.

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Paine	180 pounds.
Thayer	220 "
Lang	175 "
Tucker	213 "
Wilcox	192 "
Morgan	245 "
Total	1,225 "

When in the grand crescendo passages, these six organists rose simultaneously from their seats, and receding a couple of paces, rushed forward in line, throwing their collective weight of over twelve hundred pounds upon the pedal, the musical explosion—for by no other name can it be designated—was

terribly grand.

Through inadvertence, the roof trap-doors of the Music Hall had not been raised, and the first effect of this great detonation of sound was to lift the heavy tiles from the roof, causing them to fall upon the floor. The hill was planted and enclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of trees.

MANLY WOMEN.—We are told that fashion abroad, is compelling the women to put on the appearance of men to such an extent, that it will be difficult, by-and-by, to distinguish your sister, in the street, from your brother, or your *men* from your *wives*. It is the mode now in Paris, for ladies to wear high-topped boots and artificial moustaches, to smoke cigars, and carry a cane!

They have a "home for destitute dogs" in London.

as remarkable. It was noticed that the spires of the different churches in the city vibrated over an arc of several degrees, the weather-vanes upon them dipping and oscillating in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of houses throughout the city were severely shaken, furniture displaced, &c., caused many timid persons to rush to the street, thinking it an earthquake.

In the towns immediately adjoining Boston, the concussion also was supposed to be an earthquake. At Newburyport it was thought that the sound indicated a heavy naval engagement off Boston harbor. At Salem a jarred concussion and report was experienced resembling in sound a heavy burden train passing over a trestle-work bridge. At Jamaica Plains it was thought to proceed from a thunder-storm in the direction of Boston, and, curiously enough, the barometer fell several degrees at that point; and the same fact was noticed at Natick, Lynn, and Taunton.

The water receded from Boston harbor in a wave of considerable magnitude, and in its retrograde and return, swamped, stranded, and keeled over several vessels, doing no little damage to the commercial interest.

Gold fish in globes, and fish of all kinds in aquaria, were instantly killed; and what, for a time, was unexplainable was the fact that they sank immediately, until it was ascertained by Dr. Holmes that their bladders had been burst by the concussion, when, of course, being minus their floating-apparatus, they went down like lead. Dr. Holmes states also the remarkable fact that numerous dead bodies of drowned persons were brought to the surface in the harbor and in Charles River by the same concussion. A singular effect was produced by the pulsation of sound from the crescendo detonation passing along the telegraph lines from Boston in various directions, and which travelled a distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles over some wires, or until considerable bodies of running water were encountered, over which, from some unexplainable cause in acoustics, the eolian tone—which is described as a wild, uncanny wail—would in no instance pass. Dr. Holmes humorously notes that the same fact is recorded of witches—i.e., that they cannot pass over streams of running water! Another curious feature of this phenomenon was the fact that the musical tone swelled and contracted in regular crescendos and diminuendos at equal intervals along the wires. Thus at Worcester, which is forty-five miles from Boston, the sound was barely perceptible, while at Springfield, just double the distance, the tone approached to a shriek in volume.

Dr. Holmes thus explains this interesting fact. It is well known among musicians that the vibrations upon the strings of a violin, harp, or any stringed instrument, do not take the shape of a single pulsation with its maximum expansion at the centre of the string; but are divided along the string, its numerous smaller pulsations or crescendos crossing each other at regular diminuendo intervals, at which latter points the string is nearly or quite motionless. The knowledge of this curious law of vibration readily affords a solution to this problem, says Dr. Holmes, to the mystery of the telegraphic crescendo freaks noted.

Dr. Holmes, who, in company with Mayor Lincoln, a delegation of the Boston City Councils, and a body of leading savans of the Harvard persuasion, made an interesting pedestrian tour through some eight or ten miles of the main pipes of the monster organ before it was set up, has written a graphic description of the trip, and of the organ as a whole. The party found no difficulty in walking quite erect through at least six miles of the major pipes, and got through the smaller Eolian tubes quite comfortably on their hands and knees. His description of the great instrument has appeared in book form under the *apropos* title of "Soundings from the Atlantic."

**At** a little boy of three summers had gone to bed with his parents, tired, cross, and crying, from romps of the day and into the night kept up his peevishness, until the father was satisfied that the difficulty had degenerated into sheer ill nature. Having exhausted moral suasion, he gave the youngster a thorough "slapping." The little fellow lay sobbing a few moments, and then turning and throwing his arm about his father's neck, he said, in a new found tone of cheerfulness, "Pa, you do know what's good for me, don't you?"

**FEMALE BRAKEMAN.**—A Miss Micos has invented a new railway brake, which completely satisfies the Continental engineers, as it brings up a train at a speed of forty miles, within four hundred and fifty metres. It appears that the principle is lifting the wheel trice off the rail. No doubt it will find its way to England, where the directors of railways are proverbially so careful of the lives of their passengers.

Through the brisk skirmishing was gone over it they made beautiful shots. They stirred the dust under our very noses, which vexed us the more that they did not seem to mind our practice in the least. The rebels grew bolder and pressed our men harder.

Prisoners are brought by the pieces, and we open our eyes when we see the knapsacks and bayonet sheaths. We were fighting infantry!

Our cavalry who are dismounted stand to their duty till the last. The rebels are pushed back from failure of ammunition.





# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Painful Menstruation

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Suppression of their Courses;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Irregularities;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Profuse Discharges;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Ulcerated Uterus;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Leucorrhœa, or Whites;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALI-

THOSE COMPLAINTS INCIDENT TO

THE SEX, whether resulting from Indis-

Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Criti-

cal Age," or "Turn of Life," will find;

REMEDY in the

## FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL

PREPARED AT THE

## NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.

It is now no secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practitioners of Medicine.

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*Indisposition to Exercise, Weakness,*

*Creatlessness, Depression of Spirits,*

*Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain*

*in the Body, Alternate Chills*

*and Flushing of Heart,*

*Dragging Sensation of the Lower Part*

*of the Body,*

*Headache, Languor,*

*Aching along the Thighs,*

*Intolerance of Light and Sound,*

*Pale Countenance,*

*Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels,*

*Difficult Breathing, Hystria, &c., &c.*

Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place, Boston, says:

"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING

CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KING, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Re-

productive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

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is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

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The best Glue in the world.

Will withstand Water.

Differently from common Glue.

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Saves your broken Furniture.

Will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

Will Mend Glass,

Saves the pieces of that expensive Glass Bottle.

Will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

No matter if that broken Pitcher did not cost a shilling; a shilling saved is a shilling earned.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't mend it; it will never show when put together.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : NO. 17.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

*For the Middlesex Journal.*

### The Soldier's Psalm.

"Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." —PSALM 23:4.

The starry skies were hid by battle-smoke and clouds, And the heavens were rent with war notes, wild and loud, When at Lee's Mills, vivid on our country's story, The brave Green Mountain Boys charged for God and glory.

'Mong the faithful, fearless, of that firm hero band, Storming the rebel foe, on old historic land; There was one of young, and most gallant soldier tread,

Advancing for the Right, through hours of doom and dread.

Pressing slow, with his comrades through the swelling wave, He felt the leaden storm that swept them to the grave;

And knew that soon a bubble on the turbid stream,

Might darkly, briefly, mark for him life's finished dream.

But above the din, and clangor of the war blast, There came, with o'erwhelming memory of the past, Sustaining courage, more than song of martial ring,

The sweetly, trusting words, of Israel's Psalmist king.

And the patriot boy grew strong, with faith in him, Till he could say, though walking through the valley of death, Of death's shadowy darkness—night, and long despair—

"No evil will I fear, for Thou art with me there."

He had read it long ago, on the Northern hills, In his peaceful, distant home, by the wood-land rills.

But he felt it now, as he never thought of then, 'Mid conflict's rush and roar, and shouts of fighting men.

And when they raised the True Old Flag, o'er danger's post;

And sternly, fiercely charged on treason's entrenched host;

Yet nearer to the Christian hero, seemed the Psalm,

Pointing through the ghastly gloom, to eternal calm.

For the strength God promised, was given for the day,

And 'mid the ranks His cause had marshaled in array,

Christ's soldier battled, trusting for a crown at last;

When the long resting came, and life's campaign was past.

M. W. C.

## Select Literature.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To everybody: I am sure I hope it may be. The sentence is a very old friend; there's no necessity, of course, for me to say how old in my own case, but it has long ago ceased to be associated with any New Year's "tips," saving, indeed, such stray pence as I may have now and then, hand to street urchin who grins up into my face and says, "Happy New Year, sir!" Of course, I know what he means, and he knows what I mean, when my hand goes down towards my pocket; it is a matter of speculative barter, a commercial success on his part; on mine—but he doesn't trouble himself about my part. The four little words were a simple, safe investment, and they turned out well; they once indeed moved me to replace the penny, already between my thumb and finger, and to substitute for it a smaller but more valuable coin. I hardly know why I did it. The speculator was smaller, thinner, more squally ragged and pinched than others of his tribe; he had large, melancholy eyes, and probably appealed to my organ of poetical philanthropy. Anyhow, I gave him the coin. His behaviour on receipt of it was disappointing, inasmuch as it took away rather from the poetry of the thing. He recited a step or two in readiness, I fear, for a bolt, in case I had made a mistake and should manifest any desire to rectify it. As, however, I stood quite still, he took courage, examined the coin, tried to bite it, found he couldn't, and executed a step from an Indian war-dance.

"Hooray! It ain't a medal this time. Happy New Year to you, govor, and many on 'em!"

So that if I enlarged my gift, he extended his wish in proportion. To him I owe, my reverie of to-night. What signification would the words he uttered so glibly have to him? Probably none, because he never thought about them; but if he had thought about them, what would be his idea of a Happy New Year? What would it mean to him? What does it mean to the thousands who utter it?

In the city, in the country, all over the world, the lips of men, and women, and children, take it up and echo it, and greet each other with it. I feel that it has, somehow, got into the room with me. If I were to raise my head, I am convinced that I should read it on the painted lips within the picture frames, and the monkey's heads which I discovered long since in the paper on the wall. The silver-berried mistletoe would say it, and the prickly points of holly leaves would nod it out and say, "Here again, old

fellow! Another wrinkle on Time's forehead, eh?"

I put down my book, turn my back upon the lamp, and my face to the fire. I prefer not to look round at present, because there are ghosts in the room. Ghosts, I mean, not of the dead, but of the living; a great miscellaneous, shadowy assemblage of people whom I have seen; whose faces have struck me in the crowd, or with whom I have had some dealings in the every-day business of life.

What does that sentence mean to all these? It is on their lips, of course; some say it hurriedly, impatient of the hindrance, and eager to get on to something more important; some say it with a cadence of mournful earnestness—the last year has not been a happy one; may the next be brighter—but they all do say it; and to all of them it means something.

"Come forward, then, out of the crowd, Mr. Portly—excuse me, but if your name is not Portly, it ought to be—I used to say you years ago. Not an alderman? I fancied you had been. I dined with you once, I think? What is that you say? *Diondon aux truffes!* Very likely; I don't remember.

"Nothing else?" I say softly. "Is there room for nothing else?"

Let the curtain fall over her; for as she passes I have a vision of a white-robed figure kneeling, with hands clasped over a veiled face.

Suddenly something cold comes into the air. I shiver; I would creep closer to the fire if I could, but an object, or rather a shadow, interposes between it and me. A lean, cadaverous ghost, with hungry eyes, and fingers pecking restlessly at each other, as though they would add up an imperceptible column of never-ending figures.

"Yes," he says, "fifty per cent is not high interest perhaps, but it is a safe spec. Then if that young sprig in a red coat will only want to renew again, and if he will bring his greenhorn friend from the country a few more times, I shall make a tolerably good thing of it. I don't object to post obits myself. Some people have a prejudice against them, but I was always an easy man—too good natured. It's against myself. A Happy New Year! Oh, certainly; same to you, sir!

"I hope so! I am really clerk of mine wants his salary raised, eh? Then I shall just lower it. I pay him too much; it's ruinous.

I have to pinch, and so ought he; grind him down! Fingering the gold pieces; feeling them slip through my hands in a great sparkling, shining heap; mounting high and higher with every merry chick; that's happiness for you! And here's a piteous appeal from a rascally tradesman, is there? Pay him double his due, because everything is so dear? I dare say, isn't everything dear for me, I wonder. And money is dear; may it be dearer in the good year coming? Eight on, worthy people, it's good for trade. Yes, I flatter myself I shall have a pretty fair year of it."

"I hope so, I'm sure, sir," I say, timidly, for I hardly know whether he would mind eating me, he looks so hungry. "But don't you think—I mean, of course, with all due deference—that out of your large income you must give away a great deal in charity."

"Charity! Large income! What do you mean? Charity begins at home, and ends there, as far as I'm concerned. No, you won't find me wasting my substance on scamps."

"But—the struggling poor, the—"

"The impostors and gluttons! Why don't I want charity? Why did I never want it? Why was I never poor? Because I held fast—sha! Charity! I work for my living. Why don't other people work?"

"Exactly. Nothing more?"

I see the laughing eyes grow grave and speculative; the lips close over the white teeth.

"Little lad, a few hours since I wished you a Happy New Year? What did I mean?"

"Lots of presents. A big red wagon with wheels to play music when they turn, and a white horse with a real tail; and a ball as big as my head—a blue one. And let there be no holidays."

"No holidays! That's odd!"

"I mean, let Miss Briggs go home to nurse her sick brother, and then, if there's no school, there'll be no holidays, you know."

"Exactly. Nothing more?"

I see the laughing eyes grow grave and speculative; the lips close over the white teeth.

"Mamma says boys can't be happy if they aren't good; so let us be good. And let poor Tommy Darke get well, and have plenty to eat, and a new frock like mine."

Dance away, bright eyes, and give place, for here comes Tommy Darke himself. A pallid woman carries him. She does not look at me, but always at the poor, sickly little burden that lies so helplessly in her arms. "He is so thin," she says. "Look at the bones in his shoulders, and the black hollows under his eyes."

What do the four words mean to her?

A faint and distant sound of hope lights up her eyes, dull with weeping and watching.

"We have no fire on the hearth to warm his poor, pinched feet; no food to give him, if he could eat it. But if—his father would turn again and again; if the curse of drink could be removed, then tiny Tommy might get well; then we might have a better home, more like it used to be—then, oh! then it would be a Happy New Year. God grant it!"

What am I doing? Have I forgotten that this is, after all, only the shadow of a reality, that my fingers are fumbling in my pocket?

So that if I enlarged my gift, he extended his wish in proportion. To him I owe, my reverie of to-night. What signification would the words he uttered so glibly have to him? Probably none, because he never thought about them; but if he had thought about them, what would be his idea of a Happy New Year? What would it mean to him?

What does it mean to the thousands who utter it?

In the city, in the country, all over the world, the lips of men, and women, and children, take it up and echo it, and greet each other with it. I feel that it has, somehow, got into the room with me. If I were to raise my head, I am convinced that I should read it on the painted lips within the picture frames, and the monkey's heads which I discovered long since in the paper on the wall. The silver-berried mistletoe would say it, and the prickly points of holly leaves would nod it out and say, "Here again, old

fellow! Another wrinkle on Time's forehead, eh?"

I put down my book, turn my back upon the lamp, and my face to the fire. I prefer not to look round at present, because there are ghosts in the room. Ghosts, I mean, not of the dead, but of the living; a great miscellaneous, shadowy assemblage of people whom I have seen; whose faces have struck me in the crowd, or with whom I have had some dealings in the every-day business of life.

"Yes, I shall reign a queen in my own house. Henceforth I obey no one."

"A Happy New Year!" echoed the lips from under the white veil. "Oh, I hope so; I do hope it. If my dear love can make him happy, he will be so. It will, but let me show his troubles, and help to lighten them; if I can learn to read his heart, and make him feel how truly every interest of his is mine also; if I can school myself to forbearance, and not to look for too much. All these thoughts are before me, and my heart is very full."

"Nothing else?" I say softly. "Is there room for nothing else?"

Let the curtain fall over her; for as she passes I have a vision of a white-robed figure kneeling, with hands clasped over a veiled face.

Sergeant Master—Behold me then, morally at your feet, Wax, I beg your pardon.

Wax—My son, thou hast it. *Pax nobis cum.*

Sergeant Master—But to return to our mutons, as the French say. What shall be for dinner? Shall it be beans?

All—It shall.

Sergeant Master—Baked or stewed?

Guidon—Baked.

Wax—If so be as how a dutch oven can be borrowed whereby baking may be accomplished.

Hoplite—It's a whack, as very pertinently remarked Cornelius, the centurion.

Sergeant Master—Or words to that effect.

Ah! said Holton, with interest. "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"Seen a smoky chimney cured?" said old Joe. "I think I have! I had the worst ones in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why you see," said Joe, "you see, I built a little house out yonder at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him that he would have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the瓢if. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon saw what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it was ready to receive them. We stood to the guns. Before long the party returned and then we learned that the shots were accidental by our own pickets. There were no end of jokes cut upon the two fellows who saw a guillotine party in the smoke of three carbines.

Guidon—Talking of music, suppose, Jim, my favor us with something light and pleasing.

Wax—Yes. Let us have the "Spanish Retreat."

Hoplite—Or rather the last original. All Three—Hear! Hear! The last original!

Sergeant Master—(Taking guitar.) Well as you like. (Sings to guitar accompaniment.)

Wax—The question, which now agitates the assembly, is what shall be for dinner.—Beans, or no beans? That's the question!

Guidon—There he goes again. No sooner is his breakfast finished than his mind takes up the subject of dinner. Alas! What glutony.

Wax—And why not? In such a dearth of interest for the soldier's life, why should not the master of meals be an important one?

Sergeant Master—Let me assure you, Cornelius, that the subject of gastronomy, the consideration of which with us has degenerated to "what shall be for dinner" and the slight cookery which results from a decision theron, has attracted great attention in all ages of society.

Hoplite—Very aptly said, Jimmy. Man's glutony equally with all his other sensualities has occupied a great space in his life.

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Wax—The question,

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
B. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of three months, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square, even lines, one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, .60  
One square three months, .40  
Half a square one year, .40  
Half a square six months, .20  
Half a square three months, .15  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as per line, for one insertion, .10 per cent. on subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked as copy, will be inserted ~~at cost~~ at the rate of 5 cents, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.  
Southard—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Winchester—T. WHITTING.  
Winchester—JOSHUA HOVEY.  
Leicester—L. D. GLEASON.

B. M. PETTEGRESH & CO., Boston and New York; S. E. NILES, (See *Advertiser*, page 3.)  
Seely's Building, Court St., Boston, are duly empowered to act as agents for the JOURNAL,  
at the rates required by us.

To Advertising.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as a valuable testing medium. The JOURNAL contains largely news of the towns and cities of Woburn, and all who increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Jon Threting done at short no, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1864.

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and Mrs. DEMOREST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new broad patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the choicest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and Mirror for one year.

## EDMUND KIRKE'S LECTURE.

The Fifth and one of the most interesting and instructive of the Lyceum lectures thus far delivered, was listened to by a large audience on Thursday evening. The subject gave full scope for the happy powers of description and delineation which the speaker possesses, in viewing the three classes of the free population in our wayward sister States. The classes named were the "Low Free Whites;" and those styled by the speaker the "Yeomanry" and the "Chivalry;" and describing each in order, he said of the first class, they lived in a most abject and mean condition, surrounded by all the luxuries of filth and squalidness. Their mental and moral condition corresponded exactly with their external circumstances,—an indolent, shiftless, dirty, snuff-taking, liquor-drinking set; relations intermarrying and thereby producing imbecile and idiotic children; swapping and selling wives as occasion offered. They were the laziest of the lazy, and moreover had a moral antipathy to work, unless mixed with whisky or an apology for whiskey—drank under the names bust-head, blue ruin, &c.,—in enormous quantities. Not one in a thousand could read, nor one in ten thousand write; with very crude notions of God and religion, they attended church, the women bareheaded and barefooted, the men with long hair, matted beard, and with hats on. An amusing description of a sermon was given, delivered by a preacher (?) who could not read or write, who at the request of a neighbor advised his flock to drink wine if they could get good wine, such as they could get over the mountain, but not "such stuff as Dan Ferguson made;" said Daniel F. being no friend to the aforesaid neighbor, who had told the preacher "to pitch in strong to Dan Ferguson." The speaker however advised the total disuse of the vile weed tobacco, as he could find no sanction for it in scripture.

These poor whites do not even know how to labor; they seem to be a fungous growth, a natural product of slavery; so ignorant, having no schools or papers at all, that they actually think at each election of the President, that they are voting for old Jefferson, and not for Jefferson D. The second class, the yeomanry, are small farmers owning one or two slaves each, by far the largest class of the Southern whites, forming two thirds of the whole white population. They form the masses of the State; the prop of slavery; the bone and sinew of the Southern Army. To give an insight at the life of this class, the speaker very graphically described his own intercourse with a family while travelling in Tennessee. He was met at the gate by the proprietor, Bible Smith by name, dressed in homespun, six feet high, with long hair and beard and open honest face, who welcomed him even though a "Yank." The speaker requested Bible to give his horse some oats, hinting that he should be well paid for it, upon which Mr. Smith retorted, "Pay; don't talk of pay, less ye want ter fit a duel, sich as I fit over in North Carolina with Klingman;" and then he went on to give a glowing account of that, with him, all-important event, "Was yer yer, it was at the time old Zach run for president, and at a

big barbecue; Klingman was a speechifying big, and said how that over Kamidate was in jail, and all that, and my dander kinder riz, and I told him he lied. So he asked for my redress"—"address," suggested Sally his wife;—"Oh, yes, address; I told ye Sally had all the larmin. So one day up cum a challenge to fit, and as I had choice of weapons I took sword and mounted. Wasn't mounted our old ox, arter havin' put on a big red rag and a kiverlet for a saddle. When I got onto the field he, at first, objected to fit so, but finally concluded to fit, and we kum at one another poll-mell, and the way my old ox run with the rag and kiverlet flyin', and skert his old mare so bad she never hel'd up till she got clean inter North Carolina; and I swered that I'd have that kiverlet to live under, to sleep under, and to die under." Other "funny" notes about Bible's "sarch" for four full months "arter" his wife, and about his marriage, were given in a season!"

In this unique and abusive manner does he proceed to secure his influence over the hearts of the people of Woburn, and then earnestly entreats them to go and hear the organ! Will they be more impressed with its musical merits by his likening our mental capacities and his own, between odes and hides, thus endeavoring to throw dishonor upon that diligence which has made our town so prosperous? Truth needs no abuse to prove its virtues. The worth and character of the Woburn Organ is not undervalued in the least by his calumnies.

It is a pity that those few words should have called forth such a lengthy amount of laborious and superfluous eloquence; and it is hoped that should this happy representative of Boston's polite literature ever send his bombastic evaporation into our atmosphere of honesty and industry again, that he will bear in mind that we are not ashamed of virtuous labor, neither do we fear to stand up for truth on any subject, whatever may be the opinion of the Boston public.

COM.

WOBURN, Jan. 19th, 1864.

RECEPTION OF RE-ENLISTED SOLDIERS.—On Sunday forenoon last, the 32d Regiment reached Boston, after a journey of four days from Liberty, Va., and at 3 o'clock the Woburn men in that regiment, accompanied by some of their comrades belonging to other places, reached town in a train provided for the occasion, and were received by the returned Soldiers, who were out in full numbers, and a large concourse of citizens. A procession was formed, headed by the Woburn Brass Band, and our veterans were escorted to Lyceum Hall, and there formally received, the address of welcome being made by John Cummings, Jr., Esq., Chairman of the Board of Selectmen. Remarks were also made by Rev. Mr. Bedwell, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Kennard. The welcome extended to these veterans, who have experienced war in all its varied and trying phases, was hearty and enthusiastic, and showed that those who live at home in peace and prosperity, appreciate the patriotism and self-denial of those who give up the enjoyments of the home circle, to battle for the good of posterity and the perpetuation of the country undivided.

A RECEIPT TO CURR LOVE.—The following receipt for the cure of Love, was found among some old papers in Woburn, a short time since, and we publish it for the benefit of those who are troubled with this "sore disease." We are of the opinion that this mixture will prove "efficacious in every case."

"Take of ye true spirits of Indifference one ounce; of ye powder of disdain twelve grains; of ye oyl of absence and ye spisses of Employment, of each one ounce; add to these, two ounces of good advice, the same quantity of sound consideration, with two quarts of ye best heart's ease. Put all these into a saucer pan of sound Reason, stir 'em well together, and strain 'em thro' a fine flage of Patience, into a vessel of Prudence, and lay upon you as many coverlets of Contentment of mein as you can get to sweat out this infectious passion of Love."

SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—The funeral of Peter O. Cole, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, who enlisted as one of the quota of Woburn, under the last call of the President, took place from the Baptist Church on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Cole was a native of Nova Scotia, but at the time of his enlistment resided at North Woburn. He died at Readville, on Tuesday, of lung fever, and was sick but a short time. Thus soon has one of our last enlisted recruits passed to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no travellers return," and where the shock of battle never comes and peace reigns triumphantly.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF JOURNEYMAN CARRIERS.—A convention of Journeyman Carriers was held at Philadelphia, on Wednesday last week, for the purpose of forming a National Union. Delegates were present from several States, and a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. The proceedings were harmonious and satisfactory to all concerned. P. H. Claffy, represented the Woburn Association.

SANITARY COMMISSION MEETING.—There will be a Union Meeting of all societies composing the Woburn Branch Sanitary Commission, in the large society room of the Congregational church, on Monday evening, Jan. 25, at 6½ o'clock. Soldiers, and all persons interested in the cause for which the Rev. Dr. in his usual happy manner, this action of the teachers, shows the respect they hold for Dr. Stebbins, both as a citizen and as one who has the cause of education deeply at heart.

STOLEN.—We learn that the Centre Grammar School house has been entered lately by some person unknown, while the School was in session, and several articles of clothing stolen belonging to the children.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—We are in receipt of the February number of this juvenile monthly. The contents are well adapted to please and instruct the young, who we hope will take pains to peruse the matter provided by this monthly for their entertainment and benefit.

CALL EXTENDED.—We understand that the Rev. Mr. Hyington, of No. Woburn, has received a call from the Congregational Society of Stoneham, to become their pastor.

ACCIDENT.—An interesting article from our Special Notice column, that the Middlesex East District Medical Society, have decided to charge in future for a regular visit, one dollar, instead of seventy-five cents as heretofore.

MEDICAL.—It will be observed by reference to our Special Notice column, that the Middlesex East District Medical Society, have decided to charge in future for a regular visit, one dollar, instead of seventy-five cents as heretofore.

RESPONDENT.—Mr. A. F. Onion, Jr., fell from a staging last week, and dislocated his shoulder. Dr. Harlow reduced the dislocation.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

AN ARTICLE ON "ORGANS AND ORGAN MUSIC," appeared in the last number of the *Journal*, from a Boston (?) writer, deeply interested in all that concerns the Music Hall and its organ, signing himself "R," who was sorely touched by a few words of plain truth, which were inserted in the issue of the previous week.

In his needless attempt to obscure the statement, and in his conceit as an inhabitant of Boston, he says that we "will do well to remember that Boston produces more Odets than Hides, and its air is fuller of music and its blust influences, than of the 'thrum and tawck' of tanneries and their pestiferous exhalation!" Hence he that lives where music is, and is its loving disciple, is a better judge of its excellencies than he who dwelt where it not often is, nor is fully appreciated.

Medical Meeting.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society, met at the residence of S. W. Drew, in this town, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th, 1864.

Present—Drs. A. Chapin, and W. Ingalls, of Winchester; Jordan and Mansfield, of South Reading; Dole and Wakefield, of Reading; Toothaker, of Wilmington; Holmes, of Lexington; Hodgdon, of West Cambridge; S. W. Abbott, U. S. N.; Drew, B. and E. Cutter, of Woburn, and by invitation, Dr. C. T. Lang, of Woburn, Dentist. After the usual business a communication was read from Dr. Cleveland Buck, of Woolwich, Me. Dr. Holmes, spoke of a case of Cancer. Dr. E. Cutter, read a written report of an interesting and unusual case of Renal Calculus, lodged in the right ureter. Dr. Hodgdon alluded to the temporary success with which he used the seeds of the common pumpkin to dropsey caused by Ovarian disease. The tumors weighing five pounds, were removed Jan. 3d, by the Caesarian operation. The patient is now recovering. Dr. S. W. Abbott, Asst. Surg. U. S. N., gave some account of his journal on board the Monitor *Catskill*. The subject of fees was considered, but at the invitation of the host, the society adjourned from the fee table to the supper table, which was spread with an ample and substantial supply of the best selections from the *Materia Alimentaria*. Subsequently the subject of discussion was resumed, and after a free expression of opinion, on account of the present high prices of living, and the custom of adjoining districts, it was unanimously voted, "That the fee of a regular visit be not less than one dollar."

A committee of three was chosen, consisting of Drs. Jordan, Dole, and E. Cutter, to revise the fee table, and report at the next meeting. The Secretary was instructed to notify the public of these acts.

At a late hour the society adjourned.

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## E. CUTTER, SEC.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Popular Amusement.

It is a fact admitted by all, that our best public lecturers—those most scientific and most instructive—are often most neglected and are attended by the smallest audiences. The lecturers themselves complain of it and charge fault on communities where there is no fault. Institutions too have been organized, halls have been built and endowments established for the benefit of the public, which have on trial utterly failed, and for this the public has blamed. This condition of things exists in England, the same as in this country. In order to secure attendance and patronage for any length of time, it has been requisite to mix with the solid, the trivial and the amusing. To secure the presence of the multitude at the sober and instructive lecture it is necessary to promise and to follow it with something suited to their tastes and their demands, even perhaps the Christian Minstrels. The popular mind demands amusement as well as instruction, and will find it somewhere. It is a necessary, a rational condition—a condition, the legitimate result of circumstances, which should be understood and met.

If then the public lecturer finds his audience uninterested and listless, let him place the fault where it properly belongs—with himself. It has probably taken a subject above their comprehension, or one in which they have no personal interest, and if he would succeed he must adapt himself to their understandings and their tastes. People will judge for themselves when they are interested and when they are suited. Not of course that he should cater to low and vicious tastes, but whatever may be his subject he must expect to fail, unless he adapts himself to the understanding and capacity of his hearers.

The same too will apply to much of the preaching from our pulpits. It does not interest and does not persuade because it is too abstract, too obscure, too profound, or more comprehensively, too unsuited the common mind. People generally prefer the plain and practical, and the more simple (not silly) the truths presented, the better. This will explain why the talks to children so often interest older people.

Committees and those who control Lyceum lectures, have a nice and weighty responsibility resting on them. They too often look for tall, big, lecturers, without reference to their fitness to please and instruct a common audience. Such men are often too soaring, too lofty to be understood by the masses, and the consequence the hearers stay away from a very sensible discourse, and it becomes difficult to sustain the course. The fault is not, as is usually charged with the people. Very unpretending men may give very interesting, very instructive, and very satisfactory lectures, and the special wants and capacity of the community should be primarily consulted; a regard however should be had to their increase in intelligence, and to elevate their understandings and tastes. It would also be desirable that our public lectures should be paid for by subscription, and the doors thrown open for the masses. Larger audiences would thus be secured and the poor and many others would thus be brought in the way of improvement.

JUVENILE.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT LENOX.—A small and old house situated in the westerly part of Lenox, about three-quarters of a mile from any other dwelling, and occupied by Mrs. Belinda Horton, a person about 75 years of age, took fire on Tuesday night, probably from the pipe which the old lady was in the habit of smoking after retiring to bed each night, and was totally consumed with its contents. The dead body of the occupant was found next morning some five rods from the ruins of her late tenement, in the snow near a fence, and is believed that awakened by the pain of her burns she left the house in a半-wild state, and that in trying to climb the fence she fell back, overcame with fright and exhaustion, and subsequently perished from exposure.

REPORT OF WINCHESTER SOLDIERS' AID ASSOCIATION.

This Society was organized Oct. 24th, 1861, and has held weekly meetings since that time, with a fair average attendance. The amount of money collected during this time is \$948.28; leaving a balance of \$100 now on hand. Of this sum \$300 was a donation from Mr. E. V. Ashton, of England, and \$50 from a friend in Boston, making the sum contributed by citizens, \$598.28.

The Society has made and sent, principally to the office of the Sanitary Commission in Boston, 37 quilts, 11 blankets, 4 comforters, 53 pillows, 107 pillow cases, 46 towels, 97 napkins, 193 handkerchiefs, 110annel shirts, 54 flannel drawers, 11 flannel aprons, 12 cotton drawers, 250 pairs knitted stockings, 96 pairs hospital slippers, 66 sheets, 13 bed gowns, 10 dressing gowns, 2 pairs pantaloons, 7 dozen pins, 6 pairs scissors, rolls of old linen and cotton, bandages, wine, jellies, talcum, gratus, farina, books, pamphlets and stationery.

There have also been sent to the Winchesters in the 46th regt., a box containing 1 tub butter, sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate, pickles, smoked fish, lemons and fruit; and a box containing 250 pairs knitted stockings, 96 pairs hospital slippers, 66 sheets, 13 bed gowns, 10 dressing gowns, 2 pairs pantaloons, 7 dozen pins, 6 pairs scissors, rolls of old linen and cotton, bandages, wine, jellies, talcum, gratus, farina, books, pamphlets and stationery.

The Society has also made for the Commission, from material furnished by them, 3 doz. hospital shirts, 2 doz. hospital drawers, 1 doz. bed ticks.

The money now on hand will be expended, and we trust to the liberality of our citizens to furnish the means to continue our work.

CARRIE R. FORD, Sec'y and Treas.

Let the response to the call for more money be promptly and generously responded to.

EXCERPT.

## WINCHESTER.



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

**ATTRACTIVE  
AND UNRIVALLED STOCK OF  
New Fall and Winter  
CLOTHING :  
FOR MEN AND BOYS.**

**THE Largest, the Cheapest, the Best Made  
STOCK OF GOODS  
in Boston or the Union.  
Containing all the WONDERS and NOVELTIES of the  
season, consisting in part of  
Moscow Beaver SACKS and FROCKS.  
OVERCOATS.**

**English Pilot OVERCOATS.  
Melton  
Grosvenor Cloth OVERCOATS.  
Fine French Cloth  
Peterham, Kersey & Union Beaver OVERCOATS  
Making together one of the MOST ATTRACTIVE  
and most BEAUTIFUL overcoats to select an OVERCOAT  
from that can be found.**

**Fins Cloth SACKS,  
UNDERCOATS,  
BUSINESS FROCKS,  
ENGLISH SACKS,  
Farmers' and Mechanics' WORKING COATS.**

**Pantaloons and Vests.**

**More than FIVE HUNDRED NEW PATTERNS  
and VARIETIES, of every color, hue, grade and  
make.**

**BOYS' CLOTHING.**

**A very Large and Elegant Assorted Stock which  
we have now in our possession will be EXCELLED.**

**To all who may be about visiting Boston in  
search of anything in our line, we could call attention  
to the**

**Headquarters for Bargains.**

**GEO. H. LANE,  
31 & 32 Dock Square, Boston.**

**Dentistry.**

**THE undersigned have associated themselves together in the practice of Dental Surgery at the office of Dr. D. L. STOCKING, 34 Franklin Street, Boston. We are prepared to do the best of work in every department of our profession, and on the most REASONABLE TERMS. We shall give every attention to the wants of our patients, and those of the most highly approved manner. In addition to setting teeth on gold and silver, we shall bestow especial pains in managing whole and half sets of veneers, and in the making of dentures. We shall also fit the mouth, so universally popular, as to have almost entirely superseded the use of gold and other precious metals.**

**Dr. D. L. STOCKING, Boston,  
has been a long time engaged in the practice of Dentistry, and has obtained a high reputation for his skill and knowledge. He has a large number of patients, and is well known throughout the city.**

**Dr. D. L. STOCKING,  
Boston, Oct. 1, 1863.—6m.**

**Grand Seal Smoking Tobacco!**

**A very popular brand, for sale by**

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**MIDDLESEX  
WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,**

**Office, 4 Miles Block, 33 School St., Boston.**

**THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to aid the Soldiers and Seamen of Middlesex Co. their Families or others, in obtaining PENSIONS and other allowances due them. It stands ready to meet any claims against the Government. Advice will be given by the Attorney or Secretary without charge.**

**The amount of claims, small charges, established by the Directors, will be made.**

**Letters seeking information should be addressed to the Secretary.**

**Advice will be given for the collection of claims should be made to the Attorney.**

**HON. JOEL PARKER, President.**

**HON. GRO. BOUTWELL, Vice President.**

**DIRECTORS.—J. Parker, Geo. S. Boutwell, D.**

**W. Goode, Leonard Huntress, James M. Shute,**

**W. H. Stone, W. H. Foster, Horace Jones, J. H.**

**Waltt, Charles Kimball, John K. Gould.**

**A. B. COFFIN, Attorney, No. 33 School Street, Boston. GEO. W. COPELAND, Secretary and Treasurer, 5 Tremont Street, Boston.**

**90-6m.**

**A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW  
No. 4 MILES BLOCK, BOSTON.  
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street**

**At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. often  
in the Post Office building.**

**COAL, LUMBER, &c.**

**THE firm of AYER & McDONALD having  
been dissolved, the subscriber respectfully  
gives notice to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he will continue the business, at the same stand, in all its branches, and thereby giving full attention to business, and always ready  
to supply the different kinds of COAL, WOOD  
and LUMBER, to receive that generous share of public patronage which has been accorded to the late firm during the past year.**

**LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT  
CONTRACTED ON HAND.**

**OFFICE—Immediately adjoining the North end  
of the Depot, Woburn Centre.**

**JOS. H. McDONALD,  
Woburn, Feb. 13th, 1863.**

**LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE  
REFECTED IN**

**Good Stock & Mutual Companies;**

**Also PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,  
etc. for Widows, Children, etc. Mothers,  
Brides, Betrothed, etc. etc. through the agency  
of HORATIO WOODMAN, Esq., of Boston.**

**By SPARROW HORTON Agt.,  
AT THE  
WOBURN POST-OFFICE.**

**FARINA COLOGNE!**

**Just received and for sale by**

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**Luxuriant Hair for All.**

**Bogie's Hyperion Fluid, Restorative and Dressing  
Fluid.**

**Bogie's Electric Hair Dye, Best in the World.**

**Bogie's Balm of Cytherea, Cure for Tan and  
Plump.**

**Bogie's Wigs and Hair Work, New Improve-  
ments.**

**Surpass all others. Cheapest, best and most  
reliable. Try it. Be convinced.**

**W. BOGLE,  
38-40 Washington Street**

**CHARLES A. SMITH,  
DEALER IN  
AMERICAN AND  
FOREIGN DRY GOODS.**

**NEW BANK BUILDING,  
Main street, Woburn.**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Painful Menstruation;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Suppression of their Courses;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Irregularities;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Profuse Discharges;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Ulcerated Uterus;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Leucorrhœa, or Whites;**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALL  
THESE COMPLAINTS INCIDENT TO  
THE SEX, whether resulting from Indis-  
cretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Crit-  
ical Age," or "Tune of Life," will find  
REMEDY in the**

**FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL**

**PREPARED AT THE**

**NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.**

**It is a new or secret Compound, but has  
been used for upwards of twenty years by a  
large proportion of the more liberal and re-  
spectable of the Reformed Practice of Medi-  
cine.**

**It will cure, in a very large proportion of  
the cases, such Diseases as the following sym-  
ptoms would indicate, and immediate re-  
medy will be procured in all.**

**Indication to Exercise, Weakness,  
Uneasiness, Depression of Spirits,  
Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain  
in the Back, After-natal Chills  
and Flushing of Heart,  
Dropping Sensation of the Lower Part of  
the Body,  
Headache, Languor,  
Aching along the Thighs,  
Intolerance of Light and Sound,  
Pale Countenance,  
Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels,  
Fright Breathing, Hysteria, &c. &c.**

**Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place,  
Boston, says:**

**I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING  
CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I  
regard it as one of the best Medicines for  
Female Complaints that can be found."**

**Dr. J. KINO, Author of "Woman: Her  
Diseases and their Treatment," says:**

**"This Medicine appears to exert a specific  
influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable  
agent in all derangements of the Female Re-  
productive Organs."**

**Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York  
Association of Botanic Physicians, says:**

**"No female, if in delicate health, should  
omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."**

**Price per Bottle, 75 Cents.**

**Prepared and sold at the well known establish-  
ment, THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.**

**Geo. H. Swett, M. D.—Proprietor.**

**106 HANOVER STREET,  
BOSTON MASS.**

**The Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at  
MRS. FIELD'S Millinery Store.**

**48-6m.**

**Particular attention paid to printing**

**POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.**

**Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and  
Business ads. s.**

**Persons in the adjoining towns who may  
wish printing done, can send their orders by mail,  
or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be  
promptly and correctly filed.**

**Bibles and Testaments**

**large, and consists of a variety of sizes and  
styles.**

**FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.**

**Hymn Books.**

**Various kinds of Hymn Books used in the  
different Societies, are always kept on hand.**

**Those of particular binding, when not on hand,  
will be furnished to order.**

**JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,**

**MIDDLESEX JOURNAL  
BOOK AND JOB  
PRINTING**

**ESTABLISHMENT,**

**Main Street, Woburn.**

**WE call the attention of the public to  
the facilities of the above establishment for  
the execution of**

**EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.**

**We are prepared to supply all classes of the  
community with any kind of printing they may  
need.**

**BLANK BOOKS,**

**INSURANCE POLICIES,**

**BANK CHECKS,**

**CIRCULARS,**

**PROGRAMMES,**

**PAMPHLETS,**

**ORDER OF EXERCISES,**

**LEGAL BLANKS,**

**BILL HEADS,**

**CATALOGUES,**

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**NOTE BOOKS,**

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**SHOW BILLS,**

**POSTERS,**

**AUCTION BILLS,**

**SHOP BILLS,**

**MILK BILLS,**

**LABELS,**

**cc. &c. &c.**

**Particular attention paid to printing**

**POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.**

**JOHNS & CROSELY'S**

**AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.**

**The strongest Glue in the world.**

**The cheapest Glue in the world.**

**The most durable Glue in the world.**

**The only reliable Glue in the world.**

**AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE**

**the only article of the kind ever produced which**

**Will Withstand Water.**

**It will Mend Wood,**

**Saves your broken Furniture.**

**It will Mend Leather,**

**Mend your Holes, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.**

**It will Mend Glass,**

**Saves the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.**

**It will Mend Ivory,**

**Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.**

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 18.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### "ADSUM."

December 23-4, 1863.

"And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, a sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said 'Adam!' and I'll back."—*The Newcomes.*

The Angel came by night,  
(Such angels still come down?)

And a winter cloud

Passed over London town;

Along its lonesome streets,

Where Want had ceased to weep,

Until it reached a house.

Where great men lay asleep:

The man of all his time;

Who knew the most of men;

The soundest head and heart;

The sharpest, kindest pen.

It paused beside his bed.

And whispered in his ear:

He never turned his head,

But answered, "I am here."

Into the night they went,

At morning, side by side,

They gained the sacred Place;

Where the great Dead abide;

Where grand old Homer sits;

In godlike state benign;

Where broods in endless thought

The awful Florentine;

Where sweet Cervantes walks,

A smile on his grave face;

Where gossiping sits Montaigne,

The world of his race,

Where Gothic looks through all,

With that calm eye of his;

Where—little seen but Light—

The only Shakespeare is!

When the new spirit came,

They asked him, drawing near,

"Art thou become like us?"

He answered, "I am here."

—*Round Table.*

## Select Literature.

### THE MAIDEN OF LUNEBURG.

In the spring of 1813 the French occupied a large portion of the north of Germany. The spirit of the nation was roused against the invaders, and a determined effort was made to drive them from the country. Allied with those German powers who dared to oppose Napoleon, Russian troops fought side by side with the soldiers of the Fatherland against the hated French.

Early in March, the Russian Colonel Tetenborn was sent from Berlin to expel the French from Hamburg and to protect Lubeck. He found the enemy retreating towards the west, and that, among other places, they had evacuated the little town of Luneburg. Tetenborn continued his march. Meantime the French General Morand, reinforced by St. Cyr, turned back to Luneburg. The Allies sent General von Dornberg to protect the town. Within three hours' march of Luneburg, he learnt that Morand had re-occupied the place the preceding day with a force of thrice his strength.

von Dornberg waited a day for reinforcements, and advanced on the 2d of April, at noon, to the attack. Believing the assaulting column stronger than it really was, Morand hastily retreated from the town by one issue—the New Gate—as the Allies entered it by another. The opposing forces encountered in the streets, and after a sanguinary skirmish the French were driven out. After the fight Morand learned the real weakness of the victors, and determined to retrieve his error. Detaching portions of his force to penetrate the town at other assailable points, with gallant but rash impetuosity, the French commander in person attacked the New Gate at three in the afternoon. The post was defended by Russian and Prussian guns, with a few Cossacks, while Prussian Jagers and Fusiliers were thrown out in advance.

The engagement was hotly sustained, and the Gaul gallantly held. Though the Prussian loss was heavy, the French made no sensible impression for upwards of an hour.—After that time the fire of the defenders began to slacken, then nearly ceased. A murmur ran through the ranks. Their ammunition was fast becoming exhausted, and by some unaccountable oversight no more cartridges were at hand. Skilled soldiers like the French soon perceived something was wrong, and prepared to take advantage of the fault. Their fire grew hotter than ever. The skirmishers hardly deigned to avail themselves of the shelter of the trees that lined the road, but picked off the Prussians with impunity. The eyes of the men turned in mute appeal towards their officers, who were gradually making up their minds to check further advance by a desperate charge of the bayonet, then slowly to retreat.

But the German mind, generally, takes a long time in making up, and before the worthy Prussians had accomplished the task, help came to them from an unexpected quarter, as the sequel will show.

When the alarm was beaten in the town before Von Dornberg's advance, the inhabitants hastily closed their shops and houses, and took up safe positions. Their hearts beating with mingled fear and hope, they heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry come nearer and nearer—bullets struck into the walls and roofs, bricks and tiles began to fall, rockets hurtled past, troops thronged into the town.

A tradesman in the main thoroughfare allowed several of his neighbors to take refuge in the vaulted cellar under his shop. Among these was a widow, named Stegen, and her daughter Johanna. The latter is described

as a girl of twenty-two,—tall, strong, and active; of fair complexion, with handsome features, and the auburn hair appears seamed with threads of gold. Like most of her countrywomen Johanna was an ardent patriot and a vehement enemy to the French; but, unlike others of her sex, she was an utter stranger to fear. She had intended joining the Jagers, disguised in men's clothes, upon the previous day, and had gained her mother's consent; but the widow had lost several sons in the war, and her heart failed when the time came.

Had Johanna Stegen carried out her intention, she would have done no more than other German women in that stirring time. History tells of a girl of twenty-one from Potsdam, Eleonora Prochaska, who joined the Lutzen regiment of foot in the name of Renz, and fell bravely fighting in September, 1813, in an engagement on the Gohrde. Dorothea Sawosch entered the West Prussian Landwehr cavalry, exchanged into the infantry after a fall from her horse, and served in its ranks until the close of the war. Charlotte Kruger fought in the Kolberg regiment, and gained promotion in a non-commissioned officer. A lady, known subsequently as Frau Scheinemann, served with Helwig's Hussars throughout the War of Liberation. A native of Stralsund, the wife of a ship-captain, made the campaign under the name of Karl Peterson, because a sergeant, was twice wounded, and decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class.

Useable, as she thought, to participate actively in the defence of Luneburg, Johanna's whole heart went out towards her countrymen and their allies. As soon as the tumult of the conflict in the streets had in some degree subsided, she left the trembling women in the cellar, and post herself at a window in the shop door to observe the progress of the fight. Presently came a squadron of Russian hussars at full gallop round the corner of the street in pursuit of the flying French. They were guided by a sturdy butcher of Luneburg on horseback, armed with a recking sabre. The hussars were followed by Cossacks. Johanna could remain inactive no longer. Seizing a jug of "schnapp" and a glass, she mounted on a bench before the door, and distributed the welcome refreshment to officers and men.

The cavalry passed, but return to her friends after the excitement of the scene was impossible to Johanna. All ideas of personal danger and timidity were swallowed up in the strength of her desire to see the discomfiture of the foe. So on, past signs of disorder and flight, past cast-away arms and portions of uniforms, past wounded and dying men, writhing in agony and shrieking for water, past heaps of slain in all imaginable attitudes, past the corpse of the Saxon private who was quartered in her mother's house, and who had breakfasted gayly with them in the morning.

As Johanna approached the New Gate, the firing showed her the engagement was still in progress. To observe it better, she made for a slight elevation on the left, called the Kalkberg (lime-hill) within the barriers of the town. Upon her way hither she passed two men in a dry ditch rising off the heads of a number of barrels in the hope of booty. In its stead they find cartridges, and they swear. French cartridges, reported universally to contain poison bullets. The men abandoned their discovery in disgust, and the girl pursued her way. Upon the Kalkberg she found a veteran who had served in the Seven Years' War, and was now living in Luneburg. The old man lent Johanna his field-glass, and explained to her the object of the manœuvres they beheld. They saw Morand's flying troops halted and led back to attack the New Gate; followed its gallant charge with lively interest; noticed with apprehension the Prussian fire slacken, and the French massing for assault. The veteran communicated to Johanna his fear that ammunition was fast becoming exhausted, and by some unaccountable oversight no more cartridges were at hand. Skilled soldiers like the French soon perceived something was wrong, and prepared to take advantage of the fault. Their fire grew hotter than ever. The skirmishers hardly deigned to avail themselves of the shelter of the trees that lined the road, but picked off the Prussians with impunity. The eyes of the men turned in mute appeal towards their officers, who were gradually making up their minds to check further advance by a desperate charge of the bayonet, then slowly to retreat.

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On a sudden, midway with a load, she found herself between two bodies of troops. A light rain falling, the men wore their overcoats, and she was unable to distinguish friend from foe. While hesitating what to do, she was reached by a company of Prussian Jagers, rushing with leveled bayonets to take the French in flank. Johanna ran on a few steps beside the leading officer, asking whether the French would get the town again. The officer told her gruffly to be off about her business, but added—

"Stop! What have you got there that seems so heavy?"

"Cartridges!"

"Cartridges! And we without a ball! Whence?"

"Out of the wagon, there; and I've got a heap more in the ditch behind."

"Halt, men!" came next, with a mighty Prussian oath.

In a moment four soldiers were emptying Johanna's apron by their officer's command, and distributing its contents among their comrades. She hurried on to the ditch amid the hurrahs of the Jagers showed them the supply, then ran back to the ammunition wagon for more. Hotter grows the French fire, but the Prussians respond to it now with cheerfulness and vigor. Grape and round shot begin to take their victims, and let out many a sturdy fellow's life. But Johanna never falters in her self-appointed task—Holding her apron with her teeth, she pushes the cartridges into the breasts of the Jagers' uniforms to distribute her prizes the quicker. Friends fall beside her, but she feels no fear. During one of her trips a Saxon officer gallops out upon her from an adjacent garden with uplifted sabre. Seeing her danger, a Cossack rushes past her with levelled lance, and stretches the Saxon on the ground. The unintelligible jargon of her rescuer first shows the girl the peril she has escaped.

By the aid of the ammunition furnished by Johanna Stegen, the French were kept at a distance until reinforcements could be brought up within the town. Then, as dusk was drawing in, a combined charge, in which Morand was badly wounded and taken, scattered the assailants irretrievably, and the day was won.

Johanna had been wonderfully preserved in the midst of the dangers to which she was exposed. Her clothes were riddled with bullets. A grape-shot passed through her dress while she was stooping to pick up some fallen cartridges. As she supplied a Jager with ammunition, the man fell forward, badly hit, into her arms. She carried him to the ditch, tore off her neckerchief to bind his wound, and set out again to the wagon.

After the battle, the Maiden of Luneburg in her shot torn clothes, blackened with smoke and powder, was carried in triumph by the townsfolk round the market-place; then she went quietly home to her mother. The old woman scolded her heavily for her imprudence, and having done that much homage to duty, died over the girl for her patriotism.

Next day, when the Prussian commander inquired after the heroic girl, none of his men knew where she was to be found. One Jager only was able to describe her appearance, adding that she had red hair. This led to her discovery. For during the next few days there were other duties to perform. Wounded and prisoners had to be nursed, tended, and waited upon; lint was to be furnished, provisions obtained and prepared, a hospital to be extemporized; and Johanna lent eager assistance in these charitable tasks. While occupied among the wounded prisoners, she was noticed by a huge Saxon sergeant. The man's eyes blazed with fury, and he dashed at her with an imprecation, calling out:

"Here, comrades! This is the day on whom sixteen of our men spent all their bullets yesterday without hitting her. 'Twas cost our brave officer his life, for he'd sworn to cut her down."

The prison guards came to the rescue, and freed the girl from his grasp.

The troubles of the Maiden of Luneburg and of her native town were not by any means ended with the French repulse. The day after the engagement the Allies evacuated Luneburg, and crossed the Elbe to Bautzenburg to give battle to Davoust. The French Marshal declined the engagement, but despatched Montrouze with 6,000 men to punish the Luneburgers. He entered the town late on the night of the 4th, passed the next day in searching for arms, and arrested 100 of the chief citizens. The threatening movements of the Allies compelled Davoust to call in all his strength, and Montrouze left Luneburg again upon the 9th.

The war went on. The Allies gained a battle upon the 6th of April, but lost another on the 2d of May, and with it the temporary command of the country. Once more the French re-occupied unfortunate Luneburg, surrounding it with palisades, deepening the ditches, throwing up earthworks, and barricading the gates, as far as the wayside for breath. The eight gave her fresh courage. She set off again upon the Luneburg road, passing vehicle and footgoers, none of whom chose to understand the shouts of her pursuers to stop the runaway.

Again and again, with glowing eyes and rapid feet, she hastened upon her devoted task. Meantime the fight came nearer. Bullets began to whistle around the pair. Muller lost heart and beat a retreat, counsilling Johanna to follow his example. But she was

tents thoughts to be disaffected were imprisoned or fined.

It may be supposed that under such harsh rule the part taken by Johanna Stegen in the repulse of the 2d of April would not remain unpunished. Her mother kept her carefully concealed in a loft attached to the house, and it was generally believed she was no longer in the town. Constant inquiries and frequent searches proved fruitless in finding her. Among the few acquainted with her hiding-place was a neighbor, who proposed to Widow Stegen to let Johanna spend the day with his daughter.

"It would be a change for the poor girl," said the worthy man, "and lighten her up a bit."

Frau Stegen consenting, Johanna hurried across the street upon her visit next morning before dawn. At noon, the good man of the house, standing according to simple German custom smoking his pipe before the door, hastily called the girls, and showed three gendarmes turning in to search Frau Stegen's house. The fellows examined the old mother severely, trying to extract her daughter's whereabouts, declaring from the clothes and so forth they discovered the girl could only just have left the place.—Frau Stegen kept firm, and the gendarmes in revenge searched all the houses in the street, including that of the friendly neighbor. By rare good fortune, they forgot to look in the hen-house, where the fugitive was concealed.

It was evident, after this, there was no safety in Luneburg for Johanna. Watched and guarded as the place was now, however, it was anything but easy to get out of the town. Still, the attempt must be made. Her mother accompanied her next night to the outer wall, where they parted. Johanna waited until all was quiet, managed to scale the wall and to pass the ditch, but was stopped by the palisades. She climbed them at last, after many fruitless efforts, balanced herself upon the top, and jumped. As ill luck would have it, her dress caught in the sharpened points and tore, the noise attracting the attention of the sentry singing on the wall. His rapid challenge echoed through the night. Sustaining her weight upon her hands, the girl clung breathlessly to the palisades, not daring to move a muscle. The sentry listened a minute, peered out into the darkness, saw nothing, contentedly shivered his musket again, and resumed his song.

This daring surmounted, Johanna made for Nendorf, a village five miles from Luneburg, where a friend was the pastor's wife. With these kind people she abode four weeks, enjoying rest, happiness, and quiet.

An old woman from Luneburg came one day begging into the parsonage. She recognized Johanna with surprise, but was friendly, even to obsequiousness. The woman was well treated, feasted, and sent away with presents of food and money, vowing by all her hopes of salvation not to betray a syllable. She may have been sincere. It is charitable to hope she was. But if she did not plainly denounce Johanna to the French, she did the next thing to it. She talked about her discovery, and having done that much to distract the authorities.

Apprehending treachery, Johanna had already determined to quit the house. The entreaties of her friends were unable to stifle the foreboding of approaching danger. She left, and turned again towards Luneburg—for where else could she go? She was hardly clear of the premises when she heard the clank of accoutrements; and, slipping rapidly behind a hedge, saw gendarmes riding upon the parsonage.

Now it happened that at that period there were only two women, residents of Luneburg, who had reddish hair,—Johanna Stegen and a younger female of indifferent character, well known to the French officials. As Johanna was hastening that morning along the high road, she suddenly perceived this latter girl with three daughters a little distance in front. In that level district it was impossible to think of evading them. Johanna hastily concealed her hair—whose color was so conspicuous beneath a white handkerchief, took her light straw hat in her hand, and passed the party boldly with a rapid step. The female recognized her immediately.

"Why, that's Johanna Stegen!" she exclaimed.

Katle drew the sabres of the gendarmes from their sheaths. The sabre to a French gendarme is like the staff to an English policeman; he feels twice as big a man with the symbol of authority in his hand.

Johanna no sooner heard the ominous sound than she set off at the top of her speed, and the chase began. Over hedge and ditch, across fields, through a wood, where the fugitive lost her shoes, and hurried on with bleeding feet, along the high road again, the flight continued for full six miles, until coming to the bridge across a little stream, the poor hunted girl in her despair resolved to end her misery at once. She had already swung over the balustrade, and was on the point of letting go her hold with a prayer to be forgiven, when, looking back, she saw that her pursuers were even more exhausted than herself, and had halted by the wayside for breath. The eight gave her fresh courage. She set off again upon the Luneburg road, passing vehicle and footgoers, none of whom chose to understand the shouts of her pursuers to stop the runaway.

Again and again, with glowing eyes and rapid feet, she hast

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

## The Middlesex Journal,

**E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,**  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

One insertion (14 lines long type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .20  
One square over a year, .10  
One half square over a year, .05  
One square three months, .40  
Half a square one year, .60  
Half a square three months, .40  
Half a square three months, .60  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.** Inserted, 12 cents per line for each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**

**South Reading**—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
**Stoneham**—T. W. WOOD.  
**Concord**—J. HOYT.  
**Reading**—L. E. D. GLEASON.

**S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York;** S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Mr. Charles Tay of North Woburn, met with a severe accident last Saturday. He was splitting wood, and the axe glancing off cut from one of his ankles a large piece of flesh, making a severe wound, which bled very freely several times during the day. He is now in a fair way of recovery, still it will be some time before he can resume his occupation.

**Mrs. J. P. Craue**, yesterday, from a fall, broke both bones of her left arm near the wrist.

**LECTURE.**—The lecture announced to be delivered by Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, on Thursday, Feb. 4th, is postponed until Feb. 18th. On Thursday evening, Feb. 11th, John G. Saxe, Esq., will deliver a poem. Subject—“Love—a wonderful and patriotic power.”

**DINNER TO RE-ENLISTED SOLDIERS.**—Mr. Wm. B. Harris gave our re-enlisted soldiers a sumptuous dinner at his residence, on Thursday afternoon. The occasion was one of extreme pleasure to all concerned.

**TEACHERS' SALARIES.**—We notice by some of our exchanges, that the salaries of school teachers, in several places have recently been raised, in order to make them equal to the demands of the times.

**Horse DROWNED.**—A valuable horse, belonging to Pierce & Hall, was drowned in Horn Pond, on Thursday, by breaking through the ice.

**CLERICAL.**—Rev. John McCarthy, late pastor of the Catholic Church in Woburn, has been stationed at Watertown; and Rev. John Quale succeeds Mr. McCarthy in Woburn.

**ICE.**—The crop of ice so far taken from Horn Pond, has been more than an average one.

**FYLBROOKS.**—Private Aaron Butler and William A. Moore, of the 2d Mass. Regt., both of whom have re-enlisted, are now at home enjoying their thirty days' furlough.

**Private Henry B. James, Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt.**, also re-enlisted, came home with the Regiment.

**Private Warren W. Osgood, Co. G, 25th Mass. Regt.**, arrived home on Thursday of last week, having entered the service for three years more.

**Capt. Daniel Reddy, Co. F, 10th Mass. Regt.**, arrived home Monday, having also re-enlisted.

**Capt. T. F. Page, Co. H, 28th Mass. Regt.**, arrived home last Saturday evening, on a furlough of ten days.

**Private James Dorley, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.**, arrived home Tuesday morning, from the Carver Hospital, Washington, on a furlough of twenty days.

**Private Hugh Murray, of Wilmington, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.**, arrived home Saturday evening, on a furlough of fifteen days.

**DISCHARGED.**—Private Patrick Kelley, of East Woburn, of the Invalid Corps, whom we reported as home on a furlough, was discharged.

**FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.**—We have received our usual batch of magazines, for February, Godey's Lady's Book we find as full of interesting matter as any previous number. The large colored fashion plates, and numerous small engravings of different articles pertaining to ladies and children's wardrobes given in this number, make it one of the best fashion publications in the country.

The second number of the Lady's Friend, published at Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, greets us with the freshness of a May morning. Commencing with a fine steel plate, called “The Sylvan Retreat,” there follows a splendid double richly colored Fashion Plate. Then a new and popular piece of music, “Kind friends are near her,” being an answer to “Who will care for Mother now?”

If your correspondent will take the trouble to look into Frothingham's History of Charlestown, pp. 111-12, he will see that the “Land of Nod,” containing three thousand acres, together with a strip of land from Reading, was incorporated into a town in 1730 by the name Wilmington; and to this day the tract between Lubber's Brook and Andover line is called Nod by the farmers of that town.

WOBURN, January 26th, 1864.

**FOR THE RANGERS.**—Mr. E. E. Thompson, one of the Board of Selectmen, leaves town on Monday for Washington and the army, and will, of course, visit our townsmen in the 39th, and other regiments. We are authorized to say, that any letters left with him at the Post Office, No. Woburn, or at Mr. Gage's store, by Monday noon, will be cheerfully taken.

**FOR SALE.**—A cylinder stove will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

## Social Festival.

A Social Festival in aid of the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission, will take place at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Tuesday evening next, Feb. 2d. The order of exercises will be as follows:—From 7 to 9 o'clock, a promenade, with music by the Woburn Brass Band; from 9 to 12, dancing, with music by Hall's Band. The price of tickets has been set very low—fifty cents each—in order to give every one an opportunity to be present, and thus benefit a cause which has demands upon the benevolence of all—rich and poor. We hope that the Hall will be filled to its utmost capacity, and that the proceeds will be an honor to our town, and a gratification to those who have the management of the matter.

**PROTELLER.**—We received a visit on Wednesday afternoon from Mr. Thomas Davis, the friend of newspaper publishers, and the great “advertising medium” of the “hub.” Mr. Davis never “stops to rest,” neither do we think he “tires,” for he is always on the move, and is as hard to find as a needle in a hay stack. We wish him all the success his untiring industry entitles him to.

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## Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

A meeting of the various branches of the Sanitary Commission, in the town of Woburn, convened at the vestry of the Congregational Church, on Monday evening, Jan. 25. Several gentlemen were present by invitation, and the subject of raising funds was discussed by the Rev. Messrs. Bodwell, Kennard, and others, and the result of their deliberations was a vote that the Ladies divide the town into districts, and choose committees to solicit subscriptions in money in aid of the Society. It was thought that in this way the Society would be able to raise sufficient funds to last a year, and the manner of raising would be much more satisfactory than a Fair, or a Tea Party; which may be a thing of joy to some, but to the getters up is a thing of hard and oftentimes very unsatisfactory work.

We understand that the Town will be thoroughly canvassed. We presume that one man will think of giving less than one dollar, and many will give more, according to the means that God has given them. As the Rev. Mr. Bodwell very pertinently remarked,

“If any one thinks that the calls for money come too frequently, he is at liberty to exchange places with any soldier in the field and let him pay the dollar.”

The ladies comprising the Commission have been doing one of the noblest works of the war; they have worked early and late in manufacturing articles for the comfort and convenience of our sick and wounded soldiers. Their report, in a former number of the *Journal*, gave some information concerning the magnitude of the labor they have performed. God bless them for their noble work, and let us, the fathers, mothers, and friends of those who have so nobly gone forth to fight our battles, bless them too—and not from our lips only, but from the innermost recesses of our pocket books, and whenever one of these sisters of this noblest of charities calls for the money, feel that they are truly conferring a favor upon us.

The meeting was a very pleasant and interesting one. We hope that it may be duplicated, and that more of our citizens will avail themselves of the general invitation given by the ladies to be present.

**LETTER FROM THE RANGERS.**

**MITCHEL'S STATION, VA., JANUARY 20TH, 1864.**

**AMERICAN AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.**—The London correspondent of the *New York Post* writes as follows, under date of December 16, 1863:

I will give you an honest French opinion upon the American soldier. The gentleman first referred to had had numerous opportunities of examining the troops of both armies, Northern and Southern, and he unhesitatingly gave his preference to the former. He is a man, and deems nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings, and that the article in question was not written to reflect on Woburn's interests or its people, but to refute, if possible, his absurd comparison of superior excellence with comparative mediocrity.

Your fair town, Mr. Editor, is indeed blessed in having so goodly a champion of Truth, and its incomparable, “not undervalued,” Organ in its midst, and, while he sings its praises and questions the veracity of “a Boston (?) writer,” it may not be out of place, or unchristian-like, to wish that he may not come to grief by his excessive bigotry, and that he may long enjoy the Organ of his heart, and secure a vast “influence over the hearts, of the people” by his valorous defence of it against the “calumnies” of your humble servant, who will add “Chacun a son gout,” and wipe his pen.

R.

BOSTON, Jan. 25th, 1864.

**DEAR JOURNAL.**—Imagine yourself a visitor here and within my house. What do you see? A but built of pine logs, well besmeared with mud, and for roof shelter-tents. The dimensions of said habitation are seven by fifteen feet, while the walls are about seven feet high. At each end are bunks, in all accommodating eight. Into the walls are driven pegs upon which hang our clothes and haversacks, while the “Springfields” are hanging near the bunks. Here shelves decorated with smoke blackened dippers and frying pans, and upon the floor are various boxes marked “Adams' Express,” denoting that the boys are not entirely forgotten by friends at home. Seven houses, outwardly of the same appearance as this and the same size, are completed, and two more are in progress of erection. At the head of each company street are the Officers' houses, and at the other end are to be located the Cook houses. I hope we may be lucky enough to enjoy a winter's rest here, for it is all the enjoyment a soldier has, and a poor quality at that, and in the spring, come out refreshed and strong to make a vigorous demonstration against the “deluded hordes” of Robert E. Lee and Co. A great number of rebel soldiers have come into our line at this point; they all relate the same story of the suffering within rebellion, and from their own appearance I should judge the Q. M. department was rather low in the C. S. A.”

On the 10th of the month, the camp was surprised by the arrival of a distinguished guest. This individual took transportation in the Sutler's department, and has for a great while been expected and much talked of. Four stalwart “rangers” were despatched to give him a reception and pay him our respects. Such enthusiasm as was manifested was worthy of his honor, and he was almost carried upon the shoulders of the people, and laid down near the Officers' residence, when, upon an investigation, he was found to be the bearer of quite a quantity of merchandise, and that from home. When this property was distributed to its various and rightful owners, we could not but “thank our stars” that it ever came, and thank Lieut. Wyman for the interest he manifested in having it forwarded to us. Thus ends the talk of the “Wyman box.”

About the same time other boxes arrived, all of which have been received with great satisfaction. A week ago last Saturday, we received four volunteer recruits from Woburn, their names are Julius F. Ramsdell, Chas. H. Colegate, Micheal Finn and R. M. Dennett. They are being instructed by Lieut. Lee and Co. A great number of rebel soldiers have come into our line at this point; they all relate the same story of the suffering within rebellion, and from their own appearance I should judge the Q. M. department was rather low in the C. S. A.”

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**PROSPECTIVE BISE IN THE PRICE OF DRINKS.**—There is a panic in the whiskey market. The probable passage of the bill now before Congress, levying an extra duty on “rectified” and “mixed,” has moved dealers to take some corresponding action with regard to their customers. Circulars have been sent by the Liquor Dealers Society, of New York, to all the proprietors of the principal saloons in that city, inviting them to a general Convention next week, to take into consideration matters immediately affecting their mutual interests. The invitation, of course, will be responded to, and the belief is that the result of it will be further increase in the price of “drinks.” Ten cents is now the standard figure, except in some of the Broadway hotels, which ask fifteen, but the action of Congress will probably be used as a pretext for accepting the latter at the regular price all round.

**MORE BOYS BORN IN WAR TIMES THAN GIRLS.**—The *New York Post* says: “A lady of this city, noted for the acuteness and accuracy of her observation of life and society, bears her testimony to a remarkable physiological fact, owing to moral causes, which is worth stating for the purpose of its being verified. She affirms that of the births taking place in this city, those which occur in families whose attachment to the Union is decided and zealous, are mostly boys, while in families in which there is a decided sympathy for the secession cause, they are girls. The observation of our readers may help them to instances confirming the fact, or showing it to be a mistake. It has often been said that in countries wasted by long wars which carry off the male population, the male birth largely predominates.”

J. D. M.  
SOUTH READING, Jan. 27th, 1864.

**A PAYING CONCERN.**—The Illinois Central Railroad Company pays to the State of Illinois seven per cent. of its earnings—amounting for the six months ending last May to \$264,000, sufficient to pay the State expenses in ordinary times. No other State but New Jersey has managed to secure such a consideration from its railroads.

**THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.**—The Louisville Journal says that Gen. Dumont, member of Congress from Indiana, is the father of nineteen children, ten of whom came into

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

**SWEETSER'S  
Iceland Moss Candy  
—  
ICELAND MOSS TROCHES!**  
EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR  
COUGHS AND COLDS.  
Also Whooping Cough,  
For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.

## Special Notices.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

My prices are the same as heretofore:—  
75 cents a visit, within one mile. To soldiers  
50 cents.  
50 cents for Office Prescriptions; \$1.25 for visits  
after nine P. M.; 75 cents for night visits to Sol-  
diers' families.

THOMAS S. SCALES, M.D.

Woburn, Jan. 25th, 1864.—17-3w.

### "LET IT BE SO!"

The re-enlisted soldiers of Woburn, hereby re-  
turn their thanks to Mr. WILLIAM B. HARRIS,  
(the soldier's particular friend,) for the bountiful  
entertainment to which he invited them to day.

Woburn, Jan. 28th, 1864.

### NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Middlesex East District  
Medical Society, held at the residence of Dr. S. W.  
Drew, in Woburn, Jan. 30th, 1864, it was unani-  
mously voted, "That the fee for a regular visit  
not less than one dollar."

The Secretary was instructed to acquaint the  
public with this action.

EPHRAIM CUTTER, SECY.

Woburn, Jan. 21st, 1864.—17-3w.

### To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR  
HORSES is unrivaled by any, in all cases of  
Lameness, arising from Sprains, Strains, or  
Wrenching. Its effect is magical and certain. Har-  
ness or Saddle Galls, Scratches, Mange, &c., it  
will cure speedily. Sparin and Ringbone  
may be easily prevented and cured in their incipi-  
ent stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the pos-  
sibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind,  
however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be  
alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful appli-  
cation will always remove the Lameness, and en-  
able the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at  
hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of  
Lameness will effectively prevent those formidable  
diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable,  
and which render so many otherwise valuable  
horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable  
prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma,  
Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections,  
(free of charge) by sending their address to  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, King's County,  
17-6w

**L**IST OF LETTERS remaining in the  
Woburn Post Office, Jan. 30th, 1864.  
Connors, Thomas Caldwell, Lida  
Clark, Marie E. Gross, Elizabeth,  
Measures, D. B. Pendegast, Mary,  
Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P.M.  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts,**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

### IN INSOLVENCY.

#### MESSINGER'S NOTICE.

January 27th, 1864.

**N**OTICE is hereby given that Honorable  
WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of  
Court of Insolvency, has issued Writs against the Es-  
tate of Sumner S. Abbott, of North Reading, in  
said County, Yeomen, Insolvent Debtor, and the  
payment of any debts, and expenses of the  
process being levied and Insolvent Debtor, to  
him or for his use, and the transfer of any Prop-  
erty by him, are forbidden by law.

The first notice of the writs will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Cam-  
bridge, in said County, on the 24th day of February  
next, 1864, at 9 o'clock, in the forenoon, for the  
payment of debts, and the service of an Assessor  
of Assessors.

JNO. B. DEARBORN,  
Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

12-2w

### Assignee's Notice.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

**N**OTICE is hereby given that the third  
meeting of the creditors of George W. Kim-  
ball, deceased, will be held at the Court of Insol-  
vency, at Cambridge, in said County of Mid-  
dlesex, on the tenth day of February next, at nine  
o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting my ac-  
counts will be presented, and creditors may  
make any objection to the allowance thereof,  
and may also prove their claims.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.

Woburn, Jan. 22d, 1864.—17-2w.

### The Three Graces in Business.

#### WHAT ARE THEY?

#### Public Spirit,

#### Advertising, and

#### General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting  
THOMAS DAVIS,  
15 Washington St., (Hancock's Gun Store),  
BOSTON.

FOR multiplying means by judicious pub-  
licity, THOMAS DAVIS is just the man to  
consult. Expedient and tact, joined with indus-  
try, will secure success. He will be pleased to  
share the benefits arising from his untiring per-  
severance. With a large circle of newspapers in  
this immediate neighborhood, and a general Ad-  
vertising business, he will be able to get up a  
Job Printing. Thomas Davis has facilities  
which cannot even be approached, for neatness,  
dispatch and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas  
Davis' numerous clients to step in and see him  
Washington Street.

18-4w

### LOST,

ON Thursday evening, Jan. 7th, on Main  
street, near the Post Office, in Woburn, a  
HICKORY CANE (with the bark on) stand-  
ing upright, was lost. The cane was marked  
"S. L. FLETCHER, Worcester, Mass." The find-  
er, by leaving the same at this office, will confer a  
favor upon the owner.

### FURNITURE

#### At Wholesale Prices!

HALEY, MORSE & BOYDEN,  
407 & 409 Washington Street,  
BOSTON.

HAVE now the largest warerooms, and  
the largest stock of

EVERY VARIETY OF FURNITURE,  
in the city of Boston, of their OWN MANUFAC-  
TURE, which they will sell.

### AT RETAIL,

#### At Wholesale Prices, for Cash.

The ONE-PRICE SYSTEM strictly  
adhered to.

17-1y.

### NOTICE.

W. C. BRIGHAM begs leave to inform  
the proprietors of physicians say so!

Because it contains caustic compounds!

Because it wears longer than any other!

Because it operates instantaneously!

Because it nourishes and strengthens the Hair!

Because it corrects the bad effects of other dyes!

Because its presence cannot be detected!

Because it is safe!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor  
House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by  
all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1.50, and \$2 per  
box, according to size.

16-1m

### QUERY.

Why is it that CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE is  
the best in THE WORLD?

Because it contains no poisons say so!

Because it contains no caustic compounds!

Because it wears longer than any other!

Because it operates instantaneously!

Because it nourishes and strengthens the Hair!

Because it corrects the bad effects of other dyes!

Because its presence cannot be detected!

Because it is safe!

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, Worcester, and  
PATCH & CO., Pittsburgh.

16-1m

BRAVE OF COUNTERFEITS.

HEMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

The Great Diuretic.

And a positive and Specific Remedy for Diseases  
of the Bladder, Gravel, Organic Weakness, Kid-  
neys, Dropsey, and all Diseases of the Urinary  
Organs.

See advertisement in another column. Cut it  
out and send for the Medicine at once.

16-1m

BRAVE OF COUNTERFEITS.

### W. C. BRIGHAM,

#### (Successor to B. W. Conant.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY

No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

This day offers for sale a large assortment of  
American and Foreign

### Drugs and Medicines.

Chemicals, Choice Tobacco,

Flavoring Extracts, Choice Cigars,

Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes,

Toilet do. Brier-Root Pipes.

The best selection of goods to be found  
on this side of Boston.

Cult and Satisfy Yourselves.

All goods warranted as represented.

The stock also embraces a large and complete as-  
sortment of

BRUSHES of all kinds, TOILET SOAP,

PERFUMERY, PUFF BOXES, PEW-

KIVES, RAZORS, SPRINGS of

all patterns, HAIR DYES, DYE

COLORS, PORTMONIALES,

SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, &c.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

carefully prepared from the choicest materials.

FRESH LEECHES constantly on hand.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1863.—1f.

Old Brown Windsor Soap-Genuine

On hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

### MRS. WM. P. WYMAN,

#### Makes and Repairs Furs,

Sturgis Street,

SOUTH WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HILL.

Woburn, November 29th, 1863.

WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a

Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but Ameri-  
cans need apply. Apply to K. L. Flint,

Pleasant Street.

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Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a

Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but Ameri-  
cans need apply. Apply to K. L. Flint,

Pleasant Street.

WANTED.



## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in Disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Convulsions, Cold Intemperance, Fever, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether produced by the system or produced by external causes.

NOTHING that is not weak, painful and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no directly botanical element, no mineral extract, nor any part of the extract of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest antiseptic stimulants.

It will cure, in a very large proportion of the cases, such Diseases as the following symptoms would indicate, and immediate relief will be procured in all.

*Indisposition to Exercise, Wakefulness, Unrestlessness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alternate Chills and Flushing of Heart, Dragging Sensation at the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance, Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c. &c.*

Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place, Boston, says:

"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KING, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

Price per Bottle, 75 Cents.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment,  
THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,  
Geo. H. SWETT, M. D.—Proprietor.  
106 HANOVER STREET,  
BOSTON MASS.

The Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at MRS. FIELD'S Millinery Store.  
48-6m.

## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Ruled Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost every thing usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

### Bibles and Testaments

large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

### FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

### Hymn Books.

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

### Sabbath Sch'l Books,

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

### Photograph Albums

in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cents upwards.

### Juvenile Works,

suitable for children of all ages, and the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

### Blank Books,

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called, BLANK BOOKS, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

### School Books.

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

### Writing Paper.

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Billet, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

### Envelopes

Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

### Pens.

All kinds of Gillott's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

### Penholders,

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

### Paper Hangings.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

### Miscellaneous.

Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing Books, Stamp Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Tearers, Bill Files, Date Cases, Rulers, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c. &c.

Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU for all affections and diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE or FEMALE, from whatever cause originating and no matter of HOW LONG SEASIDE.

HELMBOLD'S OINTMENT requires the aid of a DIURETIC, HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS THE GREAT DIURETIC, and is certain to be of great service in all Diseases for which it is recommended.

Evidence of the most reliable and responsible character of the medicine can be seen in the following observations, given on the reputation attained by HELMBOLD'S GENITAL PREPARATION. Ext. Buchu \$1.00 per bottle. Size for \$5.00. Delivered to my Address, securely packed from observation.

Dear Friends in all Communications, Our Guarantee! Advice Gratia!

Address letters for information to H. B. HELMBOLD, Chemist, 106 Congress-st., Boston, Mass.

HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL & CHEMICAL WORKSHOP, 954 Broadway, New York.

For Bowers & Son, and Spratt & Pinedo, dealers who endeavor to dispose of their "old and other" articles on the reputation attained by HELMBOLD'S GENITAL PREPARATION. Ext. Buchu \$1.00 per bottle. Size for \$5.00. Delivered to my Address, securely packed from observation.

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# Middlesex

# Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 19.

WOBURNE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### "Weep Thou No More."

Weep thou no more; a common lot is thine!  
For thy weak hands upon thy heaving  
breast:

In slie sympathy can be no rest;  
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

Oh, heart that long'st for death, but mayst  
not die!

Oh, weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,  
That striest against the stream, yet all in  
vain.

Weep thou no more, none here thy cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still,  
In the hushed midnight on thy falling  
tears;

Thus have they gazed, for many thousand  
years,

On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they thine as on Creator's dawn,  
Midst their eternal music. All things  
cease,

Sooner or later, lapsed in perfect peace,  
For nature knows no turning. All things  
born.

Take sorrow for their heilomir by the light,  
But wake and cry, and fail to sleep again;

So slumber thou,—in sleep forget thy pain;  
White morn is breaking in the darkest night.

The billows fast return upon the shore,  
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;

Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can  
be?

Thither thou driftest fast,—weep thou no  
more!

## Select Literature.

### A Novel Way to Buy a Farm!

HOW THE FARMER SOLD THE COCKNEY.

The following story, although so old as to be almost forgotten, will no doubt be new and amusing to a majority of our readers.

In most of what are called "market towns," in England, it is customary to have an "ordinary," or what is called the market dinner given at most of the principal inns of the place, where the farmers as well as others who had come to attend the market, came to partake of a plain but substantial dinner; and these would afterward sit and enjoy their pipe and pot of beer, or glass of punch, before they betook themselves to the road on their homeward drive, for it is remembered, that I speak of times, when, had any one broached the idea in such a company of our present mode of travel as steam, they would have looked on him as too dangerous to be at large outside of the precincts of a lunatic asylum.

After such a dinner, their had congregated around a table filled with bright silver beer cans and bright glasses, the usual miscellaneus assemblage of guests. Among these was a commercial traveler, bagman or packman, as they are termed, whose chief aim seemed to be to surprise the country bunks, as he considered them, with the vast extent of his acquirements and cockney wisdom. It so happened that he was seated next to a portly old farmer, of a most benignant aspect, who had the appearance of being, what indeed he was, well gifted with this world's goods; and to him our traveler expatiated on the delights of a farmer's life, disclosing in many instances his profound ignorance of matters he so glibly and knowingly spoke about, to the great internal amusement of his listeners; and finally he declared that if he could get a farm to suit him he should like to turn to farming as an occupation.

"If that be your desire," said the old farmer, "I am just the man that can suit you; I am, as you see, no longer young. I have made money enough without doing another day's work, and as I see you are a smart young man who knows a great deal and deserves encouragement, I will sell out to you on terms that may be considered favorable, and they are these: I hold a lease or my farm for a yet unexpired term of many years; I have between 30 and 40 fine beef cattle; I have 20 fine cows, none better in the country; 18 good horses as ever drew a plough, besides a flock of between 300 or 400 sheep, of course with the usual amount of poultry, and in fact, all the profitable live-stock belonging to such a farm. Now what I propose to do for you is, that I will trans for the lease of my farm over to you, for which you shall not pay a penny, except the lawyer's fees for the transfer. As for the farming utensils, they shall go as part of the farm, and all I shall ask for the live stock is one shilling per head, all round (our reader should understand that in England a pigeon would cost a shilling.)

The astonishment of those who had been till then somewhat amused listeners of this offer, was hardly less than the eager traveler, who readily accepted the offer of our farmer; but fearful there should be a purpose to hoax him into a fruitless journey to the farm, when perhaps he might be laughed at for his credulity, our London friend told him what he should propose would not offend the farmer, but in all business engagements it was best to have a good understanding, therefore they should at once proceed to the notary to have the deed attested, with a fine of fifty pounds sterling to be paid by either party who refused to ratify the proposed transaction.

"Certainly, I agree to your request, and I can see in it nothing to offend me; on the contrary, I am pleased to see a young man so business-like in his ways."

As there was no lack of witnesses, they at once proceeded to the office of a notary, had the agreement made out, the day duly appointed for its consummation, subject to the fine of fifty pounds sterling on either party who should withdraw from the bargain.

Now as time brings all things about, time also brought the appointed day for selling the live-stock and making a transfer of the farm, and if our Londoner was before pleased with his bargain how much more was he pleased when the trim and well cultivated fields he saw, which were part of the farm that he came to possess from that day forward.

The first place he was taken to was a sheep walk, where there were three hundred and sixty sheep. These were at once put down at a shilling a head; next there was seen in a meadow 36 fine bees; there were also in another field 20 fine milk cows; in short every thing corresponded with the description heretofore given by the farmer. In fact the poultry would have averaged more than two shillings a head from any dealer in that article. When they were through taking the cattle and all the poultry the farmer asked to have the sum added up, and seemed to be surprised that the amount did not reach over about eighty pounds.

"Well," said he, "this is a better bargain than I intended you should have; however a bargain is a bargain, be it good or bad, and so we will finish with what remains."

Imagine the happy and slate state of our Londoner, as he followed his friend back to the substantial looking farm house, which henceforth he should call his own. Still he wondered within himself what the farmer meant with "what remains," already debating within himself whether he would allow cats or dogs to be entered on the schedule as *provable live stock*, but all such thoughts were dispelled when he was led into a handsomely enclosed flower garden, where a profusion of flowers scented the air around. And so the sun set on our heroic resolves.

But possibly you are at the enchanted age when the glamour of life's poetry and romance dazzles the eyes that would fain look heavenward. Your attendance on the evening meeting is most commendably regular, but I fear the fervor of your devotion is not unaided by the knowledge that some one is equally constant. Some one, unexpectedly, of course, walks home with you. Probably you discuss the weather, the sermon, and the last sleighride, a conversation you might have held equally well with your father, but somehow there is a difference. You never awake hours after retiring, because you cannot get out of your head the peculiar look and tone with which father said "Good night." Father may be the best of living men, but he is not the hero of his daughter's midnight meditations. Finally, you drift imperceptibly from out the halo of moonlight and some one's looks which forms your waking dreams into others quite as sensible. You are floating "over a summer sea" with the beloved. Flower-scented zephyrs fan the silken sails, and the little boat rocks gently on the flashing waves. He takes your hand; and with a look which seems to concentrate all the love of which poets have written and minstrels sung, says "Ma-ri-er! Come, haven't you started yet?" Here it is almost six o'clock. We're all through breakfast and want your clothes for the wash." Here, forsooth, is a rude coming down out of dreamland. With an unearthly gasp and groan, you signify to the power below that you are preparing to obey their mandates, and then roll over, snuggle down deeper into the bosom of your best friend, your featherbed, and endeavor to obey the advice of the song and "dream on."

But the heavenly vision so rudely frightened away will not be moved back again. You cannot ignore the disagreeable fact that it is Monday morning; that by your bedside waits the burden of week day toil and care—the "something undone," which you take up and bear on as best you may for another six days. You hesitate between the arguments of conscience and laziness, but finally conscience—aided, perhaps, by a wholesome dread of maternal admonitions awaiting the delinquent down stairs—gains the victory. The mercury being away down in the artic regions somewhere below zero, the change is more sudden than agreeable, as you hop out of your warm bed, huddle on your cold clothes, and break the ice in your pitcher ere going through the process politely described as "performing your ablutions." Arranging your hair by a candle "dimly burning," you think what if some one could see the frizzled-headed, purple-nosed object that scowls at you from the mirror with half-opened eyes. The prosaic light of Monday morning strips off all halos, leaving the bare facts shivering in their nakedness, and last night's visions look silly even to you. From below comes up the sound of banging doors, the hurrying to and fro, and the smell of soap-suds, which ushers in Monday morning in every well-regulated New England family. You forget the resolutions it was so easy to form when untried, and go down stairs thoroughly disenchanted, and in no amiable mood, to a cold breakfast and general reviling for your laziness. Axium No. 1—Getting up by candle-light, if persisted in for any length of time, is enough to ruin the sweetest disposition.

The school teachers of Boston have made careful estimate of the increased cost of most articles which form the current expenses of living, with a view to obtain an addition to their salaries. The average percentage of the increase over 1860 is given:—Beef, pork, mutton, veal, 31 per cent; potatoes, 25; vegetables, other than potatoes, 59; flour, 34; sugar, 88; molasses, 64; Indian meal, 60; fresh fish, 56; salt fish, 60; rice, 89; butter, 36; fuel, 75; light, 60; tea, 88; coffee, 130; other groceries, 47; gentlemen's apparel, including boots, hats, &c., 43; cotton cloth, 208; cambric and other materials for linings, 180; balmoral skirts, 71; calicoes and ginghams, 121; hose, 112; ribbons, 65; gloves, 68; bonnets, 78; outer garments, cloaks, shawls, &c., 58; other necessary small articles, 62.

The first Lord Ashburton gave the following disinterested advice to a friend, afterwards a millionaire:—"Always keep one hundred thousand pounds sterling to your bankers."

Some Sunday morning you are awakened by a rushing, roaring noise. It is the rain patterning on the roof over your head. You have a cold, and cannot possibly go to church, or say, to wit, a plain working man of the

## Getting Up.

I am perfectly well aware the title I have chosen is sufficiently inelegant to raise the ghost of Blair himself, were that worthy man still susceptible to violations of rhetoric. However, it is good Yankee. "Early rising" would drive away all readers from what they would naturally fancy a dry moral essay from the threadbare and illogical text of

"Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Rising" sounds altogether too proper, so

"Getting up" it must be. The calm, deliberate word "rising" entirely belies the fearful struggle undergone by myself in the effort to get up. I have always felt the fullest sympathy with that remarkable boy whose reply to the fatherly remark that "the early bird catches the worm" has been embodied in well merited verse by Saxe. "Served the worm right!" That boy will be heard from again, unless, as may well be feared, such precociousness were but the forerunner of an early death.

Monday morning is my special abomination. Had I the ordering of the calendar Monday should be dropped entirely as a penalty for its general disagreeableness. Sunday is a green island of repose in life's ocean where we put it to repair the damages of storms and peril past, and take on board a new stock of heavenly stores to keep us on the voyage. Here we may rest awhile from the conflict, hearing indeed the dash of the waves on near and farther shores, but faintly, like the murmur of the wind through the pines. As from its mountain heights we watch the western evening light melt into deepening gloom, our hearts glow with noble purposes. Our lives henceforth shall be real and earnest; we will act in the living present; will be heroes in the strife. And so the sun set on our heroic resolves.

But possibly you are at the enchanted age when the glamour of life's poetry and romance dazzles the eyes that would fain look heavenward. Your attendance on the evening meeting is most commendably regular, but I fear the fervor of your devotion is not unaided by the knowledge that some one is equally constant. Some one, unexpectedly, of course, walks home with you. Probably you discuss the weather, the sermon, and the last sleighride, a conversation you might have held equally well with your father, but somehow there is a difference. You never awake hours after retiring, because you cannot get out of your head the peculiar look and tone with which father said "Good night." Father may be the best of living men, but he is not the hero of his daughter's midnight meditations. Finally, you drift imperceptibly from out the halo of moonlight and some one's looks which forms your waking dreams into others quite as sensible. You are floating "over a summer sea" with the beloved. Flower-scented zephyrs fan the silken sails, and the little boat rocks gently on the flashing waves. He takes your hand; and with a look which seems to concentrate all the love of which poets have written and minstrels sung, says "Ma-ri-er! Come, haven't you started yet?" Here it is almost six o'clock. We're all through breakfast and want your clothes for the wash." Here, forsooth, is a rude coming down out of dreamland. With an unearthly gasp and groan, you signify to the power below that you are preparing to obey their mandates, and then roll over, snuggle down deeper into the bosom of your best friend, your featherbed, and endeavor to obey the advice of the song and "dream on."

With what a sinful delight do you accept the status, and float off again into dreamland to the music of the raindrops, your dreams presented by the delicious consciousness that to them there is no limit but your own sweet will. Who to the ruthless barbarian of a younger brother who shall rudely disturb your repose that morning! It were better for him had he been born earlier or later. Needless is it to attempt picturing the delights of an unlimited amount of lying abroad, as understood and appreciated by kindred spirits of the Lhazebones order. I have faintly sketched with milk and water a picture which requires all a sunset's splendid tints to do it justice. My poor pencil (poetic license for a steel pen) shrinks from the unequal task, and I abandon the fruitful theme to some greater genius.

One, in the pleasant summer time, I visited a certain farm-house that lies away up among the hills. At the foot of the ancient four-poster in the old farm-house, sacred to company from immemorial, were two windows opening to the east. These windows sadly disturbed my lawful repose. At some unheeded time in the morning I awoke. Through the opening I saw the valley below, with its little villages and winding river, the mountains in the purple distance, the sky, heralding with crimson blushes the coming of the monarch of day. "Lazy as I was, I could not be entirely unappreciative of this glorious panorama. Into my head came the words of the hymn—

"Wide flush the hills.  
Teal is balm."

Over the mountains peered a rim of gold. A red gleam struck the wall above me and descended in tremulous waves till I lay bathed in golden light. Like the prisoner of Chillon, "I have not seen the sun so rise for years" I shrank from its eye; I could not look him in the face. "From every shrub and tree the birds shouted in gleeful malice"—O Lhazebones, Lhazebones! behold the ushering of a new day! Many mornings has the coming sun been greeted, as now, by the glory of flushing hills and streams, balmy breezes and thrilling melodies, and where hast thou been that this is new to thee?"—Springfield Republican.

Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength, not so much of a stone buttress, as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry it great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been drawn safely thus far during the tossings and tempests which beset her way.

Surrounded by all sorts of conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted, timid men, by border State men and free State men, by radical abolitionists and conservatives, he listened to all, weighed the words of all, waited, observed, yielded, now here and now there, but in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, and drawn the national ship through.

"In times of our trouble Abraham Lincoln has had his turn of being the best abused man of our nation. Like Moses leading his Israel through the wilderness, he has seen the day when every man seemed ready to stone him; and yet, with simple, wary, steady perseverance, he has held on, conscious of honest intentions, and looking to God for help. All the nation has felt, in the increasing solemnity of his proclamations, how deep an education was being wrought in his mind by this simple faith in God, the ruler of nations, and this humble willingness to learn the awful lesson of his Providence.

Abraham Lincoln.

MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOW is writing a series of articles for the *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, on "Men of Our Times." She speaks as follows of President Lincoln: "Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense a man of the working classes. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now, at the head of one of the most powerful nations on earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At the age of seven years he was set to work, axe in hand, to clear up a farm in a Western forest. When he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as a hired hand on a flat-boat, and on his return he split the rails and built a log cabin and enclosed ten acres of land with a fence of his own hand-work. The next year he hired himself for twelve dollars a month to build a flat-boat and to take her to New Orleans; and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days must know that it involved every kind of labor.

"In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian war, the hardy boatmen volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about as a man of resources and shrewdness, he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies, and to whom they were ready to buy, and to depose almost any enterprise which needed skill and energy. The surveyor of Sangamon county, being driven with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract off from his hands. True, he had never studied surveying—but what of that? He accepted the job, procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and *aid the work*. Do we not see in this a parable of the wider wilderness which in later years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation without chart or surveyor's chain?

Little did the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, fatherly, patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was in need of those prayers, the prayers of all this nation, and the prayers of all the working, suffering common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving him first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our national capital. Then the world has seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of our day, to wit, a plain working man of the

people, with no more culture, instruction or education than any such working man may obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world.

The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, with his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements with unpretending steadiness striving to guide the national ship through a channel at whose breadth the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe leveled their operations against the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had bony hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomats were shocked at his system of etiquette, but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of that passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomats, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does, it will be time for us to look about us."

\* \* \* \* \*

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice three months in advance of the term, whether his annual price has been given or not.

## BATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square	10 lines this type, one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
One square one year,	.25
One square three months,	.60
One square three months,	.40
Half a square one year,	.60
Half a square three months,	.40
Half a square three months,	.20
Less than half a square clasped as a square; more than half a square, clasped as a square; more than half a square clasped as a square; more than half a square clasped as a square;	more than half a square clasped as a square;
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.	

Special Notices, bound, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 2 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## NOTES FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading, Dec. 1, MANFIELD.

Stonewall—T. WHITING.

Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York, S. H. COOK (successor to V. R. Parker), dealers in Reading, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to the paper as a valuable medium for advertising. Advertisements largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and M. DEMORET'S QUARTERLY MIRROR OR FASHION, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than \$1.00 per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new bonnets, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

THE NEW CALL FOR MEN.—The President has again deemed the exigencies of our situation sufficient to warrant him in calling upon the nation to furnish 500,000 men instead of 300,000, the number called for in October. This demand of the President upon the patriotism of the people—on which he has never depended without being fully supported—is undoubtedly necessary, for we have enough confidence in his wisdom and good judgment, though we know not his reason for making the call, to believe that the success we all so much desire depends upon this additional number of men being ready to take part in the summer campaign. We have reached the turning point in the war, and very much depends upon our present action. If we fail now to do our whole duty, all we have gained, and that is very much, will be of no use to us, and the golden opportunity will pass away perhaps never to return. Such an event would cause us to hang our heads in shame and feel that from every corner of the civilized world the friends of liberty and good government were pointing at us the finger of scorn and contempt. We must not now stop to quibble over unimportant matters, but on the other hand we must gird ourselves for the last grand struggle which will send the hydra-headed enemy of our institutions—slavery and its many concomitant evils—staggering to the ground, socially and politically dead. And if that is to be our return—and who is there that believes it is not?—for the immense amount of blood we have shed, no one can say that it has been shed in vain. It is best that our great national sin should be removed at this time, even if it has to pass away over rivers of blood. We cannot, if we do our duty to God and ourselves, pass down to the future, the cause which has led us into our present calamitous troubles. It is enough that one generation should suffer from such a source, and so deeply. Let not the fathers, mothers, and children, that come after us suffer on account of any dereliction on our part. Let not their hearts be wrung as ours have been, but let us bequeath to them a pure and virtuous heritage, untainted with the deep black sin of slavery, and with a foundation firmly rooted in the hearts of the people. God has entrusted to us, the noble work of annihilating the greatest curse that ever rested upon a nation. And let us do that work in such a manner, that, as time rolls on, a luster will gather around our memory, thus combining in one the useful and entertaining. In February, a new volume commences, which affords a good opportunity to subscribe. The subscription price is \$3.00 per annum.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A cylinder stove, in good condition. Apply at this office.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—On Tuesday evening next, Mr. William Beard and his friends, give a Social Assembly, in Lyceum Hall. The price of tickets is 75 cents, and a pleasant party may be anticipated.

THE NEW PENSION LIST.—A Washington letter published in the Rochester (N. Y.) Union refers as follows to the rapidly increasing pension list:—

"A visit to the Pension Office reveals the consequences of this terrible war. The claims for pensions already filed by widows and mothers exceed one hundred and fifty thousand. It is anticipated that about half that actually exists have been presented. The claims already audited and allowed amount to about twelve millions of dollars per annum. Suppose, then, but half that exists at this time have been presented, it leaves a fair inference that it will require twenty-five millions of dollars per annum to pay our pension roll alone in the years that are to come. In the case of widows the pension ceases if the party marries.

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FOR NOW that eggs are only to be obtained by paying a fabulous price, we will state, as a matter of general interest, that corn starch is an excellent substitute for eggs for culinary purposes, one spoonful of corn starch being reckoned equal to a single egg.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS asks for a scientific explanation of the fact that this has been the mildest winter ever known in Lower Canada, and the severest, perhaps, ever known in the Western States and even as far south as St. Louis and Washington.

conscript, but as a volunteer in every sense of the word. Let those men who stand recorded as liable to do military duty, see to it that the work is done promptly and thoroughly. It is for their interest, especially, that immediate steps be taken to supply whatever demand may be made upon our town. We have a surplus of between sixteen and twenty men on the last call, which will leave us not more than forty to raise. This number can, we think, be readily obtained through the earnest endeavors and willing co-operation of every citizen. Let the ball be set in motion at the earliest proper moment, and the first roll be so hearty and determined that when it stops the work will have been accomplished.

SOCIAL FESTIVAL.—The social Festival will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice three months in advance of the term, whether his annual price has been given or not.

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TORN CURRENCY.—Much trouble is experienced in passing torn postal currency. Many believe that if the smallest portion of a note has been lost it will not be redeemed. This is not so, and if pains are taken to understand the facts in the case, it would save a great deal of unnecessary inconvenience. A Treasury order announces in substance that all torn postal notes will be redeemed, provided one fifth of a note be not missing, and that it be apparent that a mended note has been repaired with the piece torn from two or more different notes.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon last, Mr. Thomas Young, of this town, brakeman on the Woburn Branch R. R., met with a very serious accident at Winchester. He was in the act of shacking some freight cars, when he was caught between the bunters, and so severely crushed that for some time his life was despaired of. On Sunday favorable symptoms appeared, and we are happy to say that his case now wears an encouraging aspect.

CONCERT.—Last evening a large audience assembled in the vestry of the Cong. Church, to listen to a concert by Mr. Wm. H. Clarke's scholars, assisted by Mr. Sonrel. A number of choice pieces of vocal and instrumental music were rendered in an artistic manner, and reflected much credit upon the performers, and also upon Mr. Clarke, who labors faithfully to give those under his charge thorough instruction. The proceeds of the concert were devoted toward paying the piano now in the vestry.

Y. M. L. A.—It was expected that John G. Saxe, Esq., would deliver a poem on Thursday evening next, but a telegraphic dispatch from him makes known the facts that he was injured by a railroad accident and consequently will not be able to fulfil his engagement at the time appointed. On Thursday evening, Feb. 18th, Rev. Mr. Kendall will deliver a lecture.

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For the Middlesex Journal.  
The President has ordered a draft to be made, on the 10th of next month, of 500,000 men. The number raised under the late call for 300,000, and those raised before the 10th of March, by voluntary enlistment, will be deducted from the half million. Probably 250,000, at least must be raised before the draft!

COL. GOULD'S VETERAN REGT. has now 600 men, and is fast filling up. A fine band of twenty-two pieces is organized, and at his service. He is empowered to enlist men in Essex and Middlesex. Of the last named county, the Col. is a citizen, being a resident of Stoneham. He is a man of integrity, and an able and popular commander, brave, vigilant, courteous and humane.

PATRIOTS of Middlesex do not wait for the draft. Let the 50th Regt. be filled at once. Its officers are all brave men—enlist, and take the proffered bounty before it is too late. Be ready early in the Spring to take the field under the noble Burnside. The rebels already quail. A vigorous Spring campaign will seal the traitors' doom, and make the Union Flag respected throughout the world. A. H. S. Roxbury, Feb. 2, 1864.

ATTITUDES OF THE SLAIN.—A prominent officer attached to the ambulance corps of the French army in Italy, Dr. Armand, has published the result of some curious and interesting observations made by himself and others upon the battle-fields of the late Napoleonic war with Austria. The position which the bodies of the slain assume, under the effect of mortal wounds produced by different missiles of death, and the effect of such wounds in various parts of the body upon the expression of the features, as well as upon the general attitude, were the subjects of the somewhat novel investigation, which might have been pursued on a grand scale in this country for the past two years.

In a number of cases the dead soldier was found almost in the speaking attitude of life. A Hungarian hussar, killed at the same moment with his horse, was only slightly moved in his saddle, and sat there dead, holding the point of his sabre in advance, in the position of charging. A parallel case occurred in the death of an Austrian artilleryman. Those wounded in the head, it was remarked, generally fell with the face and abdomen flat to the ground. Wounds in the chest and heart produced a like posture of the body, though in the latter cases modifications of the position and expression more frequently took place than in the former. A zouave struck full in the chest was "doubled upon his musket, as if taking a position to charge bayonet, his face full of energy, with an attitude more menacing than that of a lion."

At the commencement of the winter there was a rumor abroad that the army was about to fall back as far as Fairfax, but nothing is heard of it now and all goes on as quietly as though a few miles in our front there was not the best appointed army of the confederacy so called. The re-enlistment of veterans is going on at a rate quite unexpected. In fact so many have re-enlisted and gone home from furlough that Gen. Meade, fearful of weakening the army too much, has issued an order forbidding furloughs for re-enlistment until those already home shall have returned. The first corps, to which the 39th is attached, have recently moved from their position near Kelley's Ford, to the vicinity of Culpepper. It must have been quite disagreeable as most of the regiments had already completed their shanties. Before they moved the line of encampment for the army was as follows: On the extreme right sixth corps, extreme left first corps, right centre third corps, left centre second corps, reserve artillery at the rear of right centre near Brandy Station. The fifth corps guards the railroad. Gregg's cavalry is the other side the river at Warrenton, and the remainder of the cavalry corps at the front in the vicinity of Culpepper and Stephensburgh.

The organization of and mode of warfare used by all armies have always differed more or less according to the nature of the country, the climate, and the state of improvements of the nation. The organization of the Potowmack army may not be an uninteresting subject, as doubtless it is the most perfectly organized and conducted of the armies upon this continent, perhaps in the world. It is composed of five infantry corps, (formerly seven) one cavalry corps, a reserve artillery corps, a signal corps, and an engineer brigade. Each infantry corps is composed of three divisions of sundry brigades, and about five batteries of artillery. Each corps is commanded by a Maj. Gen., divisions by Maj. or Brig. Geis, each brigade by acting or actual Brig. Gen. The batteries in each corps are consolidated into a brigade commanded by an artillery field officer. The artillery in a corps is subject to the direct order of the corps commander, and only in special cases to that of division or brigade commanders. Formerly the artillery was apportioned among the divisions. The cavalry corps consists of three divisions of two brigades each. To each brigade of cavalry is attached a horse battery under command of the brigade commander. The reserve artillery is commanded by a Brig. Gen., and is divided into brigades of four or more batteries each. The horse artillery of the army consists of two brigades, one of six, the other of five. Both of these brigades take their turn at being detached with the cavalry. The brigade not with the cavalry is attached to the reserve artillery.

The signal corps is attached in small parties to the suite of commanding generals. The engineer brigade, formerly of two regiments and one battalion, now one regiment and a battalion, is commanded by a Brig. Gen. and has the care of the pontoon train. Thus the army of the Potowmack is so classified that any portion of it which may be needed is where it can be reached with the least possible delay. This organization renders it easier to bring the troops into action, quicker to march them, and more convenient to them.

Each infantry corps is distinguished by a badge worn upon the cap and displayed upon the various divisions and brigade battle flags. The badge of the first corps is a full moon, second a trefoil, third a lozenge, fifth a Maltese cross, sixth corps a cross, I know no name for, with the projections plain and

of equal length. The corps flags are a Greek cross upon a light ground, the number of the corps in the center of the cross. The different divisions of each corps are distinguished, 1st, 2d, 3d, by red, white and blue of their respective corps badges. Each brigade has its battle flag, triangular in shape. The division flag is rectangular, that of the corps swallow-tailed. In battle these flags facilitate movements and render it easy to find the several generals. In the last fight at Bristow the use of these flags was fully demonstrated. The lines of battle stretched far across the plain. At regular intervals along the line waved the brigade battle flags, while everywhere in the hottest of the fight hurried the division and corps flags.

SAD GEN. WARREN to the trooper that bore his flag "Wave that flag, hold it high up that they may know where I am," and immediately ordered an advance. It was a grand sight to see those long lines hurrying forward to the charge, their banners waving high above their heads at a slightly forward incline. It did not take long for that one veteran division to clear the field of grey-backs.

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ALTHOUGH the army is not now of the huge proportions which it has been during the winter, this is still a great state of efficiency as it has ever been. The health of the soldiery is most excellent, the discipline good, their spirits confident. They have come to trust upon us as their trade, and having become already skilled in their trade its details are attended to with scarce an effort or remark.

ENCL.—SAID GEN. WARREN to the trooper

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

## Married.

In Woburn, Feb. 2d, by Rev. J. C. Bedford, Mr. Edward T. Moody, of Woburn, to Miss Emily G. Dunbar, of Winslow, Me.

In Winchendon, Jan. 28th, by Rev. Henry Hinckley, Mr. Charles W. Underhill, of Gales, Ill., to Lora A., daughter of James A. Woodbury, Esq., of W.

In Billerica, by Rev. James Sallaway, Mr. William E. Clark to Miss Hattie W. Squinn.

## Died.

In Woburn, Jan. 31st, Mr. Reuben Beers, aged 72 years, 28 days.

In South Reading, Jan. 30th, Mrs. Abram Skinner, aged 52 years.

In Wilmington, Feb. 2d, Mr. Michael Gowing, aged 73 yrs., 4 mos., 5 days.

## The Three Graces in Business.

WHAT ARE THEY?  
Public Spirit,  
Advertising, and  
General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting

THOMAS DAVIS,  
16 Washington St., (Hagood's Gun Store),  
BOSTON.

FOR my multiplied needs by judicious pub-

licity. THOMAS DAVIS is just the man to

consult. Experience and tact joined with indus-

try and enterprise, enable him to fit his customers

share the benefit as well as himself. He will

## SENSATION IN BOSTON AT S. S. HOUGHTON'S ANNUAL CLOSING OUT SALE!

Goods all marked down to close them out!

H. Marked down to close our bleached Cottons!

O Marked down to close our White Muslins!

M Marked down to close our Colored Flannel!

H. Marked down to close our Colored Cambrics!

N Linen Table Covers marked down to close!

N Linen Napkins all marked down to close!

N Linen Towels all marked down to close!

C Hosiery all marked down to close!

Gloves all marked down to close!

A Scarfs and Mufflers marked down to close!

P Hoods all marked down to close!

S Linen Huds &c. all marked down!

Piast Cambrics, Brillants, &c. marked down!

O Book and Swiss Muslins, marked down!

Lace Goods all marked down!

E Embroidered Collars all marked down!

C Cambric Edgings all marked down!

U Black Mats Edging marked down!

Thread Edging all marked down!

H. Linen Shirts Edgings marked down!

Bath Linen Edgings marked down!

Gents' Huds 15c to 75c, very cheap!

H. Huds for Ladies all marked down!

S Linen Collars, also Paper Collars, cheap!

O French Flowers and Roses marked down!

Straw and Fez Bonnets marked down!

Ruches and Tabs marked down!

P Ribbons for Bonnets all marked down!

Ribbons in Plain and Fancy, every width!

S Velvets for Bonnets in every color, cheap!

Bonnet Silks, Living Silks, &c., at cost!

R Dress Trimmings, lace, &c., at cost!

E Balmarl Skirts at \$1.37 to \$4.50, all at cost!

## Assignee's Notice.

MIDDLESEX S.S. No. 107, dated Feb. 6, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given that the third meeting of the creditors of George W. King, insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of February next, at noon, over which the said assignee will preside, and accounts as assignee will be presented, and creditors, may appear and object to the allowance thereof, and may also present their claims.

JOHN H. TAYLOR, Assignee.

Meet at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P.M.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

## SWEETSER'S Iceland Moss Candy

EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR  
COUGHS and COLDS.  
Also Whooping Cough,

For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.  
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 84.

TO THE Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of CYRUS RICHARDSON, late of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, deceased, etc., testifying as follows:

WHEREAS, JOHN JOHNSON, Administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, has agreed to allow the first meeting of the creditors of said deceased to be held at a Probate Court to be convened at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at noon, over which the said assignee, if any there be, may appear to show cause why the same should not be allowed. And the said John Johnson is ordered to give notice through the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn three weeks successively, the last Saturday and Sunday of each month, for two days at least before the date beformentioned.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court this twenty-sixth day of January in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four. J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Court of Insolvency.

MIDDLESEX, 83.  
EAST CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed assignee of the insolvent estate of

RUFUS P. WYMAN, or WOBURN, in said County, Trader, Insolvent Debtor, and that the second meeting of the creditors of said Debtor, will be held at the Insolvency Court Room, in East Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of February next, at which time creditors may prove their claims.

C. A. F. SWAN, Assignee.

19-2w.

## TO LET.

THE store recently occupied by S. S. PETTENGILL, opposite the Central House, Woburn. Possession given the 1st of April.

Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY,  
Woburn, Feb. 6, 1864.

F. R. GAGE,  
Wade Block, ..... Woburn.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.  
LEWIS L. WHITNEY, in Equity, vs.  
HANNAH RICHARDSON, and al.

THIS is a bill in equity brought by the said Whitney, against the said Hannah Richardson and al., in which the defendant alleges, among other things, that John Richardson, late of Woburn, gave to said Hannah, by his last will and testament, gave to said Hannah Richardson, during her life, the use and income of his property, and upon her death, the said testator gave the remainder of his estate to his children, including his sons Edwin and Henry H., certain shares given to them respectively; that it was his son Edwin who brought the suit of the Real Estate of the deceased, and that the said Whitney under said will, that said complainant desires the instant recovery of the same, and that he goes to trial, and that he may be entitled to a share of the public funds and damages, as such trustee, and that he may be indemnified and empowered to sue and convey the interests of the said Edwin and Henry H. to the said plaintiff.

And it appears by said bill, and by the return of the officer serving the summons in said case, that the said Edwin Richardson resides in Middlesex, and that the records and causes cannot be found within the precincts of said office; it is now, to wit, on this twenty-seventh day of January, A.D. 1864, that the said Edwin Richardson goes to trial, to the said Edwin Richardson, to appear and answer said complainant's said bill, within one month from the date of this order.

18-3w JNO. JAS. SWAYERS, Asst. Clerk.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

IN INSOLVENCY.

MESSINGER'S NOTICE,

January 27th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Court of Insolvency, and for the said County of Middlesex, has issued an Order, in the name of the summer S. Abbott, of North Reading, in said County, Yeomen, Insolvent Debtor, and the payment of his debts, and the discharge of his property belonging to said Insolvent Debtor, to him for his use, and the expense of his expenses.

The First Meeting of the Creditors will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the 24th day of February next, at noon, over which the said assignee, for the payment of debts, and the choice of an Assessor or Assessors. JNO. D. DEARBOURN, Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

18-2w

## C. S. ADKINS,

DEALER IN  
Books, Stationery, Periodicals,  
CONFETIONERY, &c., &c.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn, and vicinity to a good selection of Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Muslin, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store. Send for my Price List of the day. Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental. Violin and Guitar Strings.

Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality. Essences and Perfumery.

Also, HOVEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

## WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a Stiffening Shop in Woburn. None but Americans need apply. Apply to K. L. FLINT, Pleasant Street.

## DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

This day offers for sale a large assortment of American and Foreign

Drugs and Medicines,

Chemicals, Choice Tobacco,

Flavoring Extracts, Choice Cigars,

Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes,

Toilet do., Brier-Root Pipes,

The best selection of goods to be found in this side of Boston.

Call and Satisfy Yourselves.

All goods warranted as represented.

The stock also embraces a large and complete assortment of

BRUSHES of all kinds, TOILET SOAP,

PERFUMERY, PUFF BOXES, &c.,

KNIVES, RAZORS, STRINGS of all patterns, HAIR DYES, DYE COLORS, PORTMONAIES,

SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, &c.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

carefully prepared from the choicest materials.

FRESH LEECHES constantly on hand.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1863.—tf.

PREPARED BY

MRS. WM. P. WYMAN,

Makes and Repairs Furs,

Sturgis street,

SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HILL.

Woburn, November 29th, 1863.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail to any address for forty cents.

PREPARED BY

E. M. SKINNER, M. D.

Successor to J. Russell Spalding,

27 Tremont Street,

38-1 Opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass.

Just received and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

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ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

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ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.



## HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Convulsions, Colic, Intermittent Fever, Coughs, &c., and Spasmodic Diseases.

Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, gentle and restorative in its properties can enter the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, but it is a combination of the extracts rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and best of all diffusive stimulants.

It is no new or secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practice of Medicine.

It will cure, in a very large proportion of the cases, such Diseases as the following symptoms would indicate, and immediate relief will be procured in all.

*Indisposition to Exercise, Wakefulness, Uneasiness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alkaline Chills and Flushing of Heart, Dragging Sensation in the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance, Deterioration of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.*

Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place, Boston, says:

"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KNOX, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Painful Menstruation;  
FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Suppression of their Courses;  
FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Irregularities;  
FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Profuse Discharges;  
FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Ulcerated Uterus;

FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;  
FEMALES WHO SUFFER  
From Leucorrhoea, or Whites;

FEMALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALL THOSE COMPLAINTS INCIDENT TO THE SEX, whether resulting from Indiscretions, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Critical Age," or "Turn of Life," will find; FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL PREPARED AT THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.

It is no new or secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practice of Medicine. It will cure, in a very large proportion of the cases, such Diseases as the following symptoms would indicate, and immediate relief will be procured in all.

*Indisposition to Exercise, Wakefulness, Uneasiness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alkaline Chills and Flushing of Heart, Dragging Sensation in the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance, Deterioration of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.*

Price per Bottle, 75 Cents.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment, THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, Geo. H. Swett, M. D.—Proprietor, 109 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON MASS.

The Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at MRS. FIELD'S Millinery Store, 45-cm.

## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inks, Pencils, Pens, Blank Books, Room Pictures, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

Bibles and Testaments

is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles. FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.

Hymn Books.

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand.

Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

Sabbath School Books,

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

Photograph Albums

In good variety, and at different prices, from 50 upwards.

JUVENILE WORKS,

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

Blank Books,

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. BLANK Books, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

WRITING PAPER.

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Billet, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

ENVELOPES

All kinds of Gillett's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

PENS.

For all their uses. Little expense, Little or no change in Diet. No inconvenience, Little or no expense.

It causes a frequent desire and gives strength to Urinary, thereby removing Obstructions, Preventing and curing Strictures of the Urethra, allaying Pain and Inflammation, and expelling all the diseases, and expelling all Poisons. Disease and wormout Master.

Those upon whom have been the Victims of Cancer, and who have paid heavy fees to be cured in a short time, have found they were deceived, and that the "POISON" has, by the use of POISON, caused them to be taken up in the system, to break out in an EXCERATED form, and perhaps after Marriage.

He is the most reliable and responsible character will company the medicine.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle, or Six for \$5.00, paid to any Address, securely packed from

desire Symptoms in all Combinations, GUARANTEED! Advice Gratia!

Address for information, G. H. RUGGLES, 104 South Tenth-st., bel. Chestnut, Phila.

HEMBOLD'S Medical Depot,

HEMBOLD'S Druggist and Chemical Warehouse,

504 Broadwater, Boston.

Be ware of counterfeits and unpriced dealers who endeavor to dispose of their own and other's goods. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

HEMBOLD'S Improved Rose Wash.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

As for Hembold's. Take no other. Cut out the Advertisement and send for it. And avoid imitation and exposure.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

MIQIA, OR SHEET ISINGLASS,

For Stove Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for sale at 31 Union street, Boston, by G. H. RUGGLES.

## MIDDLESEX JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, Main Street, Woburn.

W<sup>l</sup> call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS,

INSURANCE POLICIES,

BANK CHECKS,

CIRCULARS,

PROGRAMMES,

PAMPHLETS,

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

LEGAL BLANKS,

BILL HEADS,

CATALOGUES,

SERMONS,

NOTE BOOKS,

BLANK RECEIPTS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

ADDRESS CARDS,

BALL CARDS,

ORDER OF DANCES,

SHOW BILLS,

POSTERS,

AUCTION BILLS,

SHOP BILLS,

MILK BILLS,

LABELS,

&c., &c., &c.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

Something for the Times!

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

JOHNS & CROSELY'S

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.

The strongest Glue in the world.

The cheapest Glue in the world.

The most durable Glue in the world.

The only reliable Glue in the world.

The best Glue in the world.

AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE

the only article of the kind ever produced which

Will Withstand Water.

It will Mend Wood,

Save your broken Furniture.

It will Mend Leather,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

It will Mend Glass,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easiest to mend.

It will Mend China,

Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

It will Mend Marble,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

It will Mend Porcelain,

Don't break up your China.

It will Mend Alabaster,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it with never show where put together.

It will Mend Bone, Coral, Lava, and in fact everything but Metals.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't let it get lost.

It will Mend China,

Don't let it get lost.

It will Mend Porcelain,

Don't let it get lost.

It will Mend Alabaster,

Don't let it get lost.

It will Mend Ivory,

Don't let it get lost.

It will Mend China,

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Don't let it get lost.

It

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII. : NO. 20.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### A Fault Confessed.

BY J. PRINCE.

"A fault confessed is half redressed,  
A simple saying, brief and wise,  
For the dear truth is ever best,  
It lies without disguise.  
In a word and angry hour,  
We utter bitter words and strong,  
Oh, let us strive with all our power  
To rectify the wrong!"

If we attempt to mar and stain  
A fellow being's peace and name,  
What does our selfish spirit gain  
But fretfulness and shame?  
Remember that we but distress  
Another's quiet and our own;  
Then let us hasten to confess,  
And if we can, atone.

But there are words breathed in the dark  
More baneful still than scorpion speech;  
'Tis when we sing out a mark  
That secret spite may reach;  
An arrow from an unseen hand  
Is winged to wound some guiltless breast;  
And who can such a foe withstand,  
Hidden and unconfessed?

God judgeth justly, and will bring  
Grief for the mischief that we do;  
We cannot do an evil thing  
But we shall suffer too.  
Then let us lay the bosom bare  
Before the injured one and heaven,  
And in a gush of heartfelt prayer  
Confess, and be forgiven.

## Select Literature.

### HOW HAROLD MASSEY COMMITTED FORGERY.

A Story told on New Year's Eve.

There is a time of year when even the travelling Englishman foregoes his right to grumble; when railway trains are late on every line, and no one seems in the least out of temper at the circumstance. At that time of year so general are the migrations, that one might fancy all England to be engaged in one great game of trencher, and everybody in the act of changing places with everybody else. At that time of year we offer up our burnt offerings quite openly, and the fiction that "smoking is strictly prohibited in the carriages and on the company's premises," is laughed at alike by guard and passenger. At that time of year a railway director admitted even by his own shareholders to deserve something less severe than hanging; we shake hands all round, and there is a tacit understanding that bygones are to be bygones, that for a week or so time-bills are suspended—that is, figuratively, there being no longer any use in their being so literally—that the trains will be allowed to keep any time or no time, and that when the week is out we will turn over a new leaf and begin afresh.

Whether the train in which we had taken our seats had started from Paddington as the 6.40, or the 5.30, or the 7.25, was a problem which we had utterly failed to solve, all trace of identity of trains having been lost at Reading, where we got in. We only knew that though we had imagined ourselves to be dreadfully late, we had, on asking the clerk if we were in time for the express, been answered with rather ominous good nature, "Oh, heaps"—that we had found a train standing at the platform which the porter assured us stopped at Banbury, and which (though we had been weak enough to pay express fares) we soon found stopped at every other station, and indeed—under pretext of allowing the excursion train to get a little further out of the way—at a great many places where no station whatever was discoverable.

But at any rate we were going in the right direction, and being young, were sanguine of an ultimate arrival. The only thing that troubled us was that our party of three ought to have been a party of four. I and my brothers Joe and John ought to have been joined at Reading by our cousin, Fred Massey, who was going with us to his father's; but he had failed to arrive from the South-Eastern line in time to come along with us.

Travelling by a slow train with a slower excursion in front is not a lively business, and when to vary the monotony we were shunted into a siding to allow the express to pass us (in which express, we reflected, we ought to have been), we should certainly, had it not been that time of year when people don't carry tempers about with them, have shown ours in an unamiable light. As it was, we merely asked the guard what he thought of himself, and he having replied, "Very meanly," and having admitted that he would be very glad indeed if he could keep out of sight, we troubled him for a light and immediately made ourselves liable to a penalty of forty shillings each, with costs.

In this way we contrived to keep up our spirits, and on arrival at Banbury bore with philosophic calmness all the chaff which was heaped upon us by Fred and three or four of them whom we found on the platform waiting our arrival. For Fred, it turned out, really had got to Reading in time for the express, and indeed had caught a distant glimpse of us as we moved out in the slow

train, but owing to the crowd had been unable to get near us. Then he had been whisked past us in the express, and now professed great indignation at being kept waiting half an hour for the arrival of such very slow coaches as he pronounced us to be. Indeed, we found by-and-by that he, being an excitable youngster, and fond of a practical joke, as lads of fourteen generally are, had been conspiring to drive off without us. But Barrington being four miles away, and the roads being muddy, the girls and his brother who had come to meet us had concluded that the joke would hardly seem so good to us as to him, and so he had been overruled, and we had before us the prospect of a pleasant drive in the bright sunlight.

In what manner we all contrived to pack ourselves into Harold's waggonette I don't know. There were eight of us—three of the number girls—and it was a mercy that the load was not seen by any officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. However, we did not contrive somehow to shake ourselves down into places, and by dint of nursing each other in turns (we were quite a family party, you know, all brothers, sisters, and cousins), we got along without much repining, and as Joe said, managed under all our adversities still to keep up our spirits "quite surprisingly."

The circumstances of our meeting together were these. Fred always spent Christmas with his grandfather Massey down in Surrey, but always came home for the New Year. I and my brothers had in like manner for years past always seen the old year out and the new year in with Uncle Harold. Ella White and Minnie White, our cousins, again, were as regular visitors as we on this occasion. Indeed it was Harold's wont on this anniversary to gather round him always as many young faces of his own clan as could be conveniently collected from the neighboring counties. And we young folk had come to regard this as so much in the natural order of things, that we should hardly have admitted that the new year had any right to come in, or the almanacs had any right to come out, had the custom failed to be observed. So now as we howled through the fresh night-air we felt that if the stars looked down on any happier than we, the stars were to be envied the pleasure it must be to them to do so.

Hats off, coats off, bonnets off, cloaks off; it was wonderful with how little loss of time we were making ourselves comfortable over Uncle Harold's snug fireside. It was more wonderful still that he did not shake any of our arms fairly out of their sockets. It was most wonderful of all that we any of us survived the amazing meal we made, and that Uncle Harold should persist in declaring we were "none of us eating anything." Survive it, however, we did, and survive the games which followed it; and then, as the midnight hour drew on, we gathered in a ring for a good round of story-telling.

Uncle Harold's house is one of the very few where story-telling really is kept up. I fancy that in most country houses stories are often read than told. But it is one of his uncle's tastes that at this time his young people should come provided with a tale—if of their own concocting so much the better, and in that case shall recite it under a running fire of criticisms as to the probabilities of such plots as we can devise.

It was George White who generally bore away the palm on these occasions, and was confessedly our prize novelist. He had indeed a *quasi* literary reputation, and the younger of us looked up to him with awe as a wonderful being, who it was said had actually, all out of his own head, written a tale which had been printed in a magazine. If himself, when quizzed about it by the seniors, would say gravely that he might with perfect propriety describe himself as a writer for all the principal magazines of the day, for that he believed there was not one of them to which he had not offered his contributions, and by the editors of which such contributions had not been "declined with thanks."

Froth which it will be seen that he was not thin-skinned, but could bear that a joke should be turned against himself. On this occasion, however, he refused to draw out "Harold," he said, "I really did mean to have filled my old role to-night of story-teller. But I have a grievance on my mind which unsettles me. Did you ever see the book called 'Simeon's Skeleton Stories?'"

Harold said that he never had seen it, but imagined he knew pretty nearly its nature, and could understand without any explanation what a treasure and a comfort it must be to those for whose assistance it was more immediately designed.

"This is exactly it," said George, "and my grievance, as a story-teller, is that no enterprising publisher puts out a companion volume—or perhaps I ought to say a second volume—"of Skeleton Stories." Such a title as 'Collin's Skeleton Romances,' or 'Dickens' Skeleton Novels,' for example, ought itself to send a book through two or three editions. Not a story-teller living but would be delighted to be saved the bother of constructing his plots."

Then, amid a good deal of merriment, we discussed the form which such a work ought to take. It was considered that it ought to be arranged under the several heads of love-stories, stories of adventure, clerical stories, and so on, in order that a writer might once turn up just that kind of plot which

best suited him. It was clear that it must contain a copious selection of summarized plots ready for expansion. But these would only serve as a sort of easy first lessons to young novel-writers. To make the work come up to our ideal, it would be requisite that each division should be subdivided under appropriate titles, such as "hero," "heroine," "villain," "faithful domestic," "funny man," "doubtful lady," etc., each type of character being illustrated by a score or two of varieties. These tables should be appended, showing the various ways in which these characters could be combined, and how diversely they might be brought to bear upon each other. Thus we concluded that the juxtapositions which would present themselves would be practically inexhaustible—that there would be as little danger of two writers hitting upon precisely the same plot, as of two gentlemen shaking a kaleidoscope into exactly the same figure, and that our "patent novelty grinder" would be an immense success.

Pending the issue of this work, George declared he would neither write nor recite any more stories, and as his whimsical notion had furnished a good laugh, he was excused on that plea.

From him the call then passed to Marian—Aunt Marian, I ought to call her, but I and Harold were playfellows, and are so nearly of an age that I forgot he and his wife are uncle and aunt to me as well as to my younger brothers—and Marian told us a wonderful fairy tale, which Poppins evidently knew so much about that we all declared it had been rehearsed in the nursery.

And after her came Marian's mother, Mrs. Walford, with a terrible sea-story, that made the young-timers vote her queen of story-tellers. And after my brother Joe began what proved a love-story, whereupon Marian declared she would not have her children's heads filled with stuff and nonsense, so took Ella White aside and told it to her privately behind Harold's chair. And if we might judge by the interest which Ella took in it, and the time which it took to tell, and the pathetic glances, and the hand-clasping and the whispering to which it gave rise, it must have been a very capital story indeed, and Marian did us no kind turn in depriving us of it.

While, however, this story, whatever it might be, was being told, Harold himself was called on for his tale. And when he responded by saying that he had to tell us nothing less than how he was himself a convicted and self-confessed forger; how he had been an offender of that quality, once made himself amenable to the vengeance of the law; and how it was that he still presumed, in spite of this delinquency, to hold up his head amongst respectable members of society—when he told us this, I say, the announcement was received with vociferous applause. We all declared that, though we had already listened that night to some very ingenious fictions, yet this fiction to which we were about to listen was by far the most brilliant and imaginative of any. Harold, a forger!—Harold, a self-confessed felon!—Harold hinting an apology for holding up his head amongst respectable people!—the idea was so preposterous that we laughed at the wit of the invention. But Harold declared that there was no invention whatever about it, that for this night he was going to tell us a true story—a story without a hero, and with himself for villain. And there, with his wife beside him, looking not half so much ashamed of him as a forger's wife ought to look; with his children about his knee; with his brothers, cousins, and all whom he held dearest round about him, he made his confession, and told the story of his guilt.

"It is just now eighteen years ago," he said, "since I committed the offence of which I have to tell you. I am reminded of it now by the blunder which our clever young people made to-night in getting into the wrong train on their journey here; for there happens to be a railway blunder in my story too. At that time railways were more of a novelty than they are now, and passengers made more frequent mistakes, and unhappily also railway trains had more frequent accidents than we read of in these days. And but for such a mistake and such an accident, I should have had no tale to tell, and might still have remained free from crime."

"Great Heavens!" said Wright to me, "it is the train in which your father is."

"Awful as was the shock to us, and great was our agitation, we retained presence of mind enough to think of the poor fellows who, with their families, were likely, for want of their wages, to be deprived of their Christmas feast. It had been one of my office amusements (a very foolish one, which I hope none of my boys will follow) to practise the imitation of different handwriting, and especially of signatures. There was not a clerk about the office whose signature I could not imitate so closely, that he himself could hardly detect its falsity. It is a most evil habit, but one into which, I believe, many silly young fellows fall from thoughtlessness. Well, having this accomplishment at my fingers' ends, I took the cheque out of my pocket, and, without speaking, signed my father's name to it, and gave it to Wright.

"It is forgery," he said, "and no matter how innocently done, even your father could not protect you, if the bank should object to it. Still I must be an accessory after the fact."

"Let the poor fellows have their Christmas pudding," I said, "and let them get away before they hear anything of this accident."

"So he took the cheque to the bank, got the cash at once, and went off to pay."

"I remained at the station, waiting (how anxiously I need not say) for more news. It came at last—came at the end of an hour, which had seemed a week—and came too soon. A man on horseback rode hastily up to the station. He was clerk at the station, nearest to the place where the accident had occurred, and he had come to break the news as he best could to the friends of those who lived in Birmingham.

"This pocket-book," he said to the superintendent, "was found in a first-class compartment along with the body of one of the gentlemen who is killed."

"It was my father's pocket-book."

"Was there but one person in that compartment?" I asked, almost inaudibly.

"There was but one," the clerk replied, solemnly.

"Then I have lost," I said, "the best of fathers who ever lived."

"Two or three of those standing round took off their hats in token of silent sympathy, as men do in the presence of death. They led me into an office, and I asked one or two questions more. The compartment in which the pocket-book had been found belonged, I learned, to the carriage which had suffered most. It had literally, indeed, been smashed into fragments. This one compartment had just hung together enough to enable the officials to discover what its contents were and had been. They were this pocket-book, a hat, a leather hat-case, two travelling rugs, and the shapeless wreck, awfully crushed out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been, so brief a time before, a living, thinking human being in the image of God.

"What to do first I hardly knew. But it seemed to me that before I went to tell my poor mother of our loss, I ought to go and look on these sad remains, and see with my own eyes how utterly lost was all that had been so dear to us. I decided, therefore, to go back to the office, and from there take horse and ride to the scene of the accident.

"By what mysterious sympathy is it that bad news travel so quickly? It had reached the works already. As I entered the yard, I could see that the men all knew it, and were speaking of it. They made way for me more silently and quietly than usual, and one of the foremen came up to me, took off his hat, and said—

"Master Harold, we be got our money,

but we'll go and buy crap to-night instead of puddin', and it's little Christmas cheer we'll eat to-morrow. God ha' mercy on us all! there was not many like him."

And the honest fellow choked as he spoke, and many a manly eye shone with moisture.

"It took me about an hour to ride to the scene of the accident. There was a crowd of people outside the little public-house. A trestle or two and stretches were being carried in. The constable was making out a list of those he should summon for the jury on the inquest. A girl at the bar was serving out liquors to any one who chose to drink them, and keeping no account of what she served, for the railway company had taken the bill upon themselves. I was going up-stairs when I met in the door-way one of the telegraph company's messengers. The accident had thrown down the posts and broken the wires, and messages from the south to the north could now be sent no further than Coventry. He was riding from Coventry to Birmingham with messages, and had called here to take also the latest news of the sufferers by the accident.

"Can any one tell me," he asked, "where the Hopefield Works are in Birmingham?"

"They are ours," I said. And then, correcting myself, I added, with a shudder, "That is, they are mine."

"He handed me one of the usual official envelopes, with the image of Jupiter grasping the lightning. I took it w<sup>t</sup>out much interest, concluding it to be merely a business message, of which we received many. I opened it without noticing that it was addressed to me, and not to my father. It ran—

"From Gilbert Massey, to Harold Massey, Hopefield Works, Birmingham:

"Go and meet the express. I am left behind here. My hat, rug, and pocket-book, with papers, are in the carriage."

The revelation of feeling was so sudden and so unlooked for, that I had to read this message two or three times over before I in any way realized what it meant. Not indeed until I had actually gone up-stairs, and with an awful fear had lifted the linen sheet from the faces of those four speechless, shapeless shapes, did I dare to make the joyful admission to myself that this message actually was from my father to me—that by one of the mysterious and merciful dispensations of Providence (a basin of soup it turned out afterwards had been too hot for him, and he had stayed too long over it in the refreshment-room) he had really missed his train, and by so doing had, in all human probability, saved his life.

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I went straight back to Birmingham, and my father arrived alive and well within an hour after me. As soon as he had heard at Rugby of the accident he had at once seen the shape which our fears would take, and he had posted direct to Birmingham. Old Wright was still at the works when he arrived, and beseeched him some dozen of the men who were still hanging about in a purposeless way. Whether to laugh or cry we hardly knew, and I believe, to make sure of right, we did both. Men who had never thought of doing such a thing before, came and shook hands with him and with me, and went and shook hands with each other all round. Just then the bells burst out in honor of Christmas-eve, and sounded sweet to us all than ever bells did before. Wright had taken care that the bad news should not reach my mother, so she would only hear of the danger from ourselves, and hear at the same time how happily it had been escaped.

"Don't go yet, boy," said my father, as he turned into the office. "We must not let those other lads spend the night and the morning without knowing how good God has been to me."

"Then we told him of the dilemma in

which we had been in the earlier part of the day, what sort of a cheque it was that had left us, and how we had managed to get out of our difficulties."

"You forking young rascal," he said to me ferociously. "I have a good mind to give you—for committing such a crime—I have a good mind to give you a regular good ten pound note—so take it and much good may it do you;" and he produced one from the pocket-book which I had restored him.—

"And as for you, John Wright; he went on, "who ought to have been old enough to know better than to encourage a boy in such a way!"

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
R. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the proprietor, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, may give notice to him at the expiration of the term, when previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.75
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
One square six months,	10.00
One square six months,	6.00
One square three months,	4.00
Half a square one year,	4.00
Half a square six months,	4.00
Half a square three months,	2.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.	
Large advertisements to be agreed upon.	
Small notices, leasted, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.	

All advertisements not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. MANSFIELD.  
Woburn—T. WHITING.  
Winchendon—J. C. HOYER.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Noylly's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

To Advertisers.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do and hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the Office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MME. DUNHURST'S QUARTERLY MIRROR or FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the Journal and Mirror for one year.

## THE PRESIDENCY.

The time for president making has arrived, but fortunately for the country, that Providence that overrules the efforts of men and controls the destinies of nations, has already settled this exciting question in a manner that will produce harmony and the eventual unity of the whole country.

The people of the loyal States are sound in the principles of true democracy based upon freedom and equal rights for all, and thoroughly imbued with a patriotism as unflinching as truth and justice. The critical condition of the country now on the eve of a political campaign exemplifies the truth uttered by Douglas, that at this time there can be but two parties—the one to sustain the country, the other to overthrow it. All the issues of the past have been swept away by a mighty effort of a part of the States to overthrow the government and establish another, or a series of others, on anti-democratic principles.

The question as to whether this Union shall be maintained or dissolved, is clearly before the country, and the great heart of the people, regardless of partisan names or leaders, is strong in the sentiment so well uttered by Gen. Jackson, "the unity of the States, it shall be preserved." To this end all the signs of the times and the providence of God point unmistakably to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. No President since the organization of this government has had the weight of responsibility resting upon him or guided the Ship of State with more honesty and ability than he. His policy is clearly patriotic, and must rally around him the good of all parties. He will doubtless be called upon not only to close the war, but to aid in the settlement of the difficulties upon a basis of permanent peace.

PETITION.—A petition has been circulated and has received many signatures, praying the Legislature to pass a law empowering towns to vote money for the purpose of inducing men to enlist in the army. Such a law would undoubtedly prove a great convenience, and facilitator of enlistments, as the matter would then be brought under the immediate control of town authorities, which is strong in the sentiment so well uttered by Gen. Jackson, "the unity of the States, it shall be preserved." To this end all the signs of the times and the providence of God point unmistakably to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln.

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THE MALDEN MURDER.—The public were taken by surprise on Monday morning, on hearing that a person named Edward W. Green, postmaster of Malden, only 27 years of age, had been arrested for the murder of young Converse, at the Bank in that place, on the 15th of December, and that he had made a full confession. Green not only confessed himself the murderer, but he also confessed to the firing of Dawes' Block, in Malden, which was burned some time ago, and many suppose that he knows something concerning the robbery of the Malden Post-office, which took place a few years ago, no clue ever being obtained to the robber. How he could have forgotten the feelings of his wife, and the peace of his child when it reached maturity, we cannot conceive. He must have known that the deed would envelop them in misery as long as they lived, and that especially would his innocent child be subjected to the taunts and sneers of a thoughtless and careless world. We trust that his family will receive the sympathy which they so much need and which common humanity entitles them to.

BOW FOR THE RANGERS.—Mr. Gage conveys sending another box to the Rangers on Wednesday, Feb. 24th. Friends of the Rangers will take notes and govern themselves accordingly.

PRAEACHING.—Rev. Eli Fay, of Leominster, will preach in the Unitarian Church, on Sunday next, Feb. 14th.

A NEW SOCIETY.—On Monday afternoon last, a number of the ladies of Woburn, met at the residence of Mrs. F. K. Cragin, and formed themselves into a society, to be known as the "Woburn Auxiliary of the Boston Educational Commission for Freedmen." The object of the society is the "industrial, social, intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of persons released from Slavery during the course of the war for the Union."

"Any lady may become a member of the Society by paying the annual sum of one dollar. Gentlemen will be admitted as honorary members by paying annually one dollar."

The officers of the Society are as follows:—President, Mrs. A. G. Carter; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mrs. Thos. Richardson, Mrs. Marshall Tidd, Miss Laura Webster; Secretary, Mrs. S. R. Pippy; Treasurer, Mrs. Chas. Choate; General Committee, Mrs. Hawkins, Miss Plympton, Mrs. Field, Mrs. S. B. Tidd, Mrs. Bodwell, Miss Walker, Mrs. Dav'l. Richardson, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Stearns, Mrs. Glynn, Mrs. H. F. Smith, Mrs. T. Winn.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, in the small Vestry of the Congregational Church, and all favorable to the object in view are cordially invited to be present. The meetings of the Society will be held monthly—the ladies meeting together for work in the afternoon, and the gentlemen joining them in the evening. It is intended that Woburn alone shall support one teacher, which it certainly can do with little exertion. The society opens under favorable auspices, and we hope it may be the means of doing much good to a class who have suffered all the wrongs that human nature can.

RECRUITING.—All those who wish to enter the service of their country, will find an opportunity to do so, by applying at the recruiting office in Lyceum Hall, where they will be politely waited upon by Lieut. Persons.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to Hon. D. W. Goode, for a number of public documents, which he was pleased to send us. Some of them are exceedingly interesting and valuable.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A cylinder stove in good condition. Apply at this office.

RECRUITING.—For the Middlesex Journal.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

In heaven all distinctions fade, all forms of earthly fellowship are obliterated, and men stand alike welcomed in the presence of their Maker, because they are saved by his grace and not by their own merit. There

"Names, and sects, and parties fall, And Thou O Christ, art all in all."

It is said that John Wesley, once, in the visions of the nights, found himself, as he thought at the gates of Hell. He knocked, and asked,—"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "Yes," was the answer, "a great many." "Any Church of England men?" "Yes, a great many." "Any Wesleyans?" "Yes, a great many." Disappointed and dismayed, especially at the last reply, he turned his steps upward and found himself at the gates of Paradise, and here he repeated the same questions. "Any Wesleyans here?" "No." "Any Church of England men?" "No." "Any Roman Catholics?" "No." "Whom have you here then?" he asked in astonishment. "We know nothing here," was the reply, "of any of those names that you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is Christian; we are all Christians here, and of these we have a great multitude which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues."

PURITAN WEDDING DISCOURSES.—The practice of wedding discourses was handed down to the last century, and sometimes beguiled the parties concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Parson Smith's daughter Mary was to marry young Mr. Cranch—(what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union)—the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she wisely selected "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild, young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, the boldly suggested for her text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another. We understand that Col. Prescott, of the 32d; Col. Peirson, of the 5th, and other officers of both regiments, have accepted invitations to be present.

COMPLIMENTARY BALL.—The Phalanx As-sociates intend giving Capt. Tay, of the 32d Regt., a complimentary ball in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening next. Gates Quadrille Band has been secured for the occasion, and dancing will commence at 8 o'clock.—The price of tickets is one dollar. One of those good times may be expected which were in vogue in Woburn a few years ago, as every exertion will be made by the Committee of Arrangements to make the party a mighty effort of a part of the States to overthrow the government and establish another, or a series of others, on anti-democratic principles.

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The question as to whether this Union shall be maintained or dissolved, is clearly before the country, and the great heart of the people, regardless of partisan names or leaders, is strong in the sentiment so well uttered by Gen. Jackson, "the unity of the States, it shall be preserved."

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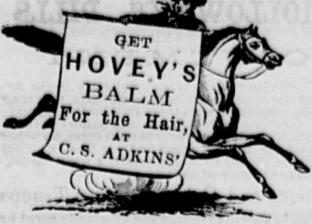
The question

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Feb. 13, 1864.  
Bean, George Kimball, Miss Elizabeth Parsons, Mr. Tanner,  
Tabor, Sarah E. Wyman, Mrs. Kate F.  
Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P. M.  
NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

## Leather Bags.

JUST received, a lot of LADIES' LEATHER BAGS and PORTEMONNAIES, at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.



## SWEETSER'S Iceland Moss Candy

—AND—  
ICELAND MOSS TROCHES!

EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

Also Whooping Cough,

For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.—TO the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of CYRUS RICHARDSON, late of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, deceased, testate.

WHEREAS, JOHN JOHNSON, ministrator with the will of said deceased, presented to allowance the first account of his administration upon the estate of said cyrus—You are hereby cited to appear at Probate Court, in the County of Middlesex, on the Fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the said account be not allowed, and that John Johnson is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Middlesex Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn three weeks successively, the first publication to be two days at least before said Tuesday.

Given under my hand and seal, Judge of said Court this twenty-sixth day of January in the year one thousand hundred and sixty-four. J. H. TYLER, Register.

Court of Insolvency.

MIDDLESEX, SS.—EAST CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6th, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed assignee of the insolvent estate of

RUFUS P. WYMAN, or WOBURN,

in said County, Trader, Insolvent Debtor, and that the second meeting of the creditors of said Debtor will be held at the Insolvent Court Room, in the County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of February next, at which time creditors may prove their claims.

C. A. F. SWAN, Assignee.

19-3w.

## TO LET.

THE store recently occupied by S. S. PETTINGEL, opposite the Central House, Woburn, Possession given the 1st of April. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY. 19-4f

Woburn, Feb. 6, 1864.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.—SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

LEWIS L. WHITNEY, in Equity, vs. HANNAH RICHARDSON, and others.

THIS is a bill in equity brought by the said Whitney, against the said Hannah Richardson and alts., in which the complainant alleges, among other things, that Josiah Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, by his last will and testament, directed that the said Richardson, during her life, the use, income and improvement of all his property, and upon her decease, the same should be left to the use and benefit of his children, including his sons Edwin and Henry H. Richardson; that said testator gave to said complainant, trust for the said Edwin and Henry H. Richardson, to hold the same in trust, until he could sell it, and that it is expedient to sell some or all of the Real Estate of said deceased, and that it is doubtful whether the said Richardson, in her will, intended under said will, that said complainant deserves the instruction of said Court as to his rights and duties as such trustee, and also that he may be compelled to sell the same, and that he is bound to do so, in accordance with the directions of the said will of the said Edwin and Henry H. in said Real Estate.

And it appearing by said will, and by the return of the referee, that the said will of the said case, that the said Edwin Richardson resides in Morristown, in the State of Vermont, and cannot be found, with the presents of said officer; it is now to the said Edwin Richardson, to appear before the said Court, and to make known to the said A. D. 1864, Ordered, that the Complainant give notice to the said Edwin Richardson, to appear and answer the said bill, within one month from the date of this order. 18-3w. JNO. JAS. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.—IN INSOLVENCY.

MESSINGER'S NOTICE,

January 21st, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given that Honorable N. WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Judge of Court of Insolvency in the for the said County of Middlesex, has been appointed to the office of Notary Public, & Auditor of Notary Publics in said County, Yeoman, Insolvent Debtor, and the payment of any debts, and the delivery of any property held by him, to the said Debtor, or to him or for his use, and the transfer of any Property by him, for his use.

The Meeting of the Creditors will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be held at Cambridge, in said County on the 24th day of February next, 1864, at 9 o'clock, in the forenoon, for the payment of Debts, and the delivery of any property held by him, to the said Debtor, or to him or for his use.

JNO. D. DEABORN, Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

18-2w.

## C. S. ADKINS, DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS,

CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.,

WOULD respectfully call the attention to the sizeable Stock and variety to a good assortment of Books, Paper, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Sand, Mincing, Sealing Wax, and all articles usually found in a Stationery Store.

Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.

Violin and Guitar Strings.

Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Essences and Perfumery.

Also, HOVEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

## WANTED.

Wanted, from six to ten Girls to work in a Sewing Shop in Woburn. Note but Americans need apply. Apply to K. L. FLINT, Pleasant Street.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

The Three Graces in Business.  
WHAT ARE THEY?  
Public Spirit,  
Advertising, and  
General Printing.  
Let the Three Graces appear by consulting

THOMAS DAVIS,  
15 Washington St., (Hancock's Gun Store), BOSTON.

FOR multiplying means by judicious publicity, THOMAS DAVIS is just the man to consult. His firm, joined with another, and enterprise, enabled him to let his customers share the benefits arising from his unflattering service, with a large circle of newspapermen in the immediate vicinity, and a general Advertising Agency, his facility cannot be equalled. In Job Printing, Thomas Davis has facilities which can be approached, for prompt, dispatch and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas Davis' customers, or step in and see him at 15 Washington Street.

## NOTICE.

W. C. BRIGHAM begs leave to inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock and good will of the Drug Store formerly occupied by R. W. CONANT, in the various departments of the Drug business, offers his services to the people of Woburn as an Apothecary and Physician, and will devote his entire attention strictly to this interest, and establish a reputation for his store of the highest respectability. A complete Dispensary, a general assortment of reliable drugs and medicines, and a complete Advertising Agency, his facility cannot be equalled. In Job Printing, Thomas Davis has facilities which can be approached, for prompt, dispatch and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas Davis' customers, or step in and see him at 15 Washington Street.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.

HILL, N. H., Nov. 2d, 1860.  
S. W. FOWLER & CO., Boston.

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,  
This day offers for sale a large assortment of American and Foreign Drugs and Medicines.

Chemicals, Choice Tobacco, Flavoring Extracts, Choice Cigars, Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes, Toilet do. Brier-Root Pipes.

The best selection of goods to be found on this side of Boston.

Call and Satisfy Yourselves.

All goods warranted as represented.

The stock also embraces a large and complete assortment of

BRUSHES of all kinds, TOILET SOAPS, PERFUMERY, PUFF BOXES, PEN-KNIVES, RAZORS, STRINGS of all patterns, HAIR DYES, DYE COLORS, PORTMONNAIES,

SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, &c.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS carefully prepared from the choicest materials, FRESH LEECHES constantly on hand, Woburn, Oct. 1, 1863.—fr.

CHARLES A. SMITH,  
DEALER IN AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,  
NEW BANK BUILDING, Main street, Woburn.

Old Brown Windsor Soap—Genuine

On hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

WINTER CLOTHING.

THE subscriber has on hand a large assort-  
ment of

CLOTHS FOR WINTER WEAR,

which he is prepared to make up at short notice, in the best manner. His stock of goods comprises Dark and Light French Cassimires, Tricots, Meltons, Silk Mixtures, Black and Colored Cloths, Doeskins, &c., &c.

Also, a full assortment of SILK and CASH-  
MERE VESTINGS.

FURNISHING GOODS

of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE,  
Wade Block, .....Woburn.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE

EFFECTED IN Good Stock & Mutual Companies:

Also, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, &c., obtained for Widows, Children, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers or Sisters, through the agency of HORATIO WOODMAN, Esq., of Boston,

By SPARROW HORTON Agt., AT THE WOBURN POST-OFFICE.

SKINNER'S PULMONALES

FOR the immediate relief of COUGHING, SORES, &c. &c. They go to the spot, stop the cough, clear your throat, purify the breath, and give volume to the voice. They are unsurpassed for all diseases of the Lungs, &c. &c. The Cord is a powerful medicine, and will exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female reproductive Organs.

It is a safe medicine, and will be suitable for the infant in the cradle, to the individual of three score years and ten. Officers and soldiers should be fit the bed without them.

One Box of the PULMONALES will be sent by mail to any address for forty cents.

Dr. W. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

PREPARED BY E. M. SKINNER, M. D., Successor to J. Russell Spalding,

27 Tremont Street,

Opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass.

ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE

the most convenient and inexpensive article which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost but NINE CENTS to send this article by mail.

Call and examine.

Price per Bottle, 75 Cents.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment,

THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,

Geo. H. Swett, M. D.—Proprietor,

106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON MASS.

Killikinick! Killikinick!!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Leather Bags.

JUST received, a lot of LADIES' LEATHER BAGS and PORTEMONNAIES, at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

## WISTAR'S BALSAM —OR— WILD CHERRY

Has been used for nearly

HALF A CENTURY!

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,

Influenza, Whooping Cough, Group,

Liver Complaint, Bronchitis,

Difficulty of Breathing,

Asthma, and every

affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,

INCLUDING EVEN CONSUMPTION!

THERE is scarcely one individual in the community who has not been exposed to some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms, a neglect of which might lead to a most dangerous disease in the whole catalog.

The power of the Wild Cherry tree over this class of complaints, a well known; so great is the root that it has performed many奇妙的 miracles.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are added a number of valuable ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value ten fold, and forming a remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, and to cure, no other

other, other medicine, exists to no other

individual.

IT is his privilege to offer the following reference:

Rev. Dr. S. R. Loring, Chapman st., Boston.

John Ware, 57 Tremont st., Boston.

Dr. John Homans, 11 Arlington st.,

Surg. Gen. Wm. J. Dale, State House,

Neodes, 39 Tremont st., Boston.

Wells & Potter, 10 Washington st.,

Dr. T. W. Fisher, Medway.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.

HILL, N. H., Nov. 2d, 1860.

S. W. FOWLER & CO., Boston.

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

The following lines were written by John K. Richardson, of Co. D, 22d Regt.:

## Our House.

On the sunny side of a woodless hill,  
To the right of which is a little rill,  
At the foot of which level meadows lie,  
On whose left a winding river runneth by,  
Whose waters from distant mountain come,  
Here have we fixed our transient soldier  
home.

Yonder waterfall's constant roar we hear;  
While in the distance mountain tops appear,  
Their snow-clad peaks so clearly we can see,  
That the miles betwixt us would seem but  
three.  
Yet report saith, that us and them between,  
More than three and thirty intervene.

To the eastward a gentle slope adown,  
Is a living spring, boiling from the ground;  
Still further east, towering toward the sky,  
Are the woods, which with fuel us supply,  
And with embers on which we cook our  
meals,  
And the fire we love, when evening o'er us  
steals.

But, our house,—The built of solid white oak  
wood,

Which, a short time since, in yonder forest  
stood;

The trees were fell by one our tent's crew  
among;

And cut in pieces, some nine, some twelve  
feet long;

Then these in turn were quickly cleft in  
twain,

And to make them true, each half was neatly  
hewn.

How to get these logs to our building spot,  
Was next the question to engross our thought.  
We hired a man, for a dollar a load,  
To team them over a not lengthy road,  
And leave them safe in our company street,  
Where we could use them as we thought  
meet.

Then with much labor, and a deal of bother,  
We laid them edgewise, one above another,  
And, that our "shanty" might not fall asunder,  
Each log we let into the one, under;

The cracks we smeared with Virginia mud,  
And this makes out our house warm and snug.

The roof is made of our old shelter tents,  
And 'neath it many a happy hour is spent.

Now to an all important part I come,  
To our fireplace and chimney, built of stone;

True, 'tis not a work of much pretension,  
And has two barrels for an extension.

I suppose at its rudeness, you would laugh,  
And yet it suits us soldiers well enough;

Beside it is the door narrow and low,

Through which, daily, so oft we come and  
go;

A neat wooden latch within holds it fast,  
Nor are the days of the latch-string past.

Well we'll pull the string, the door open  
wide;

Then we'll enter and take a peep inside;

The first thing here that arrests the eye,  
Is the bunk on which we sleep when sleeping lie;

Bunk, did I say?—say, the number is two,  
For, to have four men on one would not do,

They're both made of poles stretched from  
side to side;

Two dozen poles made them each three feet  
wide;

Then a cupboard over the fireplace stands,  
Filled with food to supply nature's stern demands;

Beside this, you observe, is our mantle shelf,  
And on it are books, with which to amuse  
one's self.

The well trodden ground is our only floor,  
Yet, to sweep it there's a broom behind the door.

For, you are indeed aware, I presume,

That this is our eating, sitting, sleeping room.

Among other things, we've got two stools to  
sit on,

And a peg, for each to hang his taps and hat  
on.

Our table I've not yet spoken about;

If I do say it, it's the best one out;

It's made of white wood, my comrades split  
and hewed,

And one of my tentmates, with a joinder  
true'd;

Then, with three cleats 'twas fastened to  
gether,

I'd defy any man to make a better.

It is covered with a table-cloth black  
And this all around the edges is tacked;

To the side of the house it now is hinged

And like any other table leaf swings;

To use, we raise it up, and, in two places,

One at each end, to stay it there, are braces

When we are done, nor wish to use it more,

We fit it down again, 'tis handier still;

A small tin box our matches now contains,

Which, not a long time ago, held cartridges;

A gridiron, too, made of telegraph wire,

Hangs against the ceiling and near the fire.

Above our heads, extends a handy line,

On which dish-cloths and towels you will  
find.

With our little house we are all well pleased,

And, with plenty to eat, take things at ease;

In this Army, but very few there be,

Who live contented and happy as we.

But you say "the dimensions you're not  
given"—

Fact I haven't, well the width, inside, is seven,

Seven feet I mean, and the length is ten;

And five feet is the height of the ceiling,

This is all the description I will give,

Of the little log house in which we live.

But I must tell you of my tentmates three,

Who occupy this house jointly with me;

Two are Joneses, brothers from Reading,

Mass.,

Good-hearted boys as you'll e'er come across;

Bill is a lusty good-natured fellow,

As any one could ever wish to know,

He's quite a mechanic, by the way,

Of whose skill we have proof every day,

As to Charlie, he's rather a quiet lad,

With whom as yet, I've no trouble had;

In fact, if none worse than Charlie were,

This would be a better world by far.

There remains to be mentioned but one more,

Body—some years the oldest of us four,

He, it is known, is an excellent cook,

Well versed in every pastry book.

He's a sergeant too, and wears a lengthy beard,

Two things which cause him to be quite revered.

About my house, and chums I've told you all,

One word more and from my hand my pen shall fall.

Another summer's awful work is done,

In which one great battle has been fought and won.

No marching here; our summer's tramp is over.

No fighting now; hushed is the cannon's roar.

No more while the soldiers bleed and die,

Nor helpless wounded on the battle-field lie,

No more we lack sufficiency of food,

Nor live and sleep in the water and mud,

Which so often to sickness has brought us;

How pleasant 'tis to be in Winter Quarters.



## WOBURN BOOKSTORE !

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pens, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

**Bibles and Testaments** is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

**FAMILY BIBLES** supplied to order.

**Hymn Books.**

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies, are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath Sch'l Books,**

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notice.

**Photograph Albums**

in good variety, and at different prices, from 50 cents upwards.

**Juvenile Works,**

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, in great supply. **TOY BOOKS** of all kinds and prices.

**Blank Books,**

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. **BLANK BOOKS**, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

**School Books.**

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always kept on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

**Writing Paper.**

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Billet, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

**Envelopes**

of all colors, sizes and qualities.

**Pens.**

All kinds of Gillett's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

**Penholders,**

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

**Paper Hangings.**

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

**Miscellaneous.**

Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Patent, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafer and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing Pens, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Racks, Paper Trimmers, Bell Files, Date Cases, Razors, Ivory Folders, Sand and Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c. &c.

**Fancy Goods and Toys.**

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticules, Puff Boxes, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes, Crochet Needles, Emory Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Card and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and all sorts of Novelty articles.

For the use of the invalids, we have a large collection of the finest articles of the kind.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine removes, soon follow.

*Impotency, Futility, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.*

In one of which, fatal may expire.

Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those "Diseases of the Insane,"

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."

Many cases of the fits of their running, but none will confess. The records of the insane asylums

are filled with proofs of the truth of this.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pitts-

bury.

HOSTETTER'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, A Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dyscratic Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and exerts the Absorbents into healthy action, by the absorption of the fatuous, & other decompositional, and unnecessary deposits, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HOSTETTER'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For the cure of the ExTRACT BUCHU, & other diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, &c., &c.

Causes Excessive Urination, & other Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Urethra, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Bladder, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Urethra, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Bladder, &c., &c.

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Causes Inflammation of the Urethra, &c., &c.

Causes Inflammation of the Bladder, &c., &c.

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 21.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### The Dying Soldier.

Fellow-soldier, I am dying,  
Slowly breathing life away.  
And my form will soon be lying  
Pulseless, lifeless, soulless clay.  
Father, mother, brothers, kindred,  
All are absent, none are near,  
Bending o'er the weary pallet  
Of the dying volunteer.

Far away in dear New England,  
Sweetest spot to me below,  
They are waiting, watching for me;  
Must I die? Oh! can I go?  
Now I hear their tender voices  
Speaking of the soldier dear,  
Little thinking, little dreaming  
That his end is drawing near.

Plainly now do I remember,  
How I plead with mother dear,  
When our country's outraged banner  
Called on me to volunteer.  
Summer falling—heros dying—  
Martyrs slain at Baltimore,  
Call in tones of voice, on freemen,  
Louder than the cannon's roar."

Mother, let me heed the summons  
From the voice of slaughtered men,  
Till you more insulted banner  
Flouts triumphant over again;  
Then I'll proudly hasten homeward,  
Glad I raised a willing hand,  
To uphold our nation's honor,  
And protect my native land."

Hopes I once thus loved to cherish,  
Vanish like the tropic snow;  
Visions bright now fade and perish;  
Must I die? Oh! can I go?  
Yes, I'm dying, mother, dying  
Far away from home and thee;  
Oh! how deep will be your sorrow  
When again you hear from me.

Earth-born musings, why intruding?  
Brighter scenes now meet my view,  
Endless life, and bliss, and glory,  
Weeping friends adieu, adieu.  
Purer joys we then shall know;  
Jesus calls me, day is dawning,  
I can die, Oh! let me go.

## Select Literature.

### THE TWO GENERALS.

#### A Story of the War.

Near to the little State capital of Frankfort, Kentucky, there lived at Christmas-time of 1860, an old man, Major Reckenthorp by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States, representing his own State sometimes as Senator, and sometimes in the lower House. Though called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it possible that he might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that.

Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he knew how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had been and now was a slave-owner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived not without the stain of blood upon his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing he was old—almost on the shelf—past his dueling and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no age could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political well-being of his State.

In person he was tall, still upright, stiff and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager gray eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which overlooked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he spoke vehemently; and of the Major it may be said that he always spoke with vehemence. But now he was slow in his steps, and infirm on his legs. He suffered from rheumatism, sciatica, and other maladies of the old, which no energy of his own could repress. In these days he was a stern, unhappy, all but broken-hearted old man; for he saw that the work of his life had been wasted.

And he had another grief which at the Christmas of 1861 had already become terrible to him, and which afterward bowed him with sorrow to the ground. He had two sons, both of whom were then at home with him, having come together under the family roof-tree that they might discuss with their father the political position of their country, and especially the position of Kentucky.—South Carolina had already seceded, and other Slave States were talking of secession. What should Kentucky do? So the Major's sons, young men of eight-and-twenty and five-and-twenty, met together at their father's house; they met and quarreled deeply, as their father had well known would be the case.

The eldest of these sons was at that time

the owner of the slaves and land which his father had formerly possessed and farmed. He was a Southern gentleman, living on the produce of slave labor, and as such had learned to vindicate that social system which has produced as its result the war which is still raging at this Christmas of 1863. To him this master of secession or non-secession was of vital import. He was prepared to declare that the wealth of the South was derived from its agriculture, and that its agriculture could only be supported by its slaves. His father, he said, was an old man, and might be excused by reason of his age from any active part in the contest that was coming. But for himself there could be but one duty—that of supporting the new Confederacy, to which he would belong, with all his strength and with whatever wealth was his own.

The second son had been educated at West Point, and was now an officer in the National army. A large proportion of the officers in the pay of the United States leagued themselves with Secession, but Frank Reckenthorp declared that he would be loyal to the Government which he served; and in saying so, seemed to imply that the want of such loyalty in any other person would be disgraceful.

"I can understand your feeling," said his brother, who was known as Tom Reckenthorp, "on the assumption that you think more of being a soldier than of being a man; but not otherwise."

"Even if I were no soldier, I would not be a rebel," said Frank.

"How a man can be a rebel for sticking to his own country I can not understand," said Tom.

"Your own country!" said Frank. "Is it to be Kentucky or South Carolina? And is it to be a republic or a monarchy; or shall we hear of Emperor Davis? You already belong to the greatest nation on the earth, and you are preparing yourself to belong to that; that is, if you should be successful. Luckily for yourself, you have no chance of success."

"At any rate I will do my best to fight for it."

"Nonsense, Tom," said the old man, who was sitting by.

"It is no nonsense, Sir. A man can fight without having been at West Point. Whether he can do so after having his spirit drilled and drummed out of him there, I don't know."

"Tom!" said the old man.

"Don't mind him, father," said the younger. "His appetite for fighting will soon be over. Even yet I doubt whether we shall ever see a regiment in arms sent from the Southern States against the Union."

"Do you?" said Tom. "If you stick to your colors, as you say you will, your doubts will soon be set at rest. And I'll tell you what, if your regiment is brought into the field, I trust that I may find myself opposite to it. You have chosen to forgoe that we are brothers, and you shall find that I can forget it also."

"Tom!" said the father, "you should not say such words as that; at any rate, in my presence."

"It is true, Sir," said he. "A man who speaks as he speaks does not belong to Kentucky, and can be no brother of mine. If I were to meet him face to face, I would as soon shoot him as another; sooner, because he is a renegade."

"You are very wicked—very wicked," said the old man, rising from his chair—very wicked." And then, leaning on his stick, he left the room.

"Indeed, what he says is true," said a sweet, soft voice from a sofa in the far corner of the room. "Tom, you are very wicked to speak to your brother thus. Would you take on yourself the part of Cain?"

"He is more silly than wicked, Ada," said the soldier. "He will have no chance of shooting me, or of seeing me shot." But I may succeed in getting himself locked up as a rebel; but I doubt whether he'll ever go beyond that."

"If I ever find myself opposite to you with a pistol in my grasp," said the elder brother, "may my right hand!"

But his voice was stopped, and the impatience remained unuttered. The girl who had spoken rushed from her seat and put her hand before his mouth. "Tom," she said, "I will never speak to you again if you utter such an oath—ever." And her eyes flashed fire at him and made him dumb.

Ada Forster called Mrs. Reckenthorp her aunt, but the connection between them was not so near as that of aunt and niece. Ada, nevertheless, lived with the Reckenthorps, and had done so for the last two years. She was an orphan, and on the death of her father had followed her father's sister-in-law from Maine down to Kentucky; for Mrs. Reckenthorp had come from that farthest and most trait-laced State of the Union, in which people bind themselves by law to drink neither beer, wine, nor spirits, and all go to bed at nine o'clock. But Ada Forster was an heiress, and therefore it was thought well by the elder Reckenthorps that she should marry one of their sons. Ada Forster was also a beauty, with slim, tall form, very pleasant to the eye; with bright, speaking eyes and glossy hair; with ivory teeth of the whitest, only to be seen now and then when a smile could be won from her; and therefore such a match was thought desirable also by the younger Reckenthorps. But unfor-

tunately it had been thought desirable by each of them, whereas the father and mother had intended Ada for the soldier.

I have not space in this short story to tell how progress had been made in the troubles of this love affair. So it was now that Ada had consented to become the wife of the elder brother—of Tom Reckenthorp, with his home among the slaves—although she, with all her New England feelings strong about her, hated slavery and all its adjuncts. But when has love staid to be guided by any such consideration as that? Tom Reckenthorp was a handsome, high-spirited, intelligent man. So was his brother Frank. But Tom Reckenthorp could be soft to a woman, and in that, I think, had he found the means of his success. Frank Reckenthorp was never soft.

Frank had gone angrily from home when, some three months since, Ada had told him her determination. His brother had been then absent, and they had not met till this Christmas meeting. Now it had been understood between them, by the intervention of their mother, that they would say nothing to each other as to Ada Forster. The elder had, of course, no right to say anything, and Frank was too proud to wish to speak on such a matter before his successful rival. But Frank had not given up the battle. When Ada had made her speech to him he had told her that he would not take it as conclusive. "The whole tenor of Tom's life," he had said to her, "must be distasteful to you. It is impossible that you should live as the wife of a slave owner."

"And in a few years there will be no slaves in Kentucky," she had answered.

"Wait till then," he had answered; "and I also will wait." And so he had left her, resolving that he would bide his time. He thought that the right still remained to him of seeking Ada's hand, although she had told him that she loved his brother. "I know that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

"And is that to make a difference between you and me?"

"That is just the question that I am asking you. Only you ask me with a reproach in your tone, and I ask you with none in mine. Till we have mutually agreed to break our engagement you shall be my adviser. If you think it better that it should be broken—better for your own interests—be man enough to say so."

But Tom Reckenthorp either did not think so, or else he wasn't man enough to speak his thoughts. Instead of doing so he took the girl in his arms and kissed her, and swore that whether with fortune or no fortune she should be his, and his only. But still he had to go—to go now, within an hour or two of the very moment at which they were speaking. They must part, and before parting must make some mutual promise as to their future meeting. Marriage now, as things stood at this Christmas time, could not be thought of even by Tom Reckenthorp. At last he promised that if he were then alive he would be with her again at the old family house in Frankfort, on the next coming Christmas-day. So he went, and as he let himself out of the old house Ada, with her eyes full of tears, took herself up to her bedroom.

During the year that followed—the year 1861—the war progressed only as a school for fighting. The most memorable action was that of Bull Run, in which both sides ran away, not from individual cowardice in either set of men, but from that of fearing pain which is engendered by ignorance and inexperience. After that the year was passed in drilling and in camp-making—in the making of soldiers, of gunpowder, and of cannons. But of all the articles of war made in that year the article that seemed easiest of fabrication was a general officer. Generals were made with the greatest rapidity, owing their promotion much more frequently to local interest than to military success.

I fear that there will be bad times first.

"Of course I am thinking of you now."

"Bad or good, they will not be worse to me than to others."

"They would be very bad to you if this State were to secede, and if you were to join your lot to my brother's."

"In the first place, all your fortune would be lost to him and to you."

"I do not see that; but of course I will caution him that it may be so. If it alters his views I shall hold him free to act as he chooses."

"But, Ada, should it not alter yours?"

"What—because of my money? or because Tom could not afford to marry a girl without a fortune?"

"I did not mean that. He might decide that for himself. But your marriage with him under such circumstances as those which he now contemplates would be as though you married a Spaniard or a Greek adventurer. You would be without country, without home, without fortune, and without standing-ground in the world. Look you, Ada, before you answer. I frankly own that I tell you this because I want you to be my wife and not his."

"Never, Frank; I shall never be your wife, whether I marry him or no."

"All I ask of you now is to pause. This is no time for marrying or for giving in marriage."

"There I agree with you; but as my word is pledged to him I shall let him be my adviser in that."

Late on that same night Ada saw her brother, and bade him adieu. She bade him adieu with many tears; for he came to tell her that he intended to leave Frankfort very early on the following morning. "My staying here now is out of the question," said he. "I am about to secede, whatever the State may do. My father is resolved against secession. It is necessary, therefore, that we should part. I have already left my father

and mother, and now I have come to say good-by to you."

"And your brother, Tom?"

"I shall not see my brother again."

"And is that well, after such words as you have spoken to each other? Perhaps it may be that you will never see him again. Do you remember what you threatened?"

"I do remember what I threatened."

"Sed!" said the old man. "It is as though the Devil were let loose upon the earth."

"No; of course I did not mean it. You, Ada, have heard me speak many angry words; but I do not think that you have known me so many angry things."

"Never one, Tom—never. See him, then, before you go, and tell him so."

"It will be better that we should not meet again. The truth is, Ada, that he always despises any one who does not think as he thinks. If I offered him my hand he would take it, but while doing so he would let me know that he thought me a fool. Then I should be angry, and threaten him again, and things would be worse. You must not quarrel with me, Ada, if I say that he has all the faults of a Yankee."

"And the virtues too, Sir, while you have all the faults of a Southern—"

But Tom, getting nearer to her, as a lover should do, and taking her hand in his.

"It is this. You and those who think like you are dividing yourselves from your country. As to whether that be right or wrong I will say nothing now, nor will I say anything as to your chance of success. But I am told that those who go with the South will not be able to hold property in the North."

"Did Frank tell you that?"

"Never mind who told me, Tom."

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"It is not always easy, Sir, to man to see what is his duty. I wish that either he or I had not come here."

"But he is here; and you, his brother, would not take advantage of his coming to his father's house?"

"Do you remember, Sir, how he told me last year that if ever he met me on the field he would shoot me like a dog?"

"But Frank, you know that he was the last man in the world to carry out such a threat. Now he has come here with greater daring."

"And I have come with none; but I do not see that that makes any difference."

"He has put up with it all that he may see the girl he loves."

"Pshaw!" said Frank rising from his chair.

"When a man has work to do, he is a fool to give way to play. The girl he loves: Does he not know that it is impossible that she should ever marry him? Father, I ought to insist that he should leave this house as a prisoner. I know that that would be my duty."

"You would have, Sir, to bear my curse."

"I should not the less have done my

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What are your plans, Tom?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plans," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"They'll let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Well, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—as great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing a while, "and look after my mother and Ada?"

"If I can, I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing is this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them.

"And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly will."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seabed all over with smallpox, with her limbs broken, blind, disfigured by any misfortunes which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penitent, it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause. "Look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will know how to act now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada Forster. Whether Frank thought that he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that in keeping his brother away from home he could, at least, do himself no good; or whether, again, he resolved that he would act by his brother as a brother should act, without reference to Ada Forster, I will not attempt to say. For a day or two after the above conversation he was somewhat sullen, and did not talk freely with his brother. After that he brightened up once more, and before long the two parted on friendly terms. General Frank remained with his command, and General Tom was sent to the hospital at Alexandria, for to such hospitals as he might be able to enjoy at Washington in his mutilated state, till that affair of his exchange had been arranged.

In spite of his brother's influence at headquarters this could not be done in a day; nor could permission be obtained for him to go home to Kentucky till such exchange had been effected. In this way he was kept in terrible suspense for something over two months, and mid-winter was upon him before the joyful news arrived that he was free to go where he liked.

Disturbed as was the state of the country, nevertheless railways ran from Washington to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and from Cincinnati to Frankfort. So that General Tom's journey home, though with but one leg, was made much faster, and with less difficulty, than that last journey by which he reached the old family house. And again he presented himself on Christmas-eve. Ada declared that he remained purposely at Washington, so that he might make good his last promise to the letter; but I am inclined to think that he allowed no such romantic idea as that to detain him among the amenities of Washington.

He arrived again after dark, but on this occasion did not come knocking at the back door. He had fought his fight, had done his share of the battle, and now had reason to be afraid of no one. But again it was Ada who opened the door for him. "Oh, Tom! oh, my own one!" There never was a word of question between them as to whether that unseemly crutch and still unhealed wound was to make any difference between them. General Tom found before three hours were over that he lacked the courage to suggest that he might not be acceptable to her as a lover with one leg. There are times in which girls throw off all their coyness, and are as bold in their loves as men. Such a time was this with Ada Forster. In the course of another month the elder General simply sent word to the younger that they intended to be married in May, if the war did not prevent them; and the younger General simply sent back word that his duties at Head-quarters would prevent his being present at the ceremony.

And they were married in May, though the din of war was going on around them on every side. And from that time to this the din of war is still going on, and they are in the thick of it.

## The Middlesex Journal,

**E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,**

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NOTES.—We will be suspended until all arrangements are paid except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.25  
Each subsequent insertion, .25  
Each successive insertion, .20  
One square six months, .40  
One square one year, .60  
Half a square six months, .40  
Half a square one year, .60  
Large square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Large advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 12 cents per line for our insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

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Stoneham—E. T. WHITFIELD,  
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M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York—H. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Our Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1864

WE WISH IN TIME.—"Tis a madness to defer, sings the poet Young. It would be well if persons who are afflicted with apparently incurable ulcers, old sores, erysipelas, and obstinate skin eruptions would not daily with expensive doctors, but use GRACON'S CELEBRATED SALVE, which is the best remedy extant for flesh wounds of all kinds, burns, scalds, boils, felonies, salt-rheum, sore breasts, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, &c. In summer it removes tan and freckles, and is an admirable cosmetic. 25 cts. a box. See advertisement in another column.

DEPARTURE OF THE 32D REGT.—It hardly seemed possible last Wednesday, when the gallant men of the 32d once more turned their faces from home and kindred toward Washington and duty, that four weeks had passed away since they were welcomed back to their new England associations, after undergoing the many hardships of a two years' campaign against the enemy. But so it was, and again were they bade God-speed on their patriotic mission. It is said that at roll call in Fenueil Hall, on Wednesday morning, every man that came home with the regiment answered to his name, not one being absent. This is a record worthy of the good name of the 32d, which will prove a source of pleasure to friends left behind, and will give the men themselves a desire to do even more in the future than they have in the past, to uphold their reputation.

LEVER.—On Monday evening next, a lever will be held in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church. It is expected that many of the older members of the Society will be present, and exertions will be made to render the occasion one of pleasure to all. Supper will be provided, tickets for which will be sold at 25 cts. each; and ice cream will be for sale. The price of admission tickets is 15 cts. We understand that the proceeds will be devoted toward defraying the debt now resting upon the piano recently purchased for the vestry.

FIRE.—On Thursday morning about four o'clock, when the mercury was somewhere in the neighborhood of zero, a fire broke out in the currying shop of Bond & Tidd, in No. Woburn, which entirely consumed the building. Only a portion of the stock in the building was removed. The amount of property destroyed was about \$2000, on which there was no insurance. Engines Nos. 1 and 2 were present, but the extreme cold rendered them useless.

BOUNTS.—We wish to say to all those who contemplate enlisting, that the Government Bounty of \$300 will not be paid after the first day of March. This is an important item, and one that should be well considered. Don't put off the enrolling of your name until the golden (Greenback?) opportunity has passed, but "step to the captain's office and settle there" at once.

PROMOTED.—Orderly Sergt. J. Edgell Tidd, of the 32d Regt., has been commissioned a second Lieutenant. We congratulate him upon his promotion, which has been so honorably won, and trust his motto will still be "Excellence."

LECTURE.—The lecture by Rev. J. Spencer Kennard on Thursday evening, was an excellent production and received the closest attention of the audience. Our report of it is crowded out by matter previously in hand.

WOBURN MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.—We call attention to the advertisement of A. Scott & Co., for whom R. Pickering is agent, in another column. They have a large supply of everything in their line, and are ready to execute all work entrusted to them in a thorough manner.

The Congregational meeting-house in Wilmington, and the Messrs. Bond's Bakery were burned on Monday evening last. The latter contained about 450 barrels of flour and the loss is about \$10,000. The loss to the Congregational Society is also about \$10,000., and no insurance. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Tolman, is now absent in Philadelphia to recuperate his health, and Rev. Charles Brooks is filling his place.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—We are in receipt of the March number of this periodical. The contents are of an interesting character, and will find admirers among all classes of readers. Hon. Robt. J. Walker contributes two letters on "American Finances and Resources," which are worthy of deep consideration. These, with other articles relating to the war, and many of miscellaneous character, make up an entertaining and instructive collection of good things.

### Letter from the Rangers.

MITCHEL'S STATION, VA., Feb. 11th, 1864.

DEAR JOURNAL.—For the past two weeks we have enjoyed springlike weather,—so fine has it been, and in so good a condition were the roads that some here expected a movement of the army.

The brigade has several times been called to arms, and on such occasions we have made ready for a rapid skedaddle should the enemy try to cut off our communication. We are located so far from the main body of the army that such a thing would not be reckoned among the impossibilities, the enemy of course would like to capture the brigade, but, rather than suffer incarceration in the "Libby" I reckon the boys would fight hard enough or run fast enough.

Mr. Joseph Johnson, E. E. Thompson and Henry Thompson, visiting the Army of the Potomac, reached our camp on the 5th. The first mentioned expected to meet his son in the hospital at Culpepper but he had been sent to Washington, so that Mr. J. felt it his duty to seek his son as soon as possible, consequently his visit was short. The Messrs. Thompson prolonged their stay until Monday afternoon, and the boys were much pleased, for the visitors had an opportunity of realizing in a very small degree, some of the occasions which bless a soldier's life. They were with us when "quiet reigned supreme," and the soldier was settled in mind, and they also spent a night made hideous by the excitement of a move. They can speak for themselves and tell how much sleep they got that night.

Sunday forenoon they took a ramble around the country penetrating nearly to the Cavalry outposts, visited "Ceder Mountain" battle ground, and took from it a shell as a memento of that battle and their visit. From

a high point on the mountain can be seen a number of rebel camps. All of these sights gave our friends a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. They have probably seen more of the Army of the Potomac—penetrated farther into the heart of what was once rebel soil, than any other citizens of Woburn.

The boxes which started from W. on the 12th of January, did not reach us till the 30th. On the day following a box was received containing Towels, Socks, Handkerchiefs, Mittens, from the "Town appropriation," and Caps, &c., from the "Donation Committee." They were all thankfully received. God bless the donors. There were also a few bottles of some kind of beverage or tonic—some called it wine, not being a judge I could not determine what it was or its quality—but this I will say for it, that when the Company was in line and received each man his due, there was a general smacking of lips and all pronounced it fine. It was a present from one of Woburn's most patriotic citizens and soldiers friend, and was designed for hospital purposes, but a march being on the tapas the officers wisely concluded that it was better to divide it among the "Rangers" for duty," than leave it for some veteran to go boozey over.

On the 2d of January, eight recruits arrived to Co. K. Sprague, Persons, McCrory, McGoff, Reddy, Dean, Richardson, and Hoskins. Thus the ranks are so filled that a second Lieut. can be mustered through Co. "K."

While I am writing three more recruits have arrived fresh from Mass. Louis M. Walker, Newell Z. Tabor, and Francis West, the latter formed part of the quota of Medford, and was sent to that Company (C), but afterwards concluded to go into K.

The weather is colder now than it has been for the past three weeks, and we look for more severe weather.

Yesterday we were paid off for two months (Nov. and Dec.) O.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

I find the following on file at the Selectmen's office. It was sent in to them a few days since by the Executors of the will of the late Abiel Holden, Esq. It will be read with much interest at the present time:

"I appropriate of my funds, not especially bequeathed by my said will, the sum of five hundred dollars, and give the same to said town of Reading in trust, and for the purpose of procuring and erecting upon that part of the Cemetery in said Reading, called Round Hill, a monument to commemorate the deeds and perpetuate the memories of the soldiers of Reading who have been killed in battle or otherwise, or died from disease contracted, or wounds received, while in the service of the United States and in line of duty during this present war of rebellion, provided that within two years next after my decease the said town of Reading, or the citizens thereof, shall raise the further sum of five hundred dollars, and with the said one thousand dollars, shall procure a shaft of Italian marble of suitable form and dimensions, and lay the foundations, and commence the erection of the same upon a pedestal of granite on said Round Hill, and shall without unnecessary delay, finish the erection thereof, and that it was thought proper to discontinue the sale of the tickets. After this was made known there was a great demand upon the Committee for tickets which could not be answered, though all the nooks in the Hall were filled with tables, and by urgent request tables were furnished in one of the rooms under the Hall. Beside those who failed to obtain tickets through the day, very many repaired to the Town House in the evening, who could not gain admittance, as the Committee deemed it unjust to all concerned, to sell tickets to a larger number of persons than could be comfortably accommodated. But as it was, the room was too crowded for convenience, and the committee and others yielded their places and sought a standing position as best they could. Supper commenced about 8 o'clock. The Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Bullen. The tables were loaded bountifully, and after the company had partaken freely and satisfactorily, then commenced the "feast of reason." Daniel Allen, Esq., presided, whose quaint and pointed introductions, and personal hits gave a zest to the performance, and greatly aided in the digestion of the physical and mental aliment of the evening. In connection with the sentiments and addresses, and between them, were interspersed tableaux and music. After a few appropriate introductory remarks, the President gave a sentiment complimentary to the Hon. Little Eaton, whom he introduced as Toast-master of the occasion. Mr. Eaton briefly responded and read the following regular toasts. Volunteers were offered which are not at hand.

The President of the U. S.—"An honest nation is the noblest work of God." "We see it." Politicians may think, and say, and do as they please, but God and the people are for Abraham Lincoln, Jeff. Davis and the others may be for whom they like."

Response by the Choir, "Hasten on the battle."

The Sanitary Commission—Higher and more glorious than that of Admirals or Generals,—for it is a heavenly and divine commission that wins its trophies by love and compassion. Let us all seek a share in its present to pour out the incense of sweet and fragrant thought for our inspiration. Dea. Sweeter, please unsay your intellectual censor and give us something sweet, sir."

Response by Edward Mansfield.

Our choice native seedlings—Smart weeds, that have been transplanted to the neighboring walnut hills, where they have flourished and grown into beautiful and stately trees, and have extended their branches, until they overhang and adorn their native soil. "May their shadows never be less."

Response by Prof. Tweed.

We have beheld one of those stately trees, from one of our native plants, and have heard the song of the bird in its branches. Another of those trees, from our nursery, alike stately, of timber sound and clear, has been taken to ornament the temple of science in the metropolis—a well finished Boardman and gentleman. We are happy to see our Board manned by him at this time.

Response by Wm. P. Boardman, Esq.

Our Free Common Schools—They teach not only science, literature and philosophy, but also that power, that bids defiance to tyrants, and raises the standard of freedom and independence against treason, rebellion, slavery and despotism. In our own beloved land may they be universal and immortal.

Response by Mr. Hammond of High School.

The Clergy of Massachusetts and of loyal States generally—Always ready to preach or pray, or fight if need be, for their country and liberty and humanity. They have done heroic service against the rebel hosts both with the sword and the pen.

Response by Rev. Mr. Bullen, late U. S. Chaplain.

Deacons—It was their province, anciently, not only, as now, to distribute the bread and wine at Christian feasts, but also at similar feasts to diffuse from the golden censer the incense of the sacrifice, from the altar of the saints and people. At this our "feast of reason and flow of soul,"—not an unchristian feast we trust,—we desire the deacons present to pour out the incense of sweet and fragrant thought for our inspiration. Dea. Sweeter, please unsay your intellectual censor and give us something sweet, sir.

Response by Dea. Albert G. Sweeter.

Our VOLUNTEERS—I. Our honorably discharged Volunteers.—Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off." "They have fought a good fight." A nation's gratitudo is their crown of glory.

2. Our sick and wounded Volunteers.—Whether they are in the hospital or at home, in the prisons of the enemy or at home, they deserve the warmest sympathy of our countrymen, and especially of their friends and relatives. At this our "feast of reason and flow of soul,"—not an unchristian feast we trust,—we desire the deacons present to pour out the incense of sweet and fragrant thought for our inspiration. Dea. Sweeter, please unsay your intellectual censor and give us something sweet, sir.

Response by Everett Hart, Esq.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

England.—A few still linger among us. They were brave and valiant Knights, one of them, who enlisted from a neighbor's State, has long lived among us, and is now at the head of a Boston Sanitary Commission. A little peppermint, Mr. Heath, if you please.

Response by Rev. Wm. Heath.

**Medical Faculty.**—Like the profession of war, having like them a fierce and insidious foe to fight, die in, attack and evacuate, mortars, shells and batteries, in nitre, saltpeter, scalpel knives and lances, in blood-letting and amputations, and other fatal instrumentalities. It seeks to conquer disease as the General does traitors, by powder and preparations of iron, that either kill, conquer or cure.

Dr. Mansfield was called upon, but had just left the hall.

**Our Grocers.**—The time has gone by when they will furnish their customers with the mug of flip, foaming with the hottooggerhead, as in the olden time,—and the logheaders have gone by also, and we rejoice that it is so. But there is a cordial, "innocent tho' strong," Man's heart at once inspites and serenes," of which we should like a drink round, on this occasion, and our friend, Mr. Philip Wheeler knows how, without a loghead, to make and pour it. Please open your mug, Philip.

Response by Philip C. Wheeler, Esq.

**Judges.**—Her suitors, in this vicinity, may rest assured of their rights, while her scales are poised in the steady hands of our learned and accomplished Police Magistrate, who is head and shoulders above his competitors.

Response by Judge Upton.

**Blackstone Bank.**—With pure gold from our own native mine for its President,—with a faithful Joshua, who can only picture was in part a schoolboy for his teacher, and with a whole and noble Winslow at its steeds,—a ship that hauls and sails from our own port,—who so able to tell its species value and honor drafts upon its attractive stock, as the Payer Teller, upon whom we would draw for some current fun and funds.

Response by Thos. Winslow, Esq.

**The Boston and Maine Foundry.**

Male treason still on nation shake,  
May they no longer cook stoves make,  
But cannon balls, and cannon too,  
Find work for Walker and his crew.

No response.

**Agriculture.**—A noble profession. Soon may the sword be beaten into ploughshares, and the spears beaten into pruning hooks,—for such a victory we would hope and pray and fight, as we should most certainly do if we realized of what incalculable use "this Eustis."

Response by James Eustis, Esq.

**Our young loyal women.**—They are our "corps de reserve" for recruiting our infanty and grenadiers. In the discharge of this important duty, may their arms be ever loaded with young screamers and bawlers.

Response by N. S. Dearborn, Esq.

**Our Postmaster.**—It is said that he has one of the finest deliveries of any public man in the State; and, as it is a part of his daily business to deliver speeches and orations, we ask for one short, frank and free, this evening.

Responded to by S. Kingman, Esq., as follows:—"May our Government stand up for the rebels to give up the post-offices and post roads that they have stolen from Uncle Sam, and then may the stars and stripes again wave over our free and happy land."

**The President of the Rattan Factory.**—A rich contributor to the industry, the wealth, the charities, the beauty, (the beauties especially,) and the happiness of our village. May he ever be blessed in his basket and his bread.

H. Eaton, Esq., (from that establishment,) responded as follows:—"Our re-enlisting volunteers—We honor their devotion to their country, and will protect their rear."

**Our Fair.**—On this fair eve, in this fair village,—this fair and levee, got up m' inly by our own fair daughters, arranged and superintended by fairy hands, made cheerful by fairest countenances, full of fair play and interesting performances, harmonious with music more than fair, supplied with generous and delicious fare, so that all may fare well, and all design for the welfare of the sick and wounded brave ones, who deserve the fair—young men who have an unfair fate, in fair fight, to sustain the fair flag of this fair land,—this Fair, may it haul in, as fishermen say, such a rich fare, as shall fairly entitle it to the distinctive appellation of a successful affair. Farewell.

Response—Music.

Saturday evening.—It being Saturday evening, and so many people wearied with the unusual labors and excitements of the week, it was feared there would not be many in attendance to make purchases, yet it was thought best to exact a small entrance fee to help the matter along a little. About 400 were present, who seemed as joyful as on either of the previous evenings. After an hour spent in private sales at the tables, the balance of the articles were disposed of at auction, Jas. Eustis and Daniel Allen, Esq., officiating as auctioneers. The scene was exceedingly lively for upwards of an hour, when the sale was closed.

Among the donations to the Fair was a load of pine wood of superior quality, presented by Henry J. Hart. It stood in front of the Town House, and was auctioneered off at a round price.

The "guess cake," presented by Mrs. Thos. Winslow, was an object of interest. After the auction it was announced that Mr. Asaph Clark and Mrs. J. K. Richardson were the successful guessers, between whom the cake was divided. (Thanks to Mrs. Richardson for her kind remembrance of the reporter in a very generous slice of it.) The net proceeds of these entertainments are not yet fully ascertained, but the figures will sum up satisfactorily. The whole was a grand success though the committee very much regret that any should be disappointed in not obtaining tickets for the supper. The tickets should have been placed at double the price they were, but it was not supposed there was so much interest in the matter, and that low priced tickets would encourage whole families to partake of the supper. Seldom has anything occurred in town to excite so general an interest as the entertainments here reported.

M.

**WOBURN MARBLE & GRANITE STONE-WORKS.**—The subscribers offer for sale the largest and best assortment of MARBLE.

Monuments and Gravestones

ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention given to the

fitting up of Cemetery Lots

With GRANITE EDGE STONE and POSTS,

also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for Building purposes furnished to order.

OPIE—Main Street, Woburn Centre, Mass.

A. SCOTT & CO.

Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1864.—21-3w.

NOTICE.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of J. W. POLAND & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

J. W. POLAND,

P. H. SWEETSER,

Melrose, Feb. 13, 1864.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture at his Laboratory in Melrose, his WHITE PINE COMPOUND, and other popular remedies.

21-4c.

J. W. POLAND.

Leather Bags.

JUST received, a lot of LADIES' LEATHER BAGS and PORTEMONNAIES, at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

TO LET.

THE store recently occupied by S. S. PETTENGILL, opposite the Central House, Woburn. Possessor of the lot of April 1, 1863.

Appt'd by JOSPH KELLEY,

Feb. 6, 1864.

19-1w.

February Magazines,

For sale at the Woburn Bookstore

230.

To Arms! To Arms!—The Citizen Soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brash, muddy water and damp night air than is in the most determined enemy. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. Only 26 cents per box.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM

Old Brown Windsor Soap—Genuine

On hand and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM

TO LET.

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The American Hot Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by SHELLARD & CO., of Albany, was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1862, again at Utica, Sept. 15, 1863. Twice this excellent Stove has since been awarded the Superior Court for said County of Middlesex, and the County of Montgomery, New York, and the competent judges the best Stove in the State, and this decision has been fully sustained by the people of the and adjoining States, as it has received the highest commendation from the best authorities of the country where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and PAUCH & CO., Fitchburg.

## Special Notices.

Ten Dollars Reward.

Whereas, the Selectmen have been informed that they will furnish their customers with the mug of flip, foaming with the hottooggerhead, as in the olden time,—and the logheaders have gone by also, and we rejoice that it is so. But there is a cordial, "innocent tho' strong," Man's heart at once inspites and serenes,"

of which we should like a drink round, on this occasion, and our friend, Mr. Philip Wheeler knows how, without a loghead, to make and pour it. Please open your mug, Philip.

Response by Philip C. Wheeler, Esq.

Justice.—Her suitors, in this vicinity, may rest assured of their rights, while her scales are poised in the steady hands of our learned and accomplished Police Magistrate, who is head and shoulders above his competitors.

Response by Judge Upton.

Blackstone Bank.—With pure gold from our own native mine for its President,—with a faithful Joshua, who can only picture was in part a schoolboy for his teacher, and with a whole and noble Winslow at its steeds,—a ship that hauls and sails from our own port,—who so able to tell its species value and honor drafts upon its attractive stock, as the Payer Teller, upon whom we would draw for some current fun and funds.

Response by Thos. Winslow, Esq.

The Boston and Maine Foundry.

Male treason still on nation shake,  
May they no longer cook stoves make,  
But cannon balls, and cannon too,  
Find work for Walker and his crew.

No response.

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Response

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL  
BOOK AND JOB  
PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
Main Street, Woburn.

We call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

**EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.**

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

**BLANK BOOKS,**

**INSURANCE POLICIES,**

**BANK CHECKS,**

**CIRCULARS,**

**PROGRAMMES,**

**PAMPHLETS,**

**ORDER OF EXERCISES,**

**LEGAL BLANKS,**

**BILL HEADS,**

**CATALOGUES,**

**SERMONS,**

**NOTE BOOKS,**

**BLANK RECEIPTS,**

**BUSINESS CARDS,**

**ADDRESS CARDS,**

**BALL CARDS,**

**ORDER OF DANCES,**

**SHOW BILLS,**

**POSTERS,**

**AUCTION BILLS,**

**BHOP BILLS,**

**MILK BILLS,**

**LABELS,**

**de, &c., &c.**

Particular attention paid to printing

**POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.**

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Fall and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

**JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,**  
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**STURGIS'S ELECTRIC COMPOUND,**  
AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR

**Neuralgia and Rheumatism.**

Also, invaluable for Spinal Irritation, Hip Complaints, Aque in the Face, Tooth Ache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Earache, Lumpago, &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine to the public, desire to state that this preparation does not belong to that class called patent medicines. Its value has been found fully adequate to the removal of many obstinate cases of the above complaints, which other celebrated remedies had failed to remove. It is a safe, healthy and powerful medicine. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure but one class of disease. All persons who are troubled with any of these complaints are earnestly requested to try this Compound and judge for themselves.

Among the Advantages of this medicine are the following:

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantaneous. It is now in its application and the patient runs no risk in using it. It does not strike to the bone.

It reaches the nerves and muscles, as it is believed, over every medicinal dose.

It is used in the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It can be used on a child or on an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been pleased to publish the names of many persons who have used the Compound and found great benefit results. He presents here a few of them. They are among the most respectable citizens of Boston and their residences and names are given.

Rev. Mr. Munroe, Late Editor of "Boston Recorder."

Rev. H. M. Fletcher, of Boston.

Joseph J. Allen, M.D., Washington street, House No. 55 Rutland street.

N. K. Kepp, Tract Society, 40 Cornhill.

Addison Boyd, 45 Washington st., firm of H. D. C. Rogers, Conway Insurance Company, 79 State Street, Boston.

Miss Rogers, 22 Cornhill Street, Boston.

B. L. Skinner, 129 Washington Street, Boston.

Mrs. C. H. Hale, Alpine Street, Roxbury.

Mrs. C. A. Rose, 3 Concord St., Charlestown.

C. C. Barry, Cashier of City Bank, Boston, and many others.

This Compound is permitted to publish the following letter from O. C. Pitkin, Esq., Principal of the High School in the city of Chelsea, and well known as one of the most successful teachers in New England.

CHICHESTER, April 30, 1862.

MY FRIENDS: Yours of the 20th is received. My wife was troubled with severe Neuralgia in the face, and she had suffered much pain and distress. I think it is an excellent article, and have recommended it in one instance, where it also produced good effect. You certainly have the liberty to refer it to me. With much respect,

O. C. PITKIN.

B. W. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

106 Washington street, Boston.

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries.

**ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.**

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient Army Checkers. It will cost nine cents to send this article by mail. Call and examine.



**HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.**

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Curse Propeps, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, General Distility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of the Stomach, Sore arising from Bodily Exertion without or inherent in the system or produced by special

Nostro, that is not wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is popular among compatriots of any kind, no dandy botanical element; no fiery extract; but it is a combination of the extracts of rare botanical herbs and plants with the purest and best alcohol.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and, so far as the human system can be protected by human art, to be avoided. It is a true and wholesome antiseptic. It cures water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS can be relied upon as a safeguard.

In addition to its Tonic and Aperient, it has been found invaluable as a preventive and irresistible as a remedy and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the disease. It is a thousand times more efficacious than any of its predecessors of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a brief course of this marvelous medicine. It is a safe and reliable medicine, applied with quinine for months in vain, until fully saturated with that dangerous alkali, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, for want of exercise. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, also invariably relieves the Convulsions of the Liver, and the spasmodic action of the digestive and secretive organs.

Persons of feeble habit liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits, Fits of Languor and prostration, are relieved by this Bitter. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agony of Head-Colds is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or tried before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Death and Disease, it is a safe and reliable remedy.

Old Age, it exercises the electric influence in the convalescent stages of all diseases it cures as a delightful invigilant. When the powers of nature are exhausted, it operates to re-ensure and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimulant*, and the best for all ages. It cures all maladies, and entitles itself in all the ordinary complaints more or less in all the ordinary systems and stomachs of the day.

It is easily and deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Produced by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

Particular attention paid to printing

**POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.**

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Fall and Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

**HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.**

COMPOUND PLANT EXTRACT BUCHU, a powerful and specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dyspepsia Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and lessens the Absorption into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmbold's Extract BUCHU.

For Weaknesses arising from Excesses, Habits of Disposition, Early Indulgence or Abuse, attended with the following symptoms: Loss of Power, Want of Energy, Loss of Memory, Poor Nerves, Loss of Appetite, Diseases of Vision, Pain in the Back, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Dryness of the Skin, &c.

They cure all those fits to which the female system is subjected with dispatch and a degree of certainty, which nothing but a scientifically composed fluid preparation could reach.

Use No Other!

Use No Other!

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Do Not Be Impaired Upon!

# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII.: No. 22.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Winter will not Last Forever.

Winter will not last forever;  
Spring will soon come forth again,  
And, with flowers of every color,  
Deck the hillside and the plain.  
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,  
Birds re-echo from each tree,  
"Winter's gone!" it days are ended!  
We are happy—we are free!"  
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,  
Soon with leaves be covered o'er;  
Winter cannot last forever;  
Brighter days are yet in store!

Snows will not last forever,  
Brighter times will come again,  
Joy our every grief succeeding,  
As the sunshine after rain.  
As the snow and ice of winter  
Melt at the approach of spring,  
So will all our cares and trials  
Joy, and peace, and comfort bring.  
When the heart is sad and drooping,  
Think, though you be vexed sore,  
Snows cannot last forever;  
Brighter days are yet in store!

### Select Literature.

#### A CONTRABAND PREACHING:

NIGHT SCENE ON THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

The long trains that frequently rolled into Eastport, while I was stationed there, were not wholly under the escort of our soldiers. This place on the Tennessee river was the base of supplies for the army at Juka and Tuscumia, and the shipping point for that region of cotton, by steamers, to the north. All the trains must be guarded as they moved through the "enemy's country," but usually the cotton train had an escort of cavalry—necessary to the success of the expedition—but always came back with recruited numbers.

It was a sight to see, rather than to read of,—those forty, fifty, an hundred or more wagons, rumbling along towards the landing over the excellent road that winds along the base of those high hills, just back from the river. Nearly a mile of this road is in view from the landing, and on those wagons loaded with cotton, were hundreds of negroes, men, women and children ; garnishing the train were led horses and mules, loaded with bundles of "traps," the personal property of the negroes ; dangling from the loads, were chickens, turkeys, geese, anything and every thing that a "forging party," or slaves made free by "Massa Lincon," could steal or "tote" away.

To-day, a train as above, would come in, unload, then out, and in two or three days return again. It was amusing to watch the chattering and eagerness, and capers and antics of the first arrived, as they ran to meet the incoming train, to see and know "who's done gone come *dis time*." Dar! if dar aint "Wash" and "ole Suze." "Yah! yah! if dey haint done gone and fatched daise whole batch of your 'uns." "Bress my soul, if dar aint Colonel Smi's whole plantation—won't he cuss though!" "See-cess aint loss a heap time, den dis chile am a nigger!" &c., &c. Babel let loose, but laughably intelligible to any listener.

Then to see them run from one wagon to another, hunting up acquaintances ; shaking hands with this one, hugging and kissing that one ; a burst of laughter, a joyous, full-mouthed "yaw-haw" now, and next a scornful malediction, as they look farther, and see one they dislike. "Wish de 'brack nigger' was whar he ought to be; don't long to dis crowd,—him aint nobbin' but 'trash.'" "If Nited States don't git sick ob dat piece ob prop'ty!" "Ole massa done gone try and gib him 'way—couldn't git shut ob him, no how! Never find fool 'nough to take'in'!" "Reckon de 'Yanks' got stuck dis ebe-min—he jus a 'grace to de culleders folks ; he is, shush!"

I amus me much to see the little negroes, boys and girls, all sizes, in all sorts of ragged or patched clothing, generally with merely an apology for a garment attached to them by a wriggle and a twit : grinning, laughing, kicking, greasy, shiny and happy.—"We're go'n norf!" "An we is, too!" are the call and answer, as these broods intermingle with the broods of little black pigs belonging to the moving multitude, each alike full of life and reckless fun, the negroes gaining ascendancy, inasmuch as the laugh and the tears are a part of their sport.

But I must tell you of "Jack" and his sermon. One lovely afternoon, of the load then brought in, was a man whom I judged to be about forty-five years old, and who, after the wagons were unloaded, silenced the whole batch of black jabberers by announcing—

"De culleders folks (and white gemmen, if daise a-mind-to) mus member dat de glory mus be gibben to Gor-a-mighty, for dis 'sponsible casion! Ole Jack will call your 'fessionate minds to de right spot whence all de blessings flow, dis berry afternoon, just 'bout sundown, for we's moss to de happy land of Canaan!"

That was a notice of preaching, and I promised myself to be there, for I was one of the "white gemmen" who was "a-mind-to"—Oh! it had been a long time, so long, since I had heard preaching of any kind, not even from a "chaplain," that I was hungry for "a word fitly spoken."

He was a modest looking, unassuming man—with a quiet strength about him that

could not be concealed. In my own mind I put him down as a sincere Christian, full of the spirit to strive to do right—his heart strong "for the truth." I was not disappointed.

It was, as I have said, a lovely day. As the sun went down in the soft haze, the moon, full and clear, rose above the hills ; and the broad Tennessee—which at this place runs almost east and west—was silvery with the reflected, shimmering moonlight. On the higher bank of the river, from which, either way, two miles or more of that rushing stream is under the eye, were gathered hundreds of negroes to answer to Old Jack's appointment. On the opposite shore, a rich bordering of lofty trees gave to this flashing river a shadowy softness, and an easy blending with the dark bank. It is in my memory now, a beautiful picture. The very group on the bank, that by daylight were grotesque and ultra in their variance from the desirable idea of propriety and comeliness in dress, form and feature, were here the very group to give life and interest to the view. Perhaps curiosity, or a zest for fun, had as much to do as anything else in bringing quite a number of soldiers to swell the number, for here and there and yonder, as I looked over the heads of the crowd, the glint of the glittering bayonet told that some of the guards near had wandered from the guardhouse to hear "preaching."

The introduction of religious exercises was by singing. Some one of the crowd, with a clear, sweet voice, alone led off, with—

"Come, dou foun' ob ebry bressin,  
Tune my heart to sin dy praise."

Soon the dear, old, familiar tune and its hallowed associations touched the heart, and the words,

"Teach me some melodious sonnet  
Sung by flauing tongues above;"

were carried by a volume of melody—the heart-breath of hundreds—on the night air, with too much soul and fervor to allow a thought about negro pronunciation.

How quickly the heart will answer to the old tunes that tell of home ; tunes we heard in childhood, and that are so interwoven with thoughts of those we love, of mother's sweet voice !

The careless, reckless mule-driver stopped cursing his vicious team, till now, was receiving his choicest store of profanity, as they acted *mule* over the evening feed of grain, dropped the oats, listened, and with a voice softened by the sacred memories of home, or the awakened echo of that nearly forgotten prayer, joined earnestly in the familiar hymn.

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At the close of the hymn, Old Jack moved to a slight rise of the ground from which he could be seen by those around, and commenced his sermon. His text was—"When de chilum of Izul war tryin to leab de lan ob Egyp, when de hole lan was dark, so dark dat could take hold ob it and feel um, like de brack clof on de coffin, but de chilum of Izul had light in dar deadlin."

It would be tiresome to give you, in his words, the gist of the sermon, so I will name the point he attempted to make, and perhaps an illustration or two, in his own words.

The whole sermon was delivered, not in the oratorical style of his people, but in a genial, kindly way he talked, as though he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

"In de fu' place," the negroes, slaves, were like the children of Israel in Egypt under hard task-masters. Moss was their deliverer. Abraham Lincoln the deliverer of the slaves. Naming the plagues in their order, as recorded, he with much ingenuity found a counterpart in some woe that had fallen upon this country, or that he had heard afflict the people from time to time. "And now," said he, joining two of the plagues, "dere is jus upon dis tyme, der dead body ob de fu'born (or wusser yet), ob de fader an busban, cold and bloody in ebry house in de lan; and all is dark in de hole 'Nited States, so dat nobdy can see de fu' sign of a track in de woods." Nobody can tell who he run against, it is so dark; or how he git back home again, it is so dark; he can do nofina but stan still an feel it, but de chilum of Izul hab light in de dwellin."

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Another illustration was this. "You white gemmen don't know what is make de nigger happy to-night. We's all on the same spot; de same ground under de foot; de same moon ober de head; de same ribber running by; but it am no more to you den any odder ribber dat bring you, and swim the steam-boats wid de loads of more sofers and plenty to eat; it am only de nice ribber,

and it look nice to-night, if you took ob it; an to-night is nuffin to you but a bery nice night, is bery nice night, to-morrow night,—but to me and dese 'ere culleder peple it mean more den eber you have sperience. To-day is de fus day we draw de full long bref, an neber tink to look all round see whose coming! Dis night we sing, as we pray, an we gib glory to Gor-a-mity, and don't borry time to do it; we do it uselive, we don't long to anybody, we's for de fus time free!

"Dat shint riber am a line ob light in de life ob dese 'ere black pe'le! we's come to shore! Mornin and night, from now, from de banks ob dis Tennessee, is Gor-a-mity's time! It is sun-up to the nigger! Dis night am unspeakable, and full of joy!"

One of the soldiers asked him if he really believed he was going to heaven when he died.

"Sure of it, massa."

"But suppose you cut up some wicked shine, get mad, curse and swear, steal, lie, or do some other wicked things, and just aslike may you?" Then where is your?

"On, bress your heart, Massa! if it pended on Ole Jack he'd been done gone before. See my face is brak? Why old Jack's heart's bracker dan dat. You see dat star? See all ob dem? See dat moon? De blessed Lord hold 'em so, *jut where dy is*. You don't know how He do it, but He hold 'em, shuh ah; so He take care ob Jack; He hold him up; He mind him all the time. Jack's name am written in the Lam's book ob life!"

"How do you know it is?"

"I'll tell you, but massa p'rhaps tink it am all old niggar's sense, jus foolish, but I know it, just as sur as Jack am here a-talking in. I seed once, just like I see de readin on your hat, de name ob all dat was bought by de precious blood was written on little gold piece 'bout long as de little finger, an dey all hang up in a row, an I look 'long de row, an keep a-lookin' an when my eyes most gib it up, I see Jack's name dar. I seed it shuh ah! an all the time it burnin' in my heart, 'Jack's name is on de bright row.' Den when I pray an' sing de mose, an lab ebry body de mose, de mose is bright, and lub ob Jesus keep it bright, an' shine like glory! I don't pend on Jack! When Jack tinks ob Jesus, he's safe shuh ah!"

On the following night I attended a prayer-meeting, called by Old Jack, in one of the old warehouses, and though many of the "brudders" engaged in the exercises, yet none evinced, to me, that *quiet trust*, as did the awakened echo of that nearly forgotten prayer, joined earnestly in the familiar hymn.

I know not where the poor fellow now is, but I do know that the gem of so peaceful a spirit cannot be concealed, and that, whether he is, whether in bondage or enjoying his new found freedom, "there is light in the dwelling." —*N. Y. Observer.*

ADVANTAGES OF YEARS.—You are "getting into years." Yes, but the years are getting into you,—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, lucious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer to the truth. You no longer draw your bow at a venture, but shoot straight to the mark. Your possibilities concentrate and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength with which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command return the possession and command of all things. The tide of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. Earth and sea and sky pour out their larges of love. All the past crowds down to lay its load at your feet. —*Gail Hamilton.*

### Marching Song of the "First of Arkansas."

The following song was written by Captain Lindsey Miller of the First Arkansas Colored regiment. Captain Miller says the "boys" sing the song on dress parade with an effect which can hardly be described, and adds, that "while it is not very conservative, it will do to fight with." Captain Miller is a son of ex-Senator Miller of New Jersey :

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.  
See dar! above de centre, where de flag is wavin' bright;  
We are goin' out of slavery; we are bound for freedom's light;  
We mean to show Jeff. Davis how de Af-ricans can fight !

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

We hab done wid hoein' cotton, we hab done with hoein' corn;  
We are colored Yankee soldiers now, as sure as you are born;  
When de massas hear us yellin' dey'll think it's Gabriel's horn,

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

We hab heard de proclamation, massa hush it as will;

De bird he sing it to us, hoppin' on de cotton hill;  
And de possum up de gum-tree he couldn't keep it still;

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

Dey said, "Now colored bredren, you shall be forever free;

From de first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three;  
We heard it in de riber goin' rushin' to de sea;

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

Father Abraham has spoken, and de message has been sent,  
De prison doors he opened, and out de phis-ness went;

To join de sable army of de "African de-scents;"

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

Den fall in colored bredren, you'd better do it soon;

Don't you hear de drum a beatin' de Yankee Doodle tune?

We are wid you now dis mornin', we'll be far away at noon;

As we go marching on :  
Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS-\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher, and after notice thereof, the party discontinuing, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .25
One square one year, .50
One square six months, .60
One square three months, .60
One square one year, .60
Half a square six months, .40
Half a square three months, .40
For the first time a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICE: *Leaded*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *ENTITLED ORDERED OUT*, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. M. Mansfield.

Stoneham—L. T. Whittier.

Winchester—Josiah Hovey.

Reading—L. E. D. Gleason.

B. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York, Salesmen (successor to W. C. Palmer,) have Building, Clothing, Books, &c., and are empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an answer to the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1864

We have made arrangements for the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and Mrs. Demarest's QUARTERLY MIRROR OR FASHIONS, for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Our subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00.

The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. In short, it is the cheapest and best fashion magazine published in the country.

The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will soon follow, which is to be, the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the JOURNAL and MIRROR for one year.

## WAR MEETINGS.

In response to a call made by the war committee of this town, about six hundred of our citizens assembled in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening last, to assist in filling the balance—twenty-one—of our quota. At the opening of the meeting, the chairman, Capt. Grammer, gave a clear and reasonable explanation of the last call of the President for volunteers. Sergt. Adams, of Billerica, now attached to the 59th Mass. (Vet.) Infantry; Capt. J. P. Crane, of this town, and Sergt. Munroe, of Milton, belonging to the Woburn Union Guard, and Hon. S. M. Allen, made addresses full of eloquent, truthful and witty sayings. Sergt. Munroe gave a synopsis of the campaigns under Gens. McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade, all of which he had taken part in. One recruit was obtained, James J. A. McCool.

On Wednesday evening, a second meeting was held. The hall was full to overflowing, with a preponderance in numbers of the gender sex. During the evening, the cry of fire, raised by some injudicious person, caused considerable commotion among the audience, but the agitation was soon quieted by the announcement that the fire was some five miles away. D. W. Kimball, of Salem, delivered a stirring and powerful address eliciting much applause. Sergt. Munroe delivered himself in his usual happy style. Goo. M. Chapman sang "Shoulder Arms." During the evening Messrs. Charles H. Foss, William C. Stowers, Albert Greenwood, and Charles F. Blaisdell, enlisted.

The quota of the town, under the last call is 35. Over the previous call we had a surplus of 14, leaving 21 to be obtained. The names of those who have enlisted since the last call are—

Sergt. Daniel Reddy, (re-enlisted,) Co. F, 16th Mass. Regt.

John H. Day, (re-enlisted,) Battery K, 4th U. S. Artillery.

O. Morton Wade, formerly of Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., now 4th Mass. Batter.

Chas. F. Woodell, Co. B, 17th Mass. Regt.

Charles H. Foss, (of the Phalanx,) 59th Mass. (Vet.) Regt.

Wm. C. Stowers, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.

Moses F. Butler, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.

The following named men are claimed by the Selectmen, as properly belonging to our quota:

Chas. F. Swan, credited to the quota of Harvard.

Geo. F. Colcord, to that of Swampsott.

G. J. Watson and Bonapart H. Swift, to that of Boston.

There will be another meeting this (Saturday) evening, Feb. 27th.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.—The Committee appointed to canvass the town for subscriptions, that an additional sum might be given our volunteers, have met with good success, but still have not received enough to carry out the original idea. In connection with this matter we wish to say, that in one of our tanneries—J. B. Winn & Co.'s—one hundred dollars were obtained by the collector, Mr. Hammond. This is something that other manufacturers might well emulate. The laboring classes, as a general thing, have responded cheerfully to the demands made upon them, and it now only remains for our modest men to make the object in view a complete success.

WOBURN EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION FOR FREEDMEN.—This society has only been organized a few weeks, and now numbers over eighty members. The contributions, and fees from members, amount to \$100. The expense of sustaining a teacher is \$240 a year, and no doubt enough to pay this sum will readily be obtained. The ladies of the society will not decline to receive large and small, especially large, contributions from gentlemen favorable to the object they have in view. No one at this day can say that the Freedmen have no demands upon our benevolence. They are thrown upon the nation ignorant and helpless in certain respects, and it is a duty we owe to God and ourselves, to see that they are well cared for, and that they are taught to become industrious and good members of society. Let nothing chill their natural bent at this time when every thing seems so bright and cheerful, and they for the first time in their lives are enabled to call themselves freemen. Let Massachusetts now perform what she has so long advocated, and become the pioneer in showing these abused and degraded human beings the right path; and last, though not least, let Woburn do her full share of the good work.

WOBURN BRANCH RAILROAD.—On the first of April, the business of the Boston and Lowell R. R. Corporation, in Woburn, comes under the immediate and sole superintendence of Mr. D. D. Hart, who has entered into a contract for that purpose. The object of the corporation in making this change, is that they may have some one who will give his whole attention to the work, thus taking the burden from their shoulders. And in selecting Mr. Hart for the situation—and we may here say that the position is not one of his own seeking, but entirely the reverse—he must have had well-founded confidence in his business qualities and integrity, and have felt that he was best qualified to give satisfaction to all concerned. At a future time, when the new arrangement has had a fair trial, we will revert to the subject.

SOCIAL LEVEE.—The Levee held in the Orthodox Vestry, on Monday evening, was a decided success, both financially and socially. A large number of persons were present, who enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. The supper provided for the occasion was sumptuous, and was partaken of by a large number. The sale of ice cream was large, netting a handsome sum. The net proceeds amount to about \$140, which is more than is necessary to meet the sum due on the vestry piano. We wish to mention another fact connected with this Levee, which was not set down in the programme, and which gives us much pleasure to chronicle. During the evening a handsome sum of money was collected from among the audience, and presented to the pastor by Mr. D. D. Hart. "Little affairs" of this kind are great strengtheners for good in a religious society, and a benefit to pastor and people—cementing in closer bonds those who are united to sing, and not only sing but practice, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

PLAN OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE GROUND.—We have been shown a very fine sketch of this noted battle-ground, made by a former resident of Woburn, Mr. Charles W. Reed, now of the 9th Mass. Battery. The plan is accurate, and has received the approval of many superior officers, and also many persons in civil life, who have ordered copies of the lithograph. The position and line of fire of the contending armies are given, and the sketch ought to be in the possession of every one on account of the great historical interest which will be attached to this battle. As this is Mr. Reed's first attempt at publicity, it is hoped that he will receive sufficient encouragement to call forth a further illustration of that versatility of talent he is so well known to possess. In his portraiture of incidents occurring in real life, truthfulness, grace, and ease in outline, are prominent characteristics. He is now engaged in making a series of sketches illustrating incidents which occurred under his own observation during that memorable battle, which will soon be published as a companion for the Gettysburg plan. Copies can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore, and of Mr. S. Horton, Price 50 cents.

ANOTHER TRAIN.—A petition has been in circulation, and has received a large number of signatures, asking for an express train from Woburn to Boston stopping at Winchester only. This is an accommodation that has long been needed, and we hope that the prayer of the petition will be granted. Different hours have been suggested for the leaving of the train, but it is hard to find one that will suit everybody. Soon, we suppose, the train that starts at 7 A. M. will be changed to 7, and that at 9 to 8.30, consequently would it not be well to have the express train—if we get it—leave at 9.30 or 10? Almost every town in the vicinity of Woburn has a ten o'clock down train, and why cannot we have the same?

INSURANCE, &c.—We beg to call attention to the card of Mr. Sparrow Horton in our advertising columns. Mr. Horton's facilities for accommodating the public are various. He insures either life or property, and obtains pensions of Uncle Sam for the widow and fatherless. He frames pretty faces and ugly pictures large and small, in every style; and offers for sale (at the Post Office,) a variety of things too numerous to particularize in a "puff" like this. In short we advise our readers not to go to Boston to procure anything in his line, for it is his determination to keep up with the times in everything.

FURLOUGH.—Corp. Charles H. Johnson, Co. K, 39th Regt., reached home Monday evening, from the Douglas Hospital, Washington, on a furlough of twenty days. Mr. Johnson has been sick for some time, and it is to be hoped that the influence of home and friends will restore him to his usual health. It is likely that his furlough will be extended, should he not become convalescent in the time named.

EXHIBITION.—The Students of Warren Academy gave an exhibition, consisting of Recitations, Dialogues, &c., in Lyceum Hall, last evening. The programme was carried out to the entire satisfaction of the audience. During the evening the Warren Cadets went through a portion of the manual in a very creditable manner, showing that they had received good instruction. A further notice of the exhibition cannot be given, for want of time.

THE ATLANTIC.—The Atlantic for March contains contributions from John G. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Robert Dale Owen, Oliver Wendell Holmes, I. K. Marvel, Alice Cary, and other celebrated authors. It is only necessary for us to call attention to this array of writers, as their productions are always popular and satisfactory. The Atlantic is not a credit to Boston, but to the whole country, and has done much for the literature of America.

BOUNTY.—We again wish to call attention to the fact that the national bounty will not be paid after Monday next, those who are waiting between two minds had better decide at once. Let all doubting ones make up their minds to enlist and sign the rolls to-night.

MAGIC AND VENTRILLOQUISM.—By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Mr. Gillespie will give one of his performances in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Friday evening next. Those who attend will find Mr. Gillespie's powers equal to any performer in his line.

DENTISTRY.—The many patrons of Dr. C. T. Lang, will be glad to know that he has recovered from his indisposition, and is now ready to attend to their demands upon his skill. His restoration to health will save much excruciating torture.

WE have a large number of poetical favors on hand which we will attend to at the earliest possible moment.

Clothing to Soldiers by Mail.

Congress has passed an Act to amend the law prescribing the articles to be admitted into the mails of the United States, as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, That articles of clothing, being manufactured of wool, cotton or linen, and comprised in a package not exceeding two pounds in weight, and two pounds in depth, may be sent across the ocean, and may be transmitted in the mails of the United States at the rate of eight cents, to be in all cases prepaid, for every four ounces, or any fraction thereof, subject to such regulations as the Postmaster General may prescribe."

Approved January 22, 1864.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Jan. 25th, 1864.

The foregoing law is published for the information of the public, and especially for the guidance of Postmasters, and it is thought to be so full and plain that no one can mistake its meaning. Postmasters, will, however, bear in mind that packages of clothing entitled to pass in the mails—four ounces for eight cents—must be manufactured from wool, cotton or linen, and not exceeding two pounds in weight, must be addressed to a non-commissioned officer or private, serving in the armies of the United States. Consequently, a package addressed to a commissioned officer, or composed of other materials than as above specified, such as boots, shoes, &c., if sent by mail, must be prepaid by stamps at letter rates, v. z.: three cents for every half ounce or fraction thereof. M. BLAIR, P. M. G.

GODLY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR MARCH.—Every lady ought to have this number to regulate her style of dress for the spring months. Every variety will be found in this number—colored fashions, wood-cut fashions, and many other articles suited to the month and the season. Spring Cloaks, Spring Head-dresses, and Fashions for Children's Spring dresses. Brodie contributes one of his most recherche Spring Cloaks. The steel engraving in this number, "Want of Confidence," is well worth the price of the Book; and the music, "The Golden Hair Polka," cannot be procured anywhere but in the Lady's Book.

"Great Expectations" and the "Housekeeper's Chatelein" will please all. See the "Fanchon Jacket." Seventy-two engravings, especially for ladies, either to amuse or instruct. The literary matter in this number is contributed by Marion Harland, Mary W. Janvrin, the author of "Miss Slimmins," and other celebrated authoresses.

POST IN CAMBRIDGE—LOSS OF LIFE.—A wooden block of three ice houses, near Fresh Pond, W. Cambridge, and a large brick block, comprising five ice vaults, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. Two men named Abiel Pickett and John H. Hussey, who went with others into the vaults to help to extinguish the fire, were burned to death, and several were badly injured.

CHAS. F. WOODELL, Co. B, 17th Mass. Regt.

CHARLES H. FOSS, (of the Phalanx,) 59th Mass. (Vet.) Regt.

W. C. STOWERS, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.

MOSSES F. BUTLER, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.

The following named men are claimed by the Selectmen, as properly belonging to our quota:

CHAS. F. SWAN, credited to the quota of Harvard.

GEORGE F. COLCORD, to that of Swampsott.

G. J. WATSON and BONAPART H. SWIFT, to that of Boston.

There will be another meeting this (Saturday) evening, Feb. 27th.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.—The Committee appointed to canvass the town for subscriptions, that an additional sum might be given our volunteers, have met with good success, but still have not received enough to carry out the original idea. In connection with this matter we wish to say, that in one of our tanneries—J. B. Winn & Co.'s—one hundred dollars were obtained by the collector, Mr. Hammond. This is something that other manufacturers might well emulate. The laboring classes, as a general thing, have responded cheerfully to the demands made upon them, and it now only remains for our modest men to make the object in view a complete success.

FELIX GILL.—Felix Gill, a Philadelphian, lately had

a legacy of \$30,000 left him, an advance payment of \$3,000 was made. Overcomes by his good fortune, he forsook wife and business for whiskey and debauchery, ending his course of wickedness by murdering his wife with a poker, and committing every indignity upon her lifeless body. Since his arrest, he has flogged insanity.

EXCHANGE.—An exchange says that one of the frozen roosters found hanging by its claws to the limb of a tree at New Albany, Indiana, had his last crow sticking eleven inches out of his mouth, and frozen stiff.

March Magazines for sale at Woburn Bookstore.

BRANDY STATION, VA., Feb. 13th, '64.  
DEAR EDITOR.—A southern winter is like an intermittent fever, the wintry weather prevails only at intervals. Once more the frost has bound the mud, and stinging winds again striduously hurry by these canvas dwellings, playing shivering tunes upon the projecting logs at all the corners. Firewood is once more at a premium; axes are dulled and again dulled, and the log chimneys, in which erewhile the flame had nearly died out,

again send columns of dense smoke eddying down the wind. Doors of canvas strive to imitate the closeness of misers. Soldiers go about their daily duties with briskness complimentary to the season. The present cold season seems all the colder from the preceding very mild weather. Still with these alternations of cold and warm the winter which only short while ago seemed so large a capital of comfort, gradually melts away, and shortly the season will be with us of marches and of battles, of motion and of action. The army has not quite stagnated in its present quarters.

A festival for the Vandaligham fund was held at Cincinnati on the 18th.

The Rural New Yorker shows by figures that \$100 per acre can be made by cultivating beets for sugar.

The Massachusetts soldier Ormsby, shot at Vienna for desertion, led a rebel charge against the Seventh,

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

**NOTICE**  
SOME POX HAS ALREADY SACRIFICED some of our best and bravest troops. Soldiers, listen to the voice of reason, supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood and strengthen the stomach, while the Ointment removes all pain, and prevents pustules. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

ABBY E. TIBB, Adm.  
Woburn, Feb. 23, 1864.—22 JW.

## Special Notices.

### Ten Dollars Reward.

Whereas, the Selectmen have been informed that SHADE TREES, on the Public Highways, have been mutilated, they hereby call the attention of all persons to Sec. 7, Chap. 46, of the General Statutes, and give public notice that the law will be enforced.

CHAP. 46, SEC. 7.—“Whoever wantonly injures, defaces, tears, or destroys an ornamental or shade tree, or shrub, statue, fountain, vase, or other plant or fixture of ornament or utility, in a street, road, square, court, park, garden, or other enclosure, shall forfeit not less than five (\$5), nor more than one hundred (\$100) dollars, to be recovered by complaint, one half to the complainant and the other half to the use of the person upon whose property, or within whose premises the trespass was committed.”

And they hereby offer a reward of TEN DOLLARS, for the conviction of any person offending as above.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
A. E. THOMPSON, CLERK.

Woburn, Feb. 4th, 1864.—25 JW.

### NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the town of Woburn, are requested to present the same for settlement BEFORE THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH, 1864. By order of the board of Selectmen.

A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Feb. 5, 1864.

### TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throats and Lung affections, (free of charge) by sending their address to

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburg, King's County, N.Y.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by SHEAR, PACKARD & CO., of Albany, was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair at Worcester, Oct. 1st, 1863, and at Utica, Sept. 1st, 1863. Twice this excellent Stove has stood the test, and twice has been pronounced by the judges to be the best in the State, and this second time it has easily beaten all the people in this and the adjoining States, as it has received the highest commendations from all sections of the country where it has been introduced.

For the 1st, J. E. LORING, Worcester, and PATCH & CO., Fitchburg.

### To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching; its effect is magical and certain. Harness, Stable Galls, Scratches, Mange, &c., it will also cure. Spain, and Ringbone may be easily prevented and removed in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameness, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectively prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

### HAVE YOU

A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color? DO YOU

Want to change that color to a handsome deep brown, or a perfect and natural black without injury to the fibres, without trouble or inconvenience? THEN YOU

Must use CHRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE, which is the only harmless, certain, instantaneous and truly natural Hair Dye in the world.

### SHOULD YOU

Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it.

Manufactured by J. CHRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1.50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

Christadoro's Hair Preservative, is invaluable with his dye, as it imparts the utmost softness and smoothness, gloss, and great vitality to the hair. Price, 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

22 m.

### Hottestors' Bitters

Have received the warmest encomiums from the press and people throughout the Unions a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Constipation, and general debility, it is not to be approached. Every day new cases of its great effect are chronicled through our principal public journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment of this Bitter, the effects of which are manifested in a few days. It cures all diseases mentioned, and to all others it is of service. See Advertisement.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

22 m.

### Preserve your Beauty.

Symmetry of form, health and mental powers, by using that safe, pleasant, popular and specific remedy known as HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. Read the advertisement in another column, and see the Druggist's Disease, and its enumeration. Cut it out and preserve it. You may not now require it, but may at some future day:

“It gives health and vigor to the frame;

“It saves long suffering and exposure.

Beware of Counterfeits! Cures Guaranteed!

GILLESPIE  
THE GREAT MAGICIAN  
AND VENTRILOQUIST,

WILL PERFORM AT  
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,

Friday Evening, March 4th.

Mr. Gillespie begs permission to inform the people of this town and vicinity, that he will on this occasion give a Grand Entertainment, which can not be equalled by any other performer.

### GO AND SEE HIM.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF

REAL ESTATE IN WOBURN.

BY virtue of a license from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY the TWENTY-FIRST day of MARCH next, at 10 o'clock A.M., on the premises of a house, No. 15 Washington Street, and shop adjoining, with about 8,500 feet of choice land situated on the North side of Charles street, in Woburn, known as the home of Phelps Thurston, deceased, and his successors. Terms and further particulars, at the sale.

SAMUEL THURSTON, Executor.  
Woburn, Feb. 25th, 1864.—22 JW.

### NOTICE.

I HEREBY notify all persons, that I have given to my son, CHARLES S. JONES, full liberty to do business for himself, and that I shall claim none of his earnings, or pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

CHARLES JONES.

Woburn, Feb. 8, 1864.—22 JW.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution which issued on a Judgment in favor of Alfred G. Carter, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, at the term of the Superior Court for said County of Middlesex, on the 20th day of January, A.D. 1864, Ruth Deale, of Woburn, deceased, and her husband, who trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same at 10 o'clock A.M., to be held to said estate called upon to make payment to

ABBY E. TIBB, Adm.

Woburn, Feb. 23, 1864.—22 JW.

### Lost or Mislaid,

A NOTE for One Thousand Dollars, signed by LYMAN DIXIE, payable to the order of THOMAS & LYDNE, and endorsed by the same, was lost on the 25th ult., on my way from Boston to Woburn, Feb. 9th, 1864.—21 JW.

Real Estate at Auction.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the EIGHTH day of MARCH next, at 2 o'clock, P.M., the

### HOUSE AND LAND

situated on Mount Pleasant Street, in Woburn, and belonging to the subscriber. The house contains thirteen rooms; has a good cellar, and has a large kitchen, six bedrooms, two parlors, a BARN and OUTBUILDINGS, all in good repair. There is a good well of water on the premises. The house would be convenient for three families, or would make a good boarding house.

This sale is worthy the attention of purchasers, who are invited to be present.

### HORACE COLLAMORE

Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, Feb. 20th, 1864.—21 JW.

WOBURN MARBLE & GRANITE

STONE-WORKS.

The subscribers offer for sale the largest and best assortment of MARBLE

Monuments and Gravestones

ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to gratify satisfaction.

Fitting up of Cemetery Lots

with GRANITE EDGE-STONE and POSTS.

Also, all kinds of Granite stone-work for Building purposes furnished to order.

OFFICE—Main Street, Woburn Centre, Mass.

### A. SCOTT & CO.

Woburn, Feb. 8th, 1864.—21 JW.

NOTICE.

The subscribers offer for sale the largest

and best assortment of MARBLE

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

IT is well known to the Medical Profession

that the Vital Principle, or Life Element of the Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the red wine, but if the iron is not properly digested, it is of little value. When the iron is not properly digested, the body becomes weak, and the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, &c., are all affected.

It is only the discovery of that valuable

combination known as PERUVIAN SYRUP, that the great power of this VITALIZING AGENT over disease has been brought to light.

J. W. POLAND & CO.,

Melrose, Feb. 13, 1864.

The subscribers offer to manufacture at their factory, in Melrose, his WHITE PINE COM-

POUND, and other popular remedies.

J. W. POLAND.

21-41.

POUDRETT'S POUDRETT!

POUDRETT'S POUDRETT!

is a projected Solution of the PHOTOXIDE of IRON, a new discovery in medicine, which cures the Root of Disease, by applying the Blood with its Vital Principle or Life Element, IRON.

This is the secret of the wonderful success of

this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver

Complaint, Dropsey, Chronic Diarrhea,

Bilious, Nervous Affections, Chills and

Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a BAD STATE

OF THE BLOOD, or

accompanied by Debility or a low state

of the system.

IRON IN THE BLOOD,

without applying it to the system, is like trying to repair a building with no foundation.

It is only the discovery of that valuable

combination known as PERUVIAN SYRUP, that the great power of this VITALIZING AGENT over disease has been brought to light.

J. W. POLAND & CO.,

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J. W. POLAND.

21-41.

C. S. ADKINS,

DEALER IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PERIODICALS,

CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.,

WOULD respectfully call the attention

of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a

good assortment of

Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink,

Sundries, Musciano, Sealing Wax, and

all articles usually found in a Stationery

Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day.

Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.

Violin and Guitar Strings.

Confidentiality of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Also, HOVEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

“TOWNSMAN” BUILDING,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Leather Bags.

JUST received, a lot of LADIES' LEATHER BAGS and PORTEMONNAIES, at WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

51 WESLEY STREET, NEW YORK,

INCE its organization, has created a new era in the history of Wholesaling Teas in this Country.

They have introduced their selection of TEAS, and are selling them at over 2000



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 23.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,  
No little feet toward slumber tending;  
No little knee in prayer to bend,  
Our lips the sweet words telling.

What would the mothers do for work,  
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?  
No tiny dresses to embroider?  
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,  
With satchel to the schoolroom hastening;  
No merry hours as home they rush;  
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,  
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;  
The men on business all intent,  
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,  
And man to stole coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that elme toward which we reach,  
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,

The little ones with cherub smile  
Are still our Father's face beholding.\*

So said his voice in whom we trust,  
When in Judd's realm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;

A sole place this world would be,

Were there no little people in it.

\* Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. [Matt. xvii. 10.]

### Select Literature.

#### THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"No boy, you can not go. The country does not need you; its armies are full, its triumphs are. You must not leave your old mother, George, now that she has no other arm to lean upon."

There was a painful pathos in the woman's voice—entreaty blended with something of command. A tear, too, stood in her eye, as laying her hand upon her boy's arm, she added:

"I have given one son, George, to the cause; but you could not be asked that I should give you too, my last and only one."

They stood in the library, mother and son, the summer twilight folding them in its soft halo. Already on the mother's forehead age had sifted its snows, but the face was beautiful and noble still—a page without blot or blemish. The son, standing with conscious power in the maternal presence, carried all that mother's shining womanhood in his mein, touched only with a masculine hardness and force; but it was plain, withal, from all his appearance, that he had grappled as yet with few of life's sterner duties; indolence rather had marked throughout his one-and-twenty years, out of which no blossom of achievement had sprouted into growth. This night, however, there was a new inspiration upon him, and very soon he spoke again:

"You know, mother, I would not be un-dutiful; but would you have me stand on the flaming edges of this great conflict and have no participation in it? You did not in your heart begrudge Edward to the cause; you are willing, surely, to give the world through me a testimony that you do not mourn that sacrifice? Oh, my mother, could I lift my face among men when this war is done and our scarred heroes come marching home, if I had done nothing to secure the triumph crowning their tattered banners?—Would you not rather see me laid under the grasses where Edward is lying than feel that you had a coward for your son? But while I say all this, you know, my mother, I would be dutiful—dutiful to you next to my own conscience and the pleadings of humanity."

The twilight deepened, but the mother, with a deep yearning in her eyes, took no note of the drifting moments. For a time perfect silence reigned; then at last she said: "You have been a true, thoughtful son, George; I know it is no idle caprice that prompts your purpose; I give my consent—go, and God bless and guard you!"

It was indeed no idle caprice that had determined George Marsland's choice of a career. Born in the midst of luxury, hedged about through all his earlier years by every comfort that affluence and position could confer; educated rather to maintain the ancestral eminence in the more refined and polite social spheres than to fill a place in the bustling working world; lifted above the necessity of exertion, with no internal predisposition thereto, he had matured into a polished, purposeless drone, spending his days in trivial pursuits, which afforded neither genuine pleasure nor durable results. But when suddenly over the land the war trumpet blew its shrill call to arms, and the nation out of its profound peace, rose with flaming face to meet the peril of rebellion, the voice of duty stirred into vigorous action the slumbering impulses of his better nature; life

grew to be, in his estimation, an earnest, solemn thing; he saw in it vast possibilities of growth and achievement; he saw opportunities opening every where, tempting the earnest soul to effort and adventure, and out of his selfishness and dumb apathy there came, under the sharp inspiration of the time, a longing to be useful, to earn a place in the world's regard, to do something for Liberty that through all the royal years of her broadening sway should make his name luminous and noble. But at first this longing was not gratified. An older brother, in the first red days after Sumter fell, went afoul from his Massachusetts home by stealth, and George, obedient to the commands of affection, remained for a time behind, the one thought of his duty burning deeper and deeper into his soul. At last the first born of the house—the dear brother of his love—in a hot charge at Bull Run, fell never to rise; then, with a purpose yet more intense, George determined, come what might, to go to the field; and now at last, after repeated importunities, the mother's ban had been removed, and his dream was to be fulfilled.

But one thought troubled him still, as with thoughtful pace he left the library and passed into the little boudoir opposite. What would Mary Spence say—would she, the companion of all his later years, the more than sister, whose life he hoped some day to knit unto his own, would she, with warm Southern blood in her veins, and Southern memories lying like sunny pictures on her heart, approve his decision? O late he had concealed from her his real thought; but he felt, from what had passed when he had months before named it to her, that she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. She stood, as it were, so entirely alone in the world, dependent wholly upon the bounty of his mother, whose ward she was, that it would be only natural she should cling to one upon whom she had learned to lean, whom he felt in his most unconsciousness she loved with all her strength. But no tie of affection, no bland solicitation of hope, should woo him now to disgraceful ease, and with that thought pulsing in his veins, he sought the quiet retreat where he knew he was awaited.

How he told her of his purpose; how, in the sudden emotion, the pallid face, the ten-der expression of the eye, he read the confession he longed to hear and know: how he combated the objections which love suggested; how the discussion, begun in tenderness, grew at last passionate and vehement, the very consciousness of the power of mutual affection adding to the wilfulness of the moment; how, while the one grew stern and inexorable in the thought that he was on trial for the truth that was in him, the heart of the other, stung by the pangs of a jealousy that could not brook the bestowal of precedence on any other object, and moved, perhaps, by innate indifference to the cause the other loved, became bitter and perverse—why rehearse it here? Suffice it that at last, touched by some bitter word spoken in the heat of a passing gust of passion, he rose to go, saying, as his face paled,

I had thought you brave and true, Mary, willing to do and suffer for your country; but I was mistaken. I should not be worthy to fight for this holy cause if I could permit any selfish tie, any considerations like those you have addressed to my conscience, to keep me here as you wish."

The words were crisp and sharp, and the voice had a rebuke sharper than any sting in it. The pale, girlish face flushed under the taunt they embodied.

Go, then, if you will; a love that flies its object so soon upon possession is scarcely worth a true heart's keeping."

It was over—this difference—in a moment; but so, in some pivotal second of time, lives are darkened or made bright, suns are obscured, mountain tops of joy are won or lost, kingdoms and crowns are achieved or broken in the dust.

That night, before sleep came to sooth his restlessness, George Marsland had volunteered in a city regiment; bravely putting under his feet the love he had hoped, a little while before, might enrich and exalt him to new heights of blessedness and joy.

Nor did Mary Spence find more of comfort than he had done, as she communed through the night with her own heart. The moment he had quitted her presence, obedient to the noblest impulse of his despairing manhood, all the vastness of her loss rested itself upon her consciousness. She saw, spite of her indifference to the cause, how greatly she had erred, crucifying her better emotions while wronging his patriotic instincts in laboring to dissuade him from his purpose. And could she have done it, so abased did she become in her own esteem, she would have entreated on her knees pardon for her offence. But this now she could not do. He would never seek her presence again; she knew his nature too well to hope for that. Obedient to the gentlest solicitation of true affection, he had yet ever been as flint when once wronged or betrayed. Besides, he would leave upon the morrow. Her only hope, therefore, was that in some way she might make him understand how grievous she was for her offense, that he might sometimes think of her in the future as at least repentant and longing to make amends for her fault. Perhaps, some day, he might return, and then, it might be, his heart, empty and desolate, would not spurn the love she would keep fresh and pure for him. Some day! Alas!

In the hush of a sombre twilight days thereafter one who was with him there broke the news to the mother in the home over whose threshold he should never come again alive. Hers was a heart of noble stuff, spite of weaknesses in the past, and though a deeper shadow fell upon her life she only said, "He fell in his country's cause, and that, sacred before, it will now be doubly so;" and with that simple word laid away her grief out of sight, and bravely shouldered the work which her loss seemed to inti-

mate to her awakened consciousness was henceforth peculiarly her own.

A fortnight after she had abandoned her luxurious home, and in the hospitals at Washington was laboring with heroic fidelity in the service of the sick and wounded men, who to her were as sons. To-day, at Newbern, among the many self-sacrificing kindly teachers of the Freedmen, there is one to whom all look with especial reverence and affection; one whose face, always wearing a patient smile, brightens all who catch its glow; and the face is that of George Marsland's mother, and the smile that with which, shining through her tears, she gave her parting benediction.

Not so did Mary Spence accept the tidings of his death and her loss. To her, sitting without the gate of Hope, the news came like a decree of banishment, shutting it forever against her, putting out the last promise which had prophesied of brighter days to come. Nor was the future only dark and forbidding. The past had at first no solace for the sick soul; her own infidelity to truth and duty darkened all the retrospect.

But one day, while this fearful mood was still upon her, a coffin was brought into the still house. At its side Mary Spence sat down, with her grief gnawing fiercely at her heart. Alone, through the chill October night, she sat there with the dead. And the Father who pitied the erring touched her heart in the silent night-watches, and with the morning she rose up with a better, purer thought; and thenceforward, having washed away in tears of penitence the stains and dross of her life, performed with serene rejoicing a true woman's work in the grand conflict of the time.

"Perhaps"—she said to her heart—"perhaps, looking down from his rest, he will bear me bearing on his work, striving to make it triumphant and complete, and so will come to meet me, when I too am called, at the outer gate of the City, eternal in the heavens."

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of sates, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

Blessed are the dead who die for Freedom's sake! out of their sacrifice harvests of recompense are born in the present, and in the future thronging generations shall gather inspiration from their high example.

Blessed, too, are the living, who, in the same holy cause, have abandoned ease and all life's accustomed enjoyments to suffer in the field. Often, doubtless, they long—these brothers of ours—to sit in the old chair at the table's head, to hear the prattle of children climbing to their knees, to feel the mother's soft hand upon their foreheads. Standing on lonely outposts, pacing the weary sentry-rounds, do not glimpse of the peaceful Past flutter through their souls, and dear familiar faces beam upon them, now and then, through the silence of sweet dreams, with pleading love? But their hearts fail not, their purpose falters not; they have concentrated themselves to the nation's cause, and they go straight on wherever duty leads. Think of them, care for them;—care, too, for all bruised, bereaved ones in these free communities, remembering that there are thousands of homes which, in this grand strife with barbarism, this struggle for the very soul of our enlightened civilization, have been made desolate and childless as was that out of which George Marsland went to the field and to immortality.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She immediately answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands, is my Father."

**E**W A "big Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued: "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) Injun here."

USEFUL HISTORICAL INFORMATION.—The Illinois Register says—"A gentleman who is not given to historical research invites us to inform him whether the battle of Waterloo was fought before or after the surrender of Cornwallis? We answer, it was."

**E**W A false friend is like a shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### Beneath the old Elm's Shade.

"Let me die with my head beneath the old Elm's shadow," were among the last words of an aged Christian lady who recently died in Winchester.

Earth's twilight gray is deepening fast,  
Above the aged, marked brown;  
Day's wan light is well nigh past,  
Waiting the worn pilgrim now,  
Waiting for the victor's tread  
The closing wish is made:

"Let me die with my weary head  
Beneath the old Elm's shade."

There the long journey had begun,  
And on those death-dimmed eyes  
There first had gleamed life's morning sun.  
The joys so cheap that rise  
In childhood's careless, happy day,  
She knew, as oft she strayed  
So long ago in merry play,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

In sunny youth, when clouds were light,  
With her, had gathered there,  
A joyous band who traced the light  
And watched hope's rainbow fair.  
Glad laughter rang; love cheered that home;  
Life's solemn plans were laid,  
And purest faith resplendent shone,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

In pleasant paths, or thorny ways,  
In hours of trust or fear,  
There still had rung songs of praise  
While fell the human tear,  
God's word was found a lamp, a light;  
And earnest voices prayed,  
Through sunshine clear, and wintry blight,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

Long years have passed, the loved are gone;  
The music there grew still;  
The heart-light fell on one above,  
With silent seats unfilled.  
Now the evening shadows pending,  
From the spirit undismayed;  
And her falling breath is ending,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

The morn, the noon, the day is past,  
But through the chilling night  
The star of hope shuns out at last;  
It marks the golden light,  
The rosy dawning of that morn,  
That darkness ne'er can fade;  
It shows her rest beyond time's storm,  
"Beneath the old Elm's shade."

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of states, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

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Occupation is a grand thing, and quite as important to the tone and heart of an army as hard bread and bacon. The monster which Dr. Kane fought so successfully in the Arctic night, with theatre and frolic, wanders listlessly up and down our camps. Would you believe—and yet it is true—that many a poor fellow in this army of the Cumberland has literally died to go home; died of the terrible, unsatisfied longing, home sickness? That it lies at the heart of many a disease bearing a learned name? It is all that is known of the malady.

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An Indians soldier was struck in the breast at Chicamaqua and fell. The bullet's errand was about done when it reached him; it pierced coat and underclothing, and there was force enough left in it to wound if not to kill him; it had to work its way through a precious package of nine letters indited by one dear heart and traced by one dear hand; that done, the bullet's power expended, there it lay asleep against the soldier's breast! Have you been making such a shield, dear lady, for any body? Take care that it does not lack one letter of being bullet-proof.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

**E**W A Worcester contemporary tells of a pugnacious goat, who seeing his shadow in a hole made in the ice, lowered his head, shook his caudal appendage spasmodically, and at a tremendous gait rushed upon the shadow, went into the hole out of sight under the ice and has not since been seen. Moral: never rush into anything without giving the subject due consideration.

**E**W It is beginning to be the fashion, now that the Empress Eugenie shows the traces of waning beauty, to speak of her Majesty as possessing an immense fund of wit and great cultivation. It has just been divulged that her favorite poets are Lopez de Vega, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS-\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are made; and every subscriber of the paper, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type)	one insertion, \$1.00
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion,	.50
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
One square one year,	10.00
One square six months,	4.00
One square three months,	2.00
Half a square one year,	6.00
Half a square six months,	3.00
Less than half a square charged as a square;	.90
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.	

SPECIAL NOTICES, loaded, 12 cents per line, for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Boston—Dr. J. Mayfield.

Stonham—E. T. Whittier.

Winchester—Josiah Hoyt.

Reading—E. D. Gleason.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York, S. H. NELSON (successor to V. B. Palmer,) 20 Cornhill, Cornhill Street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertiser, and we trust they will patronize it, and in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PRINTING done at short no notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## War Meeting.

The third of a series of war meetings was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 27th. In the absence of Capt. Grammer, Hon. Stephen M. Allen presided. Upon taking the chair he addressed the meeting at length upon their individual duties as citizens and as patriots.

"Farmer" Allen, of So. Reading, was expected to be present but was necessarily detained, to the great disappointment of the audience. At 9 o'clock, the meeting adjourned, having failed to obtain a single recruit.

On Monday evening, another meeting was held, Capt. Crane presiding. Our old friend and story teller, Rev. Mr. Squires, formerly of Stonham now of Franklin, Mass., entertained the audience for a half hour, addressing himself directly to the enrolled men—men of wealth and the ladies. His remarks were interspersed with fact, feeling and wit.

Failing to obtain recruits as fast as was desirable, he presented the roll directly to each of the male persons present, thereby offering an opportunity for them to give an unequivocal public expression of their intentions.

At the close of the meeting the Roll showed seven additional signatures:—Franklin B. Finn, Chas. W. Wellman, Elisha J. Mann, Henry T. Lord, Jacob Ames, W. T. Kendall, Uriah Perkins. Joseph Kilpatrick has since enlisted. All the above are sworn into the service and are to join the 50th Infantry.

A letter addressed to the Chairman and signed by "a Soldier's Wife," was read by the Secretary. It was full of patriotic feeling, strong argument, and—doubtless to many—unpleasant questions, altogether it was a spicy communication. At a late hour the meeting adjourned having failed to fill our quota. Fifteen are now required to insure us against the unpleasant contemplation of the object for which the house was built to be fully realized and it would be if a grain of life and activity was introduced into the affairs of the Chaplain, who receives a first Lieutenant's pay.

It is a shame that the government should oblige us to so great an expense and receive so little benefit in return.

Lieut. Luther F. Wyman has been transferred to Co. "A," and Sergt. Major Edwin Mills of Somerville, having been commissioned 2d Lieutenant, has been assigned to "K." Private Edward F. Crocker Co. "C," having been on detached service for the past seven months at Division Head Quarters, promoted Sergeant Major. Private Samuel McFeeley has been promoted to Corporal vice Parker Eaton resigned. Under the new call of the President can't, K. of the 39th Mass. receive enough more recruits to fill the company. We have now upon our roll, 91 men, 4 of whom have been transferred to the Invalid Corps, but of whom we have had no official information. This will leave the number of recruits wanted 11. Let the company which was always called the Woburn Company, be called the Woburn Co. still, and in order to preserve its name let its ranks be kept full by recruits from home, so long as there stands ready a man who desires to come into the service of his country. O.

RUNAWAYS.—On Wednesday evening, two horses ran away doing considerable damage. One, belonging to Mr. A. J. Wade, ran with a buggy from Railroad street, near the vicinity of Wood's Hill, to Thompson's village, thence up Main street, to the Machine Shop, and then back to Pleasant street, where he came in contact with another team, damaging both very much; still considering the ground he travelled over in his mad career, the damage done was slight.

The other horse that ran away was driven by Mr. John Ellard, who was accompanied by his brother, William Ellard. This horse became frightened near the residence of Mr. Porter on Pleasant st., and shying, struck a post, which upset the occupants, throwing them quite a distance, and somewhat bruising them. The horse continued on toward Cummingsville, and when stopped had not materially damaged the buggy.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 5, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the Middlesex Journal and Mrs. Chapman's "Graphic Mirror" or "Fashion," for \$2.25 a year, payable in every case in advance. Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the above sum, will be furnished with both publications. The Mirror cannot be obtained for less than one dollar per annum, so that we supply matter for \$2.25 which otherwise would cost \$3.00. The Mirror of Fashion is rapidly growing in favor with the ladies, who can rest assured that the fashions therein given are always the very latest. Each number contains full length patterns, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings of different garments, and an elegant colored fashion plate. It is, in fact, the cheapest and best fashion magazine in the country. The Winter number is now ready, and the Spring number will be following, which the publisher says, "something extraordinary."

Subscribers and others, out of Woburn, by remitting \$2.25, will receive the Journal and Mirror for one year.

## THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The opening of the spring campaign,—for thus may be called the late movements of the Union forces,—has thus far resulted rather unfavorably to the fedals. So it is said and so it is believed by many—for the blunder or mismanagement that caused defeat in Florida, and the retreat of Gen. Smith to Memphis without fully accomplishing his object, have given a slight upward tendency to gold and the reverse to public sentiment; but viewed in the effect they will have upon future movements will these slight checks not result in ultimate good? Certainly some of our generals will learn lessons thereby from experience, that it seems impossible for them to learn in any other way, and these experiences will certainly nerve the troops to fiercer struggles in future engagements.

If the many exaggerated and false reports of the enemy's weakness and exhaustion, which have been so current in the North, have led any to place too much confidence in the Northern army and consider the rest of that labor for that army to be slight, those persons will be righted by these little reverses. Rebellion is not crushed and there must be much hard fighting before its final overthrow. As in their death-throes, gladiators have been known to exhibit almost superhuman strength, so in the death of the monster rebellion, we may well expect his last efforts to be his most desperate, for his very existence is at stake. Hence we see the need of frequent and heavy blows at the Gorgon's vitals.

Gen. Sherman, if successful, will in conjunction with the fleet, strike a fatal blow at Mobile. Gen. Gilmore still hammers away well at Charleston. Gen. Grant will do all he says he will and more, for he is a man of deeds, not words. Gen. Kilpatrick is doing on a small scale what should be done on a grander scale by forces from Fortress Monroe and Newbern, namely, marching on Richmond.

The future looks auspicious for Union successes and we believe that the hearts of millions will be gladdened, ere the summer campaign closes, with the tidings of a series of most brilliant and telling victories.

CALL.—At a meeting of the First Unitarian Parish, of Woburn, held on Wednesday evening, it was voted unanimously to extend a call to Rev. Eli Fay, of Leominster, to become their pastor. We understand that the Society are enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. Fay as a preacher, and have great hope that he will accept the call they have tendered him. Mr. Fay has presched several times in Woburn, and on each occasion gave the best of satisfaction to his hearers.

NEW DEPOT OMNIBUS.—We observe that a fine new Omnibus has been provided by D. D. Hart & Co., for the convenience of railroad passengers over the Woburn Branch. The want of such a conveyance has been seriously felt, and the new vehicle looks so nice that one would almost be tempted to ride against his will.

We understand that Dr. B. Cutler, is confined to his bed with typhoid fever. We can but express the universal wish, that he may soon become convalescent.

## Letter from the Rangers.

CAMP NEAR MITCHEL'S STATION VA.,  
FEBRUARY 25TH, 1864.

DEAR JOURNAL.—The Christian Commission having furnished a canvas covering for a chapel, Col. Davis immediately had a building 17 by 30 feet constructed for that purpose. It is built of oak logs, split and hewed.

On Monday evening, another meeting was held, Capt. Crane presiding. Our old friend and story teller, Rev. Mr. Squires, formerly of Stonham now of Franklin, Mass., entertained the audience for a half hour, addressing himself directly to the enrolled men—men of wealth and the ladies. His remarks were interspersed with fact, feeling and wit.

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NEW HEAWE.—The subject of funeral de-

rations having recently been brought before the Board of Selectmen, they voted to appoint Mr. L. H. Allen Funeral Undertaker for Woburn, provided he would furnish a good hearse, and agree to meet each other before referred to.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WINCHESTER.

## Burning of the Church in Wilming-ton.

Of our dear lofty church, we were but justly proud; Its steeple tapering soar'd, to touch the truant cloud; Its tip by bird ador'd—a golden chanticleer, The vagrant wind to catch, and show its wily veer.

The quiet seats for all, and beauteous arch within, Where rose the wise good man, to lure us back from sin;

The music not so ill, and hymn of sweet ac-

cord, Were rites to bind true worshippers of Christ the Lord.

And busy recollection runs from friend to friend;

Away we come, and many at life's journey's end,

How they set here or there, they were, and then were gone;

This structure too, is ashes now and crumb-

ling stone,

All look'd in fear and awe, when round the spire's tall height,

Thick smoke was pierc'd with flame in ar-

rowy tongues of light,

Then lower down they sprang, resplendent in their sheen,

The glory dazzling ken, as we had never seen.

Ere midnight's murky gloom this last great

rite was done,

And desolation sat enthroned, when rose the sun;

Unscathed by time this house for ages might have stood;

This temple by our fathers built of precious wood.

For all our pleasant things laid waste we

lif our cry,

As Judah's people mourned, as homesick captives sigh;

In sadness and in silence and in solemn tear,

We bow and turn our hearts to Thee Great God of all.

Wilmington, Feb. 1864.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—Ten of the schools

will have their public exhibitions on Thurs-

day and Friday of next week, as follows:

On Thursday a.m.—No 1 and 2 Center Primaryes [and] Greenwood. Thursday p.m.—North and Montrose schools. Friday a.m.—Woolville and Center Junior Intermediate. Friday p.m.—the two West Ward schools, and Center Senior Intermediate. The private examinations are being made the present week.

WELCOME TO RE-ENLISTED SOLDIERS.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23d, a meeting was held at the armory under the auspices of the Fire Department, to welcome home the returned re-enlisted soldiers of the 24th and other regiments. These veterans were intro-

duced by Mr. Lewis Fairbanks, one of the Engineers of the Department, when Mr. Howard Dilliver, another of the Engineers, as also one of the Selectmen, being called upon to preside over the meeting, extended to them a cordial welcome, and in behalf of the citizens thanked them for their readiness to return to the scenes of danger and conflict in the service of their country. Apt remarks were made by Messrs. Peter Folsom, D. B. Wheeler, Hon. Liley Eaton, Hon. P. H. Sweetser, Elam Porter, Esq. and Capt. Wm. H. Walker. After these exercises, the Company, under the escort of Capt. Dunn, retired to the hall below, where a brilliant collation had been prepared by Mr. Fairbanks. This was no unmeaning gathering, for the people have some appreciation of the services which these veteran soldiers have already rendered, and of their willingness to endure other privations and hardships in the cause of our common country.

HORTICULTURAL.—Interesting meetings of the Horticultural Society have been held during the winter evenings. Last Monday evening it was held with Doctor J. G. Brown; two weeks previous, with Capt. Samuel Kingman, and the next on March 14, will be held with Mr. B. L. Hopkins, of Northampton, and Borden of Fall River, favored the reconsideration and the adoption of the original resolutions, and Messrs. [Bisbee of Worthington, Farlow of Newton, and Rainey of Boston spoke in cap-

tion.

Mr. Allen of South Reading, known as "Farmer Allen," made a humorous allusion to the different views which the lawyers had presented in regard to the constitutionality of the appropriation. He said that the gentlemen of the legal profession seemed to be about equally divided in opinion, and inquired what the farmers, who did not profess to know much about the law, were to do in such a case. For himself he had listened to the entire discussion and his mind was fully made up to vote for the resolutions as originally reported, and all he had heard confirmed him in the conviction that he had the right to vote so and that it was a patriotic privilege and duty to vote for them. But while listening to the gentlemen of the bar, some of whom argued that we had no constitutional right to make this appropriation, and others equally eminent and equally able argued just as strenuously that we had a perfect right to make it, he could not help thinking of the Dutch Justice out West. This justice had a

probable decision of Gen. Schouler was correct, but to make sure in the matter, the committee continued to recruit until they obtained the number that would be satisfactory to the Provost Marshal.

PERSONAL.—Chester W. Eaton, Esq. has taken an office over the shoe store of Charles E. Niles, on Main street, where he may be found to give his services to the public.

SCORIABLE.—A social gathering in aid of the Soldiers' Relief Association will be held in the Town Hall, next Monday evening.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE

### IN SOUTH READING.

The following described Parcels of Real Estate in South Reading, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, owned or proposed to be owned by the persons hereinafter named, and assessed for the year 1862, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said assessments, will be offered for sale at Public Auction at the office of E. A. Upton, over the store of Charles E. Niles & Co., on the easterly side of Main Street, in said South Reading, on THURSDAY, the 31st day of March current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for non-payment of taxes assessed for the year 1862, and all incidental costs and charges unless the same shall have been previously discharged.

E. A. UPTON,  
Collector of the Town of South Reading for the year 1862.

South Reading, March 1, 1864.

John Adden—2 acres of meadow land near Bare Hill Brook.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John Adden, Jr.—2 acres of tillage land near Bare Hill Brook.

Tax, \$2.31 Highway Tax, \$0.15.

A. H. Allen—4 acres of land on Greenwood Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

John Buckman—4 acres of land on Mackay's Plan.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Wm. L. Brown's Estate— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Main Street and bounded westwardly by said Main Street; northerly by land of G. S. Churchill; easterly by land of Olive E. Skinner and Luther Crocker, and southerly by land of Edward Mansfield.

Tax, \$25.20.

Also  $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land on Wiley Street, and bounded westwardly by said Wiley Street; northerly by land of E. B. Dyer, and easterly by land of the South Reading Branch Railroad.

Tax, \$0.34.

Also  $\frac{3}{4}$  acres of pasture land situated on the Northerly side of Cordis Street.

Tax, \$2.94.

O. W. Bartlett—Lots 14, 15 on Plan of House Lots of D. & J. Norcross, and bounded easterly by Main Street; south by Lot No. 16, on said Plan; west by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; and north by Lot No. 13 on said Plan.

Tax, \$3.36 Highway Tax, \$0.20.

H. & J. Bosworth—Lot No. 41 on A. Wiley's Plan. For description see Book of Plans No. 4, Page 75, Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

H. A. Brewer—Lot No. 19 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds Book of Plans, No. 5, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

J. F. Bussey—Lot No. 4, on Slater's Plan recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

E. C. Bailey—Lot No. 62 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 57.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Edward Brown—Lot No. 30, situated on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

Geo. W. Bennett—Lot No. 31 on Sargent's Plan of House Lots, No. 7, Page 8.

Tax, \$1.05.

Wm. V. Clendenin— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land being Lots 11 and 33 on Plan of Adam Wiley, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Page 383; Also for description of Lot No. 33, see record in said Registry, Book 638, Page 335.

Tax on Lot No. 11, \$0.63

Highway Tax, .4

Tax on Lot 38, 63

Highway Tax, .4

Thomas H. Cooper— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land with building thereon, situated on Mechanic Street, and bounded northerly by said street; easterly by land of Wm. M. Arrington; south by land of Jas. E. Parker, and westerly by land of Joseph D. Mansfield.

Tax, \$2.31 Highway Tax, \$0.13.

A. L. & W. Cooley—House Lot on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Samuel Cummings—Lot No. 30, on Robinson's Plan, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.63 Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Elton Damon—One acre of meadow land and two acres of woodland, situated on the westerly side of Grove Street, and bounded east by said Grove Street; west by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and northerly and southerly by owners unknown.

Tax, \$0.63.

Samuel Cummings—Lot No. 30, on Robinson's Plan, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.63 Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Elton Damon—One acre of meadow land and two acres of woodland, situated on the westerly side of Grove Street, and bounded east by said Grove Street; west by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and northerly and southerly by owners unknown.

Tax, \$0.63.

Charles H. Davis— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on Park St., and bounded by land of Josiah Gurtner; south by land of Lucinda Spaulding; west by land of Josiah Crosscock; north by said street.

Tax, \$1.28.

A. L. Dennison—2 lots of land on Franklin and Nahant Street, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an acre, and bounded east by land of Cyrus Philpot; south by said Franklin St.; west by land of Dager, and north by said Nahant Street.

Tax, \$1.63.

A. S. Ferguson or Loan and Fund Association— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land with dwelling house thereon, bounded southerly by land of Wm. S. Brown; west and North by land of C. W. Green, and east by a private way.

Tax, \$0.24 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

J. F. Ferdinand— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land being Lots Nos. 55 and 60 on Sargent's Plan No. 3, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 14.

Tax on No. 55, \$0.42 Tax on No. 60, \$0.42.

J. Felton—House Lot,  $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land on Grove Street, being Lot No. 13 in Sargent's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 65.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Edward Gallagher— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Water Street, and bounded north by said Street; easterly by land of Wm. J. Butterfield, and southerly and westerly by land of Joseph Green.

Tax, \$1.02.

Samuel Gentry—4 acres of woodland.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Edward W. Green—One acre of tillage land on Elm Street, and bounded northerly by said Street; easterly by land of David Foster's heirs; southerly by land of Joseph Hartshorn, and westerly by land of Geo. A. Winn, and is a part of the orchard of the late Sue Winn.

Tax, \$2.52 Highway Tax, \$0.15.

Charles Givens—Lot No. 2, on P. H. Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 68.

Tax, \$1.26.

Jos. L. Hurd— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land situated on the southerly side of Salem Street, and bound-

ed northerly by said Street; easterly by land of Rhode Lee, and southerly and westerly by land of Liley Eaton.

Tax, \$2.52 Highway Tax, \$0.83.

Joe M. Holden— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land near Railroad Bridge.

Tax, \$3.78 Highway Tax, \$0.23.

Wm. E. Hale—Lot No. 29 on Moses Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 72.

Tax \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Susanna Hawkes—Lot of land on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.68 Highway Tax, \$0.10.

J. & W. W. Hastings—Lots Nos. 49 and 50 of Plan No. 1, on P. R. Slater, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax on No. 49, \$0.24.

Tax on No. 55, 0.25.

L. A. & L. U. Hopkins— $\frac{1}{4}$  acres of land on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$0.63 Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 17.

Tax on Lots Nos. 2 and 3, \$2.43.

" " 5, 1.20

" " 8, 1.20

" " 17, 1.20

" " 33 and 34, 2.40

Jas. F. Pendleton, Lots 166, 167, on Ice Company's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, page 71. Tax 1.47 Highway Tax .09

Julius T. Parkhurst—Lots 21 on Slater's Plan No. 2, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, page 65.

Tax, \$1.47 Highway Tax .02.

Michael Reagan—the southerly half of Lot 118, on Robinson's plan, and bounded Northerly by land of E. P. Reagan, easterly by land formerly of O. S. Moulton, southerly by a Private Way known as Ballister street, and westerly by land now or formerly of Lawrence Flynn.

Tax on No. 49, \$0.24.

Tax on No. 55, 0.25.

L. A. & L. U. Hopkins— $\frac{1}{4}$  acres of land on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$0.63 Highway Tax, \$0.04.

Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 17.

Tax on Lots Nos. 123 & 124, 1.68.

" " 125, .84

" " 42 & 64 equally, .84

W. F. Stetson—one acre of tillage land south of Smith's Pond.

Tax 2.52 Highway Tax .015.

Robert Kemp—Lot No. 3, on Sargent's Plan No. 3, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 14.

Tax, \$0.54 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Hugh Kirkpatrick—Lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Salem Street, in South Reading, and bounded northerly by said Street; easterly by land of Jonathan Nichols, and southerly by land of Jos. L. Wiley, and westerly by land of Edward Mansfield.

Tax, \$25.20.

Also  $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land on Wiley Street, and bounded westwardly by said Wiley Street; northerly by land of E. B. Dyer, and easterly by land of the South Reading Branch Railroad.

Tax, \$0.34.

Also  $\frac{3}{4}$  acres of pasture land situated on the Northerly side of Cordis Street.

Tax, \$2.94.

O. W. Bartlett—Lots 14, 15 on Plan of House Lots of D. & J. Norcross, and bounded easterly by Main Street; south by Lot No. 16, on said Plan; west by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; and north by Lot No. 13 on said Plan.

Tax, \$3.36 Highway Tax, \$0.20.

H. & J. Bosworth—Lot No. 41 on A. Wiley's Plan. For description see Book of Plans No. 4, Page 75, Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

H. A. Brewer—Lot No. 19 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds Book of Plans, No. 5, Page 57.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Edward Brown—Lot No. 30, situated on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

John B. Bennett—Lot No. 5, Sullivan's Plan, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 7, Page 8.

Tax, \$1.05.

Wm. V. Clendenin— $\frac{1}{4}$  acre of land being Lots 11 and 33 on Plan of Adam Wiley, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Page 383; Also for description of Lot No. 33, see record in said Registry, Book 638, Page 335.

Tax on Lot No. 11, \$0.63

Highway Tax, .4

Tax on Lot 38, 63

Highway Tax, .4

Highway Tax, \$0.05.

J. F. Bussey—Lot No. 4, on Slater's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL  
BOOK AND JOB  
PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
Main Street, Woburn.

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**JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,**  
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**STURGIS'S  
ELECTRIC COMPOUND,**  
AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR  
Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

Also, invaluable for Spinal Irritation, Hip Complaints, Ague in the face, Toothache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Eructation, Lumbago, &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine does not mean to say that it is a panacea. Its value has been tested for many years, and it has been found fully adequate to the removal of many obstinate cases of the above complaints, with other medicines having failed to reach, and which had baffled the skill of eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure all out cases of disease. All persons who will avail themselves of these compounds are earnestly requested to try this Compound and judge for themselves.

Among the advantages of this medicine are the following:

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantaneously.

It is external in its application, and pleasant to the patient.

It reaches the nerves and muscles, as it is believed no other medicine does.

It has cured some of the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It can be used on a child or on an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been allowed to publish the names of many persons who have used the Compound with the most beneficial results.

He sends a few bottles to those among the most respectable citizens of Boston, and their residences and places are given.

Rev. N. Munroe, Late Editor of "Boston Recorder."

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Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 5 Briggs Place, Boston.

C. C. Brainerd, 3 Concord st., Charlestown.

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And many others.

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CHICHESTER, April 20, 1863.

FRIEND WILLIAMS, of the Sons of the Soil, received my wife was troubled with severe Neuralgia in the face. She tried your Compound with decided good effect. I think it an excellent article. You have produced good effect. You certainly have the liberty to refer to me. With much respect, yours truly, O. C. PITTS.

B. W. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

106 Washington street, Boston.

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries.

15—m.

**ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.**

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient ARMY CHECKER BOARDS which are provided in the pocket. It will cost nine cents to send this article by mail. Call and examine.



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In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

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A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

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As a gentle and painless Remedy it acts directly upon the Liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the bowels.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Langour, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The action of this Remedy is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The Compound is immediately assimilated and entirely free from the acid elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stimulants.

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Prepared by HELMBOLD & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 24.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Our Home beyond the Tide.

BY MRS. J. H. BANAFORD.

[Written on receiving from a friend a beautiful engraving with the above title.]

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,  
Our home is beyond the tide,  
Where the glorious city of light is seen  
Whose gates are wide open wide;

Through the golden streets of that city fair  
We soon shall pass along,

And a holy joy shall fill our hearts

As we greet the shining throne,

Who walk those streets through the endless day,

Earth's dear ones side by side—

Oh, the bliss that awaits us when we reach

Our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,

Our home is beyond the tide,

Where the river of life with its water bright

Is rolling deep and wide,

There the tree of life with its fruit so fair

O'er the sparkling water bends,

And beneath its shade with unmeasured bliss,

We shall meet our cherished friends,

Oh, we soon shall rest in those sacred bow-

ers,

Where no cynos' love shall chide,

And the saints' communion unhinder'd share.

In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,

Our home is beyond the tide,

And tho' we pass o'er Jordan of death,

To the land where the saints abide,

To the home of the angels, the mansions of joy,

To our home beyond the tide.

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,

Our home is beyond the tide,

And many a loved one, speeding there,

Has vanished from our side;

For us will the voiceless Charon soon

With his muffled oar draw nigh,

And bear us to meet the welcome sweet

Of loved ones now on high.

How thrilling the heart with the thought of

the home beyond the tide.

Which ne'er from our hearts have died,

Of the faces dear which we hope to greet,

In our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide,

Our home is beyond the tide,

And we must not sigh with a vain regret

For the ills which here befall.

But off, from the heights of such sublime,

Gaze far o'er the ocean wave,

And bless our God for the rest from care

In the land beyond the grave.

The waves of sin surge no more round the rock.

In the cleft of which we hide;—

Oh, with longing hearts we wait the call

To our home beyond the tide!

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,

Our home is beyond the tide,

And we must not sigh for those earthly joys

Best wisdom hath denied;

For the thorns of earth are there flowers in heaven,

For its cares there is long repose,

For the voice of tears there's the mouth of joy.

Where the heart with rapture glows.

Then, with loving hearts, we will do His will,

In whose promise our hearts confide,

And patiently wait for our turn to reach

Our home beyond the tide.

## Select Literature.

### NETTY'S TOUCHSTONE.

I'm only Netty's maiden-aunt; but for all that I couldn't help noticing how beautiful she appeared on a certain evening not long ago, when George Holmes and Henry Kirtland sat talking with her by the library window. Both of the young men were evidently of my opinion; but George Holmes, if I may say it, seemed to take in the idea rather differently from Henry Kirtland. The clear, haughty eye and softly modulated voice of the latter seemed to say, "As plainly asye and voice could say, 'You're very pretty, Miss Natty, pretty enough to suit even my fastidious taste, and I can well appreciate your satisfaction in having a fine young fellow like me among your admirers.' But George Holmes seemed to sit and drink in her loveliness until it shocked him.

I like George by far the best, and it provoked me enough to see him looking almost gawky in his self-forgetfulness, while Henry Kirtland posed himself elegantly upon the sofa, holding his hat like a prince of the blood, and sending forth a flow of rippling small talk that caused Natty's eye to sparkle with merriment. If she chance to shyly look up at either of them, I (sitting nearly behind her in my corner) could readily tell at which one she was looking. If at Henry, I knew it by a peculiar brightness in his glance, and a placid elevation of his eyebrows. If at George, the stupid fellow looked instantly as red as a beet and as expressionless as a pumkin. I had no patience with him, and I could not help thinking to myself, as I sat there knitting, that if he lost Natty altogether it was just his own fault.

Pretty soon Henry, after covertly consulting his watch, arose with a hasty and at the same time reluctant air.

"What are you going?" asked Natty, with mock sorrowfulness.

"Indeed I must go," responded Henry, in

the same style, "sorry to distress you, but" (with an air of intense security) "I leave you in such good company that I doubt not your tears will soon be as mist."

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Natty, laughing, "almost a pun, I declare. I really thought better than that of you, Mr. Kirtland. But before you leave us do tell me one thing. Is it true that you are going to the war? Some one at Mrs. Watkin's soiree told me that you had been drafted."

"Not I, indeed! I believe this goodly town did do me the honor of drawing my poor name from one of its autocratic wheels, but I have already cancelled the obligation. A better soldier than I would care to be in this fraternal brawl will do that share of my work for me, while I shall remain here attending to my own affairs, which he would be quite incompetent to manage. Our social scheme, you see, balances all these things beautifully," and Henry Kirtland, with a graceful bow which somehow included George, and myself, though he didn't fairly look at either of us, took his departure without waiting to discuss the matter further.

A puzzled expression gleamed in Natty's blue eyes as she bade him "good evening," and then turned toward George, said, rather abstractedly,

"I suppose I must congratulate you upon a better fortune, for I have not yet heard of your name being among those drawn."

"You are right," returned George, quietly. "I have taken care that mine shall never be upon their lists."

"Why," exclaimed Natty, opening her eyes wider yet, "have you really such a horror of being drafted?"

"I have, indeed," was the candid response. Poor Natty! Those three words from George's lips evidently stung her far more than she would have confessed. I saw that plainly enough, though I hardly raised my eyes from my knitting. Meantime my own opinion of the young gentleman fell down nearly to zero.

"Oh, if I were but a man!" burst almost unconsciously from Natty's lips.

He looked at her inquiringly while, strange to say, a pleased expression played about his face.

"And if?" he suggested.

"Why, I'd act like a man," was the indignant rejoinder. And if Natty had looked prettily an hour ago, I am sure she was doubly beautiful now, with her flushed cheek and flashing eye, and her head, with its rich waves of golden hair, thrown proudly back.

Just then the door-bell rang, and in an instant two insipid specimens of "Young America" were ushered into the room.

Thanking my lucky stars that my time for being attractive to their particular species had passed away, I busily plied my needles, weaving in with the coarse blue yarn a tender, yearning thought of "the brave soldier boys" for whom I had been steadily knitting and working for months.

Presently George came to my quiet corner, and, seating himself beside me, talked so manfully and cheerfully of the war, of our duties, both men and women, and of many things that he seemed instinctively to feel would interest a busy, happy old woman like me, that I quite forgot his patrician bearing. It may seem foolish to me to say next that when a young gentleman can enjoy a hour's quiet talk with a woman neither young, beautiful, nor fascinating in any way, but simply hopeful and in earnest, there's sure to be something good and genuine in him. He even told me of a lotion which his mother had used very successfully for her rheumatism, and, by the way, I mean to try it myself when I get time.) Then he hinted so gently that he thought I was making my sock a little too big (as if you could get a hospital thing too big!) and everything just as natural and easy in his manner as if he'd been an old bachelor brother instead of the hand-some youngster that he was.

It struck me that George wanted to outstay the other visitors; but they were so much delighted either with Natty or themselves (though she looked weary enough of their chit-chat, poor girl!) that he unwittingly took his departure late in the evening, leaving them still in possession of the field, or rather, Aunty?"

All the next day I had such trouble with Natty. It was almost impossible to get with the child. She was neither cross nor ill-natured (my darling was too sweet-tempered naturally for that); but she was so fitful, so feverish, and so inclined to sigh every five minutes, that when I found she couldn't be coaxed into taking a little magnesia or going to bed and having warm bricks to her feet I began to be really worried.

At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as we sat working together, just as I had turned the heel of the last one of my half dozen pair, out came the real trouble.

"Did you ever see two such stupid,

haughty eyes and soft modulated voices of the latter seemed to say, "as plain as eye and voice could say, 'You're very pretty, Miss Natty, pretty enough to suit even my fastidious taste, and I can well appreciate your satisfaction in having a fine young fellow like me among your admirers.' But George Holmes seemed to sit and drink in her loveliness until it shocked him.

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"What are you going?" asked Natty, with mock sorrowfulness.

"Indeed I must go," responded Henry, in

"He isn't my favorite," said Natty, tossing her head. "In times like these true men would never shrink from their duty. They're towards, both of them; but I must say George Holmes' fear of being drafted is perfectly amusing." And she burst into tears by way of illustration.

She didn't intend that I should know it; but I saw the bright drops falling one by one upon her sewing.

"Don't think of them, dearie," I said, soothingly. "There are plenty of brave young fellows in the world, and better worthy of my girl's thoughts. Henry Kirtland, if I am not mistaken, is a——"

"So he is," interrupted Natty, excitedly. "He is a good soldier, and what he means by saying that he is——"

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"So he is," interrupted Natty, excitedly



# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE IN SOUTH READING.

THE following described Parcels of Real Estate in South Reading, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, owned or supposed to be owned by the persons hereinafter named, and assessed as may be necessary, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for sale at Public Auction at the office of E. A. Upton, over the store of Charles E. Niles & Co., on the easterly side of Main Street, in said South Reading, on THURSDAY, the 31st day of March current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for non-payment of taxes assessed for the year 1862, and all incidental costs and charges unless the same shall have been previously discharged.

E. A. UPTON,  
Collector of the Town of South Reading for the year 1862.

South Reading, March 1, 1864.

John Adden—2 acres of meadow land near Bare Hill Brook.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John Adden, Jr.—2 acres of tillage land near Bare Hill Brook.

Tax, \$2.31 Highway Tax, \$0.15.

A. H. Allen—4 acres of land on Greenwood Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

John Buckman—4 acres of land on McKay's Plan.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Wm. L. Brown's Estate—4 acres of land with buildings thereon, situate on the east side of Main Street, and bounded westerly by said Main Street; northerly by land of G. S. Churchill; easterly by land of Olive E. Skinner and Luther Crooker, and southerly by land of Edward Mansfield.

Tax, \$25.20.

Also 4 acres of land on Wiley Street, and bounded westerly by said Wiley Street; northerly by land of E. E. Wiley's heirs; easterly and southerly by land of the South Reading Branch Railroad.

Tax, \$0.34.

Also 34 acres of pasture land situate on the Northerly side of Cordis Way.

Tax, \$2.94.

O. W. Bartlett—Lots 14, 15 on Plan of House Lots of D. & J. Norcross, and bounded easterly by Main Street; south by Lot No. 16, on said Plan; west by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and north by Lot No. 13 on said Plan.

Tax, \$0.26 Highway Tax, \$0.20.

H. & J. Bosworth—Lot No. 41 on A. Wiley's Plan. For description see Book of Plans No. 4, Page 75, Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

A. A. Brewer—Lot No. 19 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds Book of Plans, No. 5, Page 7.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Freeman Leavitt—1 acre of land with buildings thereon, bounded northerly by A. W. Chapman's land; easterly and by land of W. S. Sullivan's heirs; southerly by an owner unknown, and northerly by a private way called Emerson Street.

Tax, \$7.77 Highway Tax, \$1.73.

A. D. Lamson—Lot No. 2, on Plan of House Lots of John Gould's estate, bounded northerly by Salem Street, one hundred and three feet easterly by Lot No. 1 on said Plan, 50 feet northerly by Lot No. 11, one hundred and three feet and westerly by Lot No. 3, ninety-two and a half feet.

Tax, \$1.20 Highway Tax, \$0.25.

Thos. J. Lerd—4 acres of tillage land near Main Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

Also 16 acres of pasture land adjoining.

Tax, \$8.40.

B. Waldmeyer—1 acre of land.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

A. S. Weymouth—Lot No. 22 on Lord's estate.

Tax, \$1.23 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Michael Woods—Lot No. 23 on Sullivan's plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, page 53.

Tax, \$1.05.

Charles Wilson—Lot No. 12 on Sullivan's plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, page 53.

Tax, \$0.84.

Edward Brown—Lot No. 39, situate on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

Geo. W. Bennett—Lot No. 31 on Sargent's Plan of House Lots.

Tax, \$1.05.

H. B. Bennett—Lot No. 5, Sullivan's Plan, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 7, Page 5.

Tax, \$1.05.

Wm. V. Clendinen—1/2 acre of land being Lots 11 and 33 on Plan of Adam Wiley, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 28. For particular description of Lot No. 11, see deed recorded in said Registry, Book 633, page 333; also for description of Lot No. 33, see deed recorded in said Registry, Book 638, page 335.

Tax, \$0.63.

Highway Tax, \$4.

Tax on Lot 38, 63.

Highway Tax, 4.

Thomas H. Cooper—1/2 acre of land, building thereon, situate on Mechanic Street, and bounded northerly by said street; easterly by land of Wm. M. Arrington; south by land of Jas. E. Parker, and westerly by land of Joseph D. Mansfield.

Tax, \$2.31.

Highway Tax, \$0.13.

A. L. & W. Cooley—House, Lot on Prospect Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

Samuel Cummings—Lot No. 30, on Robinson's Plan, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 5.

Tax, \$1.26.

E. C. Bailey—Lot No. 62 on Robinson's Plan, and recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, Page 57.

Tax, \$0.42.

Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Edward Brown—Lot No. 39, situate on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.05.

Geo. W. Bennett—Lot No. 31 on Sargent's Plan of House Lots.

Tax, \$1.05.

H. B. Bennett—Lot No. 5, Sullivan's Plan, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 7, Page 5.

Tax, \$1.05.

Etes Damon—one acre of meadow land and two acres of woodland, adjoining, situated on the westerly side of Grove Street, and bounded east by said Grove Street; west by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and northerly and southerly by owners unknown.

Tax, \$0.63.

Charles H. Davis—1/2 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on Park St., and bounded east by land of Joseph Cartwright; south by land of Lucinda Spaulding; west by land of Josiah Norcross; north by said street; Dager, and north by said Nahant Street.

Tax, \$1.26.

Michael Murphy—1/2 acre of land and buildings thereon, situated on Herkert Street.

Tax, \$7.87.

Also four acres of mowing and tillage land in Woodville.

Tax, \$3.56.

Also 6 acres of woodland on Water Street, Tax, 2.10.

Nathaniel C. Mayo—3 1/2 acre of land situated on Park Street, and bounded southerly by said Street; westerly by land of Josiah Norcross; northerly by land formerly of Jeremiah Bryant and easterly by an owner unknown.

Tax, \$1.55.

W. & G. B. Neagle—Lot No. 50, on Sargent's Plan No. 1, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 65.

Tax on No. 50, \$0.42.

Tax on No. 60, \$0.42.

Tax on No. 65, \$0.42.

J. Felton—House Lot, 1/2 acre of land on Grove Street, being Lot No. 13 in Sargent's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, Page 65.

Tax, \$0.42.

Edward Gallagher—1/2 acre of land with buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Water Street, and bounded north by said Street; easterly by land of Ira Wiley; southerly by land of said Wiley, and westerly by land now or formerly of Asa Mudgett.

Tax, \$6.72.

Lois Pope—1/2 acre of land on Elm Street; bounded Northerly by said Elm Street, Westerly and Southerly by land of Davis Foster's heirs, and Easterly by land now or late of John Perkins and Wm. H. Willis.

Tax, \$0.21.

Caleb Putney—Lot of land and buildings theron, situated on the Southerly side of Water street, and bounded Northerly by said Street; Easterly by land of Ira Wiley; southerly by land of said Wiley, and westerly by land now or formerly of Asa Mudgett.

Tax, \$6.72.

Eliza Pierce—Lot No. 27, on Sullivan's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, Page 58.

Tax, \$0.84.

Samuel Putney—Lot of land and buildings theron, situated on Lowell street, and bounded Southerly by Lowell street; Westerly and Southerly by land of Jane E. Woods, and Easterly by land of Abraham Gould.

Tax, \$7.56.

Killikinick! Killikinick!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Jos. L. Hurd—1/2 acre of land situated on the southerly side of Salem Street, and bounded northerly by said Street; easterly by land of Rhoda Lee, and westerly and westerly by land of Lilley Eaton.

Tax, \$2.52.

Highway Tax, \$0.33.

Joel M. Holden—1/2 acre of land near Ball-road Bridge.

Tax, \$3.75.

Highway Tax, \$0.23.

Wm. E. Hale—Lot No. 29 on Moses Sweetser's Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 4, Page 72.

Tax, \$0.42.

Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Susannah Hawkes—Lot of land on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.68.

Highway Tax, \$0.16.

J. & W. W. Hastings—Lots 49 and 50 of Plan No. 1, of P. R. Slater, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 63.

Tax, \$0.25.

Highway Tax, \$0.05.

L. T. Parkhurst—Lots 21 on Slates Plan No. 2, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 5.

Tax, \$0.30.

Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Julius T. Parkhurst—Lots 21 on Slates Plan No. 2, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 5.

Tax, \$0.30.

Highway Tax, \$0.02.

W. F. Stetson—Lot 13 on Sargent's Plan No. 1, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, Page 5.

Tax, \$0.30.

Highway Tax, \$0.02.

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Tax, \$0.30.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL  
BOOK AND JOB  
PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT,  
Main Street, Woburn.

We call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

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We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

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HOSTETTER'S  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH  
BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alternative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

Cures Drapser, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of the Stomach, arising from Internal Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

NOTHING that is not wholesome, gentle and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no part of any kind, no deadly baneful element; no very exciting, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare and choice roots, with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be recommended against disease, and so far as the human system can be affected, by natural means, it is a safe and wholesome atmosphere, impure water, and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be used.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found invaluable as a preventive and irresistible remedy and thousands who resort to it have been relieved of attacks of DYSPEPSIA and less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION. Acting as a gentle and painless appetizer, as well as a tonic, it is a valuable addition to the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretive organs.

Persons of feeble health, inclining to Nervous Attacks of Spasms and Fits of Anger, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testifies on this point is most conclusive, and need hardly be repeated.

The agency of Hostetter's Bitters is immediately as

susaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by the appetite restored by the agreeable taste of the bitters, and wonder at the effects of DYSPEPSIA and less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.

Acting as a gentle and painless appetizer, as well as a tonic, it is a valuable addition to the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretive organs.

Persons of feeble health, inclining to Nervous Attacks of Spasms and Fits of Anger, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testifies on this point is most conclusive, and need hardly be repeated.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated, and the appetite restored by the agreeable taste of the bitters, and wonder at the effects of DYSPEPSIA and less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which may be experienced by most persons, and are often manifested in cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Decay and Debility and Decrepitude arising from OLD AGE. It excretes and cures Infants. In cases of old age, it is a valuable addition to the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretive organs.

Last, but not least, it is THE ONLY SAFE Stimulant, being manufactured from sound and innocent materials, and entirely free from the acid elements, more or less contained in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

No family medicine has been so universally, and may be truly added, deservedly popular with physicians, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsfield, Mass. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and

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Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail; or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Drostral Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and removes the heat of the system, by which the Water or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu.

For Weaknesses arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indisposition or Abuse, attended with the following symptoms:—

Indigestion, flatulence, exertion, loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Trembling, Weakness, Headache, Pain in the Back, Diseases of Vision, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Eructations of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine will remove, will continue for many years, and it has been found fully adequate to the removal of many obstinate cases of the above complaints, to which other remedies have failed.

Who can say that they are not frequently followed up by those who have baffled the skill of eminent physicians. The proprietor does not claim that it will cure him out of class of diseases, but persons are earnestly requested to try this Compound and judge for themselves.

Among the Advantages of this medicine are the following:

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantaneously.

It is external in its application, and the patient runs no risk in using it. It does not strike the stomach.

It reaches the nerves and muscles, as it is both a medicine and a tonic.

It has cured some of the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It can be used on a child or on an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been allowed to publish the names of many persons who have used the Compound with the most beneficial results. He inserts here a few of them. They are among the most respectable men in Boston, and their residences and places are given.

Rev. H. Munroe, Late Editor of "Boston Recorder."

H. M. Dexter, of Boston.

Joseph H. Allen, 11 Washington street, House #54, Boston.

W. C. Phillips, 10 Cornhill.

Adeloyd Boyd, 409 Washington st., firm of H. T. Morse & Boyd.

D.C. Rogers, Conway Insurance Company, 79 State Street.

Miss Rogers, 22 Mifflin Street, Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 5 Cherry Street, Boston.

Mrs. H. Hall, Alpine Street, Roxbury.

Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 5 Bridge Place, Boston.

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Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII.: NO. 25.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
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## Poetry.

### Am I for Peace? Yes!

(The following is the poem that President Lincoln requested the eminent orator, Mr. Murdoch, to read at an entertainment given him in the Senate Chamber.)

For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,

And the sullen of shot and shell,

Till rebellion's spirit is ramped down

To the death of its kindred hell.

For the peace which shall follow the squadrons' tramp,

Where the braven tramps bray,

And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,

The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wash out the leprosy stain

Of our slavery—foul and grim;

And shall sunder the fetters which creak and clank

On the down-trodden dark man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor, and false of heart,

Who would shrink from the conflict now

And will stam it, with blistering, burning brand,

On his hideous, Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way! with your spurious peace,

Which would make us rebellion's slaves;

Will rescue our land from the traitorous grasp

Or cover it with our graves.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish, schemes—

You trembling, trading pack!

Crouch away in the dark, like a sneaking hound

That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruit of our fathers' blood,

And sell out the stripes and scars,

To purchase a place with rebellion's votes,

Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, by the mother's tears,

By the orphans who cry for bread,

By our sons who fell, we will never yield

Till rebellion's soul is dead.

## Select Literature.

### AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I am an old man; and yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall popular tree that grew before the Vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I heard the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the Vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father as he stood at the study window.

It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the centre of that group of lads, and now—

'They are all gone, the old familiar faces.' Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harry Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and knew of the blinds down, and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

It was a sad day for us at the Vicarage, especially for Emily. My father stayed in his library all day; though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark, deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting place her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it) among an old man's memories of other days of auld lang syne,' hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were diffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sank almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startled beauty reminded me of the language of the book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing room. Her face was the face of an angel.'

'Ah me! how I am wandering from the circumstances I sat down to write about; but you must forgive an old man for whenever I think of Emily it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

It was Christmas eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all day, blotting out the hedges and walls that surrounded the Vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

I had come from my father's study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spirited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition; though when excited, or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble except my father. It was some time before my father came down, but when he did, we heard him knock the study door after him, and he came down alone. He looked stern and angry; he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbreaks of passion.

'Willie will not come down to night,' said he, 'I have left him in the study with a lesson that will keep him all night.'

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which continued to fall heavily. It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of young friends (children of the neighboring gentry) to pass the evening at the Vicarage.

It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were first the children of Squire Harcourt, who come wrapped up in soft furs and shawls, in the old-fashioned cosy family carriage with its couple of docile greys. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters Emily and Agnes; and as the time wore on about a score of young people were assembled at the Vicarage. It was a merry party. My father whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had done one of us. The furniture, excepting the old fashioned piano, had been removed, and the drawing room had by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green leaves, and here and there my sister's hand had gracefully arranged bunches of many colored ribbons.

Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children when they were told that Willie the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

It seemed an age before my father reappeared; but when he did, it was with Willie's pale, handsome face, looking more beautiful than ever, lying on his shoulders, and his long dark hair, which it always seemed a shame to cut, falling over his arm. I think I hear my mother's wild despairing cry now, at the distance of seventy years I have heard it at night in my quiet study; I have heard it on board ship, when the storm-winds have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves, I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father—and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother's yet more sad and pained.

My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs on the old piano; and then the boys, choosing their partners from the graceful little maidens, who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes beneath the boughs in a corner of the room, the dance began. Whilst this was going on I saw my father put something into my mother's hand. It was the study key. With a grateful smile—oh, how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old fashioned staircase; I saw her glide up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door; and when she opened it to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and, as it fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock.

I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry—'Willie!' Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, went straight up to him, and crying, Willie gone! oh, Willie, Willie! fell fainting at his feet.

The doctor was a remarkably skillful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother's eager eyes followed all his movements!

At last, when we were just despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was an unmistakable ecstasy on my mother's face, the like of which I have never seen since, and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

The many-colored rainbow of Hope now hung over the Vicarage, alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke, and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and how he became afraid, and not looked where the shadows lay in the library; and how he watched the moon rise through the poplar before the window, he was tempted to climb down the ivy-stems; and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom, with thoughts of her passing dreamlike through his mind—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he was dying, and that was all he knew. How my mother wept and smiled, and clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you how my poor father killed him, and asked—aye, he stern disciplinarian, asked—pardon of his own child. Willie fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he was almost as distinctly as by daylight.

The doctor came again, but this time he shook his head and said there was no chance for him. My father and mother watched him night and day; but he grew worse, and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bee's nest he had found a few days ago in a bank in the wood—then he would shout as if at play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he

would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones, 'Oh! papa, forgive me I cannot!'

Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head, with its splendid dark hair locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay on my father's trembling palm.

### The Wrongs of the Stomach.

A capital hit is the following, at the habit too many have of eating and drinking too much. It may serve to give some valuable lesson on the subject:—

In most of the early literatures is to be found a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each accused the other of their mutual perdition, recapitulating the offences which have produced it. Something similar might be written with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the Stomach and the Man, making an attack of gout the subject of their recrimination. The Man might accuse the Stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk, nor rest. The Stomach might plead justification, and say that she lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's respite from an intolerable taskmaster. Again, the Man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolence; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden. The Stomach, having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of angry accusation, would reply:

'My case is just as bad as your own.—Before I had well digested your breakfast, you gave me a meat luncheon to set to, and before I had got that out of the way you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that, you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if asphyxia had broken into the house and was going to carry you off, I said to myself, "Serve him right if it did." And in this way you went on, year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you a board on board ship, when the storm-winds have thrown us like a feather amongst the frothing waves, I have heard it in old continental cathedrals, above the voices of the choir, the music of the organ, and the ringing and clashing of the bells.

This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the Stomach watching its hard task come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry. "I can manage that," says the Stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more bread and more sherry. "And that," adds the Stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me." Then comes beef or mutton, or both, and stout; then game and sherry; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the Stomach; "it gives me more trouble than anything else; but the sauce will only stop here, I think, if I put out all my powers, I can even get this rubbed out of the way."

But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down came cheese, celery, apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Holland-and-water. "Good gracious! was there ever such a mess!" exclaims the Stomach. "What can the Man mean? Does he suppose that the only condition on which he would consent to a restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been."

The clausman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbury, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood upon an inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clausman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to a restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been.

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Two men living in the southern part of Africa had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off both her hands; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her—"I have had my revenge." Years passed away. The little girl became a Christian, and had grown up to be a young woman, when one day there came to her father's door a poor worn-out, grey-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat. When he had finished, dropping the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before her, she exclaimed—"I have had my revenge!" The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. But the blessed Saviour had said—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—The London Spectator pays this high compliment to our noble Sanitary Commission:

In every way we cannot help thinking the existence and success of this commission is most creditable to the American people. It shows not only with what a resolution they entered into this struggle, but with what a fund of good sense they are endowed. We doubt whether even in England a voluntary society could be entrusted with so much power, and yet so carefully abstain from trenching on the province and duties of the executive. In America they can do these things, and the same Cabinet Minister who originally gave the Sanitary Commission a six months' span of life, now admits that it has been of the greatest service to the country; that it has occasioned none of the evils expected from it, and that it has lived down all the fears and misgivings of the Government.

### Give to Him that Asketh Thee.

If the poor man pass thy door Give him of thy bounteous store, Give him food, and give him gold, Give him shelter from the cold; Aid him his lone lit to live, For his angel-like to give.

Though world, riches thou hast not, Give to him of poorer lot; Think thou of the widow's mite, In the holy Master's sight, It was more, a thousand fold, Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give, it is the better part, Give to him, "the poor in heart;" Give of love in large degree, Give of hope and sympathy; Cheer to them who sigh forlorn Light to whom his lamp is gone.

Give the grey-haired wanderer room, Lead him gently to the tomb; Let him not in friendless clime Float adown the tide of time; Hear the mother's lonely call, She, the nearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one, In thy pathway do not shun; Of thy kindness she hath need, Bind with balm the bruised reed; Give, and gifts above all price Shall be thine in Paradise.

### The Two Revenges.

Some centuries since, the chief of the district, MacLean of Lochbury, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with his only child, an infant, then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, MacLean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of that term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
One square (14 lines) one insertion, \$1.00
Half a square (see lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .20
One square one year, .10.00
One square three months, .06.00
Half a square one year, .06.00
Half a square six months, .04.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, **leaded**, 12 cents per line for one insertion; one subsequent insertion 3 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. Mansfield,  
Stonham—E. T. Whittier,  
Winchester—Josiah Hovey,  
Reading—L. E. Gleason.

S. M. Bowditch & Co., Boston and New  
York—S. H. Miller (successor to V. B. Palmer),  
Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly  
empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,  
at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of the business  
men of the country is called to this paper as an adver-  
tising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely  
in the towns that surround Woburn, and all  
will conduct their business by advertising in its  
columns.

Every kind of **Job Printing** done at short no-  
tice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the  
genuine of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the  
office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1864

We have made arrangements to supply the  
MIDDLESEX JOURNAL and MME. DEMORET'S  
QUARTERLY MIRROR OF FASHIONS, for \$2.25  
a year, payable in every case in advance.

Old subscribers, as well as new, by paying the  
above sum, will be furnished with both

publications at the same price.

Subscribers, now owing \$2.25, will be supplied with the  
JOURNAL and MINNOR for one year.

Fraternization.

It has been stated that at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, as well as at other points, the Union and Rebel soldiers have mingled together on terms of entire cordiality, and as though there had been no real difference between them. There never has been any foundation for a quarrel between the masses of the South, and those of the North, except the opinion, so industriously instilled into the former, that the men of the North are their inferiors. That opinion has, however, been dislodged out of them, as it was essential to the harmony of the Nation that it should be, and they begin to see that they have been fighting a battle which was not their own and warring against a government, of which they never had a reason to complain.

They feel that the burthen of the conflict have been on them. They know, by a bitter experience, that they have only substituted an iron rule for a gentle one, and they are ready to come back as soon as they can have the assurance that the old government is strong enough to protect them.

And this is the answer to the argument of the Copperheads, which has found so much favor with European statesmen, that it is impossible to restore the Union by the subjugation of four or five millions of people, who are united in the determination to maintain their independence. If there had been any real grievance, to render even the calamities of an unequal war more tolerable than a return to their allegiance, and the people were as thoroughly united by oppression, as it is pretended they are, and without any disturbing element amongst them, either black or white, it is not to be doubted, that a thorough re-union would have been impossible, even though they might be conquered, and held as subjects.

If we had dealt with rebel sympathizers in this latitude, as the rebels themselves have dealt with loyal men in the South, by imprisoning, banishing and hanging them upon the mere suspicion of unfriendliness to the Union cause, we should have had the same apparent unanimity here. Under such a rule as theirs, there is no scope for the expression of a dissent. A reference, however, to the means by which some of these States were hurried into the rebellion, even against the known wishes of a majority of the people, is enough to show that it wants but a removal of the *vis major*, by which they have been overborne, to bring them back into the Union, with their original love of it increased and intensified, by a new and realizing sense of the many blessings it has assured. It will be to them a transition from a hell of discord and ruin—to a paradise of peace and happiness.

It is not so, we admit, with the ruling class, by which they have been dragged into this unhappy state. They hate the North with an intense and bitter hatred, which can be only washed out with their blood. They have left us, because their pride would not allow them to herd with what they denominates the northern rabble, upon a footing of equality. They did not entertain any more respect for the military powers of the North, than the old nobles of France entertained for the miserable Jacquerie, whom they rode down,

and trampled under foot with their mailed squadrons. They laughed—as Russell tells us—at the idea of an invasion of their southern homes by the shop-keepers, the tailors, the shoemakers, and haberdashers, and cotton spinners of the Free States. Many of them have expiated their error by their blood—many have gone down in battle, under the treacherous blades of the stalwart warriors whom they affected to despise. The roll of slaves which was to have been called on Bunker Hill, is called in vain over the desolated plantations of the South. Those who remain of the fire-eating gentry are beggared by their folly, and feel that their lives, as well as their estates, are justly forfeited to the offended laws. They have nothing to hope from submission, if their pride would even allow it. They will fight, of course, as men fight, who have a halter about their necks. But they cannot fight without a soldier, and those who have done their work unwillingly, will be the first to turn upon them, as soon as convinced that the cause is a hopeless one. We shall be one people as before, with neither fire-eater nor slave, to disturb our harmony.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The funeral services of Dr. Benjamin Cutler took place from the First Congregational Church, on Monday afternoon. The attendance of those who desired to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth, was very large, and the services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Bodwell, were deeply impressive. The remarks were worthy of the character and standing of the deceased, and gratifying to those who cherished his memory.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—There is a classed boy in our town, who are daily taking deeper root in crime. They visit our stores and watch their opportunity to steal whatever is within their reach. It is only a day or two ago, that one of this class, only eight years of age, was caught in daylight with his hand in the money drawer of one of our storekeepers. Justice demands that these young offenders, now sowing the seeds of a bitter harvest, should be closely watched and effectually punished, until their practices are broken up and they reform their ways.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OR CO. K, 39TH REGT.—Private Timothy Sheehan, of Co. K, 39th Regt., died of pneumonia, on Thursday, March 10th, near Mitchell's Station, Va. The deceased came off guard on Tuesday, March 1, during a cold storm of rain and sleet, and on Wednesday complained of being unwell. The cause of his illness at once became apparent, and he was ordered into the hospital. The deceased leaves a wife and seven children. One of his sons is in the 22d Regt.

CARRIERS' MEETING.—The Carrriers' Protective Union of Woburn, called a meeting of the carriers of this town and vicinity, to be held on Wednesday evening, in Lyceum Hall, but on account of being disappointed in speakers were compelled to postpone it. A delegation of the Salem carriers, now on a strike, visited Woburn for the purpose of attending the meeting, and were hospitably entertained by their brother workmen of our town.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Nathaniel Hopkins, of this town, was thrown from a freight train in Winchester, yesterday, by coming in contact with a target, and badly injured. It appears that he fell upon a switch, the handle of which was broken off. It is hoped that he has not sustained serious internal injury.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—The returned soldiers of Woburn, by a Special Notice in another column, will see by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. P. T. Tare has received his Spring stock of cloths, which is prepared to make into fashionable and serviceable garments. It is determined that his terms shall be as reasonable as any other man's, and that his work shall not be excelled in durability or finish. The public are invited to examine his goods.

SPRING CLOTHING.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. P. T. Tare has received his Spring stock of cloths, which is prepared to make into fashionable and serviceable garments. It is determined that his terms shall be as reasonable as any other man's, and that his work shall not be excelled in durability or finish. The public are invited to examine his goods.

CALL FOR 200,000 MEN.—Another call was made for men, and this time 200,000 are wanted. This call is made for the purpose of bringing about a final settlement with the different States, and making good the losses to the army caused by the transfer of men to the navy. The quota of Woburn under this call will be about 43.

CALL ACCEPTED.—We learn that Rev. Mr. Fay of Leominster, has accepted the call recently tendered him by the First Unitarian Parish in Woburn, and will preach his first sermon on Sunday, the 10th of April.

FOUND DEAD.—Mr. Shea, well known to his a wood sawyer, was found dead in his bed last Monday morning. The cause of his death was supposed to be heart disease. He was 73 years of age.

SOCIAL.—The members of the Young Men's Literary Association held a social at the Central House on Wednesday evening. The attendance was through invitation, and those present had a very pleasant time.

MIRROR OF FASHION.—We expect to have the spring number of Mme. Demoret's Mirror of Fashion next week, for distribution to those who subscrbed for it.

ROOM PAPER.—A large and varied stock of new spring patterns of Room Paper, has just been received at the Woburn Bookstore, from New York.

PROMOTED.—Second Lieut. Geo. J. Morse, of this town, belonging to the 59th Regt., has been promoted to First Lieutenant.

FAIR DAY.—The Governor has appointed Thursday April 7th, as Fair day.

## Army Correspondence.

BRANDY STATION, VA., March 11th, 1864.

Dear Editor.—As swiftly as shifts theatrical scenery, has changed the sunny skies and softest winds, for leaden clouds and descending rains. The fair face of Brandy is clouded over, and the fields, which but a short while since smiled back to the sun with reciprocal joyousness, now stretch mist-clad and growing apparently but half their former length. The skies seem to lower close upon the earth, and the nearer horizon shuts out the farther hills and boundary of woods. Dense mist and falling rain shut in the view. All is dreary, dismal, waste, and wild. Even the horses, poor brutes, stand drooping and depressed beneath the downfalling flood, and penetrating mist, occupying the least possible space, and striving as if to crease within themselves. Everybody and everything seems to have a most determined attack of the blues. The roads have nearly returned to their primitive state of mud, ponds exist, and little streams run brawling by where once no moisture was. Brightly glows the fire in every soldier's chimney, and every hut presents a doubled charm by the contrast with the inclemency without. Now is the season of letters, of reading, and of songs.

Inclement weather, drives man within himself for recreation and for occupation. It is the time for searching thought, and naturally induces meditation. It is a sign, man is rapid and thoughtful when he acknowledges to ennu. What springs of employment man has within himself if he would only search. It is by thought, and belief induced thereby, that man makes himself; and the outer circumstances of life, his contact with his fellow men, his education, are but the polishing touches to a work already done in actuality. Insanity filled with excess of thoughts and ideas, fears not solitude. Why should the solvent mind dread it more? Solitude continually induces a morbidity and rustiness of thought. But whether is worse the narrow round of thought circumscribed by continual solitude, or the rapidity that always shuns reflections? Besides, man being naturally socially disposed need exercise no extreme exertion to avoid excess of loneliness. His endeavor should rather be the other way to avoid insanity and frivolity. Nor is a habit of thought a task, save to a certain degree. When once warmed we fit to the traces with wonderful facility. Then comes the pleasure. The world of thought! How boundless, how sublime, how pleasing! The slightest thing in nature by the power of thought occupies a beauty, and pleasure-giving power beyond undreamed; and works of art are appreciated with a zest ever freshening with their consideration. In walks about the fields each tree and twig and joyous bird seen thro' the thoughtful man's means of vision, the brooding skies, the flowering meadows, the tints of distance and the brightness of nearness, beget within an exquisite deliciousness of enjoyment that is a pleasure as apparent as any sense. There penetrates from without the subtle essence of beauty absolute, and from within arises the happy grateful sense of His goodness, who possessing to himself the power to make whatever his will might wish, yet in love immensurable hath made all things so lovely, that all their lovesomeness may not be learned, only for us. The pleasure and need of thought can never be nautralized.

The winter seems lightened of one half its weight, as also men's mind. All sorts of arrangements for comfort and pleasure and improvement have ripened into fullness. With the opening of Spring come many rumors which in their variety, beget as great a variety of theories as to the commencement and conduct of the ensuing campaign. Even the old fear is not wanting, and there are some who say Lee meditates another invasion, others even that he is now within the limits of Maryland. You will at once perceive that army rumors not always take counsel of probability. These rumors are one source of the army amusement, which for the rest part is made up of balls, races, reviews, &c. The officers of the 1st, Brigade H. A. have built and dedicated to amusement a log building about 20x40. It is used for a club house, an arena for sparring exhibitions, and shortly will be for the performance of an amateur minstrel troupe. Not half a dozen rods from without stands this club house, is located another institution of the brigade, viz., the tent of the U. S. Christian Commission, which serves as a chapel. Here has been divine service every day since the early part of the winter. The labors of the Christian Commission, throughout the army have been highly successful, and really it seems that, had the old fear been realized, they would have been spared.

In a speech delivered at St. Louis a few evenings since Gen. Rosecrans gave his idea on reconstruction. He said:

"Gen. McNeil has told you that he thought that every black man who fought for the country should have a vote. So do I—so do I."

"He said he had a black man as his servant (Samuel Marshall), who had won his freedom by fighting for the country at Fort Moultrie, in South Carolina. So we have the example of the South itself in freeing slaves who fight for the country. Gen. Rosecrans also gave his views of a reconstruction of the Union. He said that whenever a State passes an act renouncing its allegiance to the Government, we are obliged to recognize it as the act of the State—that it has abdicated—and no two hundred men in such State can act for the whole. The people still remain citizens of the United States, and are to be governed until there is a loyal population sufficient to form a State and be admitted into the Union.

The General added:

"I am not in favor of a central despotism, but in the unity of the nation and the maintenance of the general government. When a citizen wants to expatriate himself he can do so by the consent of the sovereign. I want Congress to pass an act to allow any citizen to expatriate himself, and to declare acts such as expatriation, and never more allow him to vote until re-nationalized."

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

**HAVE YOU**  
A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color?

DO YOU  
Wish to change that color to a handsome deep brown, or a perfect and natural black without injury to the fibres, without trouble or inconvenience? If so,

THEN YOU  
Must use CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE, which is the only harmless, certain, instantaneous and truly natural Hair Dye in the world.

SHOULD YOU  
Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Send every article and apply to all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1.50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

**Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.**  
Is invaluable with his dye, as it insures the utmost softness, and most brilliant gloss, and great value to the hair. Price, 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

## Married

In South Reading, March 15th, by Rev. Geo. Bullen, Mr. Charles E. Reynolds of the 12th Regulars, and Miss. Eileen E. Patch, both of South Reading.

In Winchester, March 15, by Rev. R. T. Robinson, Charles H. Littlefield, Acting Ensign U. S. N., and Miss Emily Vreeland of W.

## Died

At Mitchell's Station, Va., 10th inst., Private Timothy Sheehan, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., aged 47 years.

In Woburn, 14th inst., Michael Shea, 73, John McLaughlin, 97 years.

In Chelsea, 13th inst., of congestion of the lungs, Georgia, daughter of the late Wm. Pickance, of Boston, aged 28 years.

**LIST OF LETTERS** remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Mar. 19, 1864.

Boyle, Wm. L. C. Hunt, David A.

Perry, Franklin W.

Parker, Carrie W.

Rafter, Andrew W.

Selling, John

Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12.30 P.M.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

**G. R. GAGE,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
New Bank Building, Woburn.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he is now located in his new store, where, with increased facilities, he is ready to fill their orders with promptness and despatch.

**BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS**  
made in the best style, and warranted to fit.

Particular attention paid to making

**Boys' Clothing.**

He has on hand a large stock of the best and most desirable goods in the market, suitable for the season, which will be made up to order at the most reasonable rates.

**FURNISHING GOODS**  
of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

Woburn, March 19th, 1864.

**SPRING CLOTHING!**

The subscriber has on hand a large stock of goods, suitable for the approaching season, and which he will manufacture into all kinds of garments, in the best manner.

He begs to say that he deserves the confidence of all who frequent his establishment, and would respectfully invite the examination of men of his skill and workmanship now in the market. If the subscriber, you will be sure to call at the old stand, and let him know if you see this is not the place to get what you want, at the price you wish to pay.

P. TEARE, Merchant Tailor.  
Woburn, March 19, 1864.

**SLATE AND TIN ROOFING.**

D. TILLSON & SON,  
Slate and Metal Roofers,

55 SUDSBURY STREET, BOSTON.  
Cover roofs with Slate or Tin in the best manner and on reasonable terms. Orders left with D. H. TILLSON, Railroad Street, Woburn will receive prompt attention.

**HOUSE AND LAND TO LET.**  
THE House, Shop, Barn, and Land occupied by Eli Cooper, and situated West of Pleasant street, in the rear of the Pleasant Street Hotel. The land consists of about four acres, well stocked with excellent fruit trees. For further particulars apply to Eli Cooper, or his trustees, or to SUMNER RICHARDSON, Stockbridge.

**TO LET,**  
THE COTTAGE HOUSE on the corner of Franklin and Park Sts. Enquire at the premises of JOHN JAMESON.

**FURNITURE**

At Wholesale Prices!

HALEY, MORSE & BOYDEN,

407 & 409 Washington Street,  
BOSTON.

HAVE now the largest warerooms, and the largest stock of  
EVERY VARIETY OF FURNITURE,  
in the city of Boston, of their own MANUFACTURE, which they will sell

**AT RETAIL,**  
At Wholesale Prices, for Cash.

THE ONE-PRICE SYSTEM  
adhered to.

17-18.

**Luxuriant Hair for All**

Bogie's Hyperion Fluid, Restores and Dresses Hair.

Bogie's Electric Hair Dye, Best in the World.

Bogie's Balm of Cytherea, Cures Tan and Plaques.

Bogie's Wigs and Hair Work, New Improvement.

Exceeds all others. Cheapest, best and most reliable. Try! Be convinced.

W. BOGLE,  
38-14 Washington Street

**SWEETSER'S**

Iceland Moss Candy

—AND—

**ICELAND MOSS TROCHES!**

EXCELLENT REMEDIES FOR COUGHS and COLDS.

Also Whooping Cough,

For Sale at Woburn Bookstore.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE IN SOUTH READING.

THE following described Parcels of Real Estate in South Reading, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, owned or supposed to be owned by the persons hereinafter named, and assessed for the year 1862, or as much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said assessments, will be offered for sale at Public Auction, at the office of E. A. Upton, over the store of Charles E. Niles & Co., on the easterly side of Main Street, in said South Reading, on THURSDAY, the 31st day of March current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for non-payment of taxes assessed for the year 1862, and all incidental costs and charges unless the same shall have been previously discharged.

E. A. UPTON,  
Collector of the Town of South Reading for the year 1862.

South Reading, March 1, 1864.

John Adden—2 acres of meadow land near Hill Brook.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John Adden, Jr.—2 acres of tillage land near Hill Brook.

Tax, \$2.31 Highway Tax, \$0.15.

A. H. Allen—4 acres of land on Greenwood Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.08.

John Buckman—1 acre of land on McKay's Plan.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Wm. L. Brown's Estate—1 acre of land with buildings thereon, situate on the east side of Main Street, and bounded west by land of G. S. Churchill; easterly by land of Olive E. Skinner and Luther Crocker, and southerly by land of Edward Mansfield.

Tax, \$25.20 Also 1/2 acre of land on Wiley Street, and bounded westerly by said Wiley Street; northerly by land of E. E. Wiley's heirs; easterly and southerly by land of the South Reading Branch Railroad.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Robert Kemp—Lot No. 3, on Sargent's Plan No. 3, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 14.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Henry Kirkpatrick—Lot of land with the buildings thereon situate on the southerly side of Salem Street, in South Reading, and bounded northerly by said Street; easterly and southerly by land of Jonathan Nichols, and westerly by land of Jos. L. Wiley.

Tax, \$2.57 Highway Tax, \$0.39.

John Leonard—Lots 77 and 78 with the buildings thereon, on Robinson's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, page 7.

Tax, \$0.21 Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Leonard Kendall—Lots 77 and 78 with the buildings thereon, on Robinson's Plan recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 6, page 7.

Tax, \$0.21 Highway Tax, \$0.02.

Samuel Kimball—Lot of land with the buildings thereon, situate in the southerly part of South Reading, westerly by the Boston and Maine Railroad; and north by Lot No. 13 on said Plan.

Tax, \$3.36 Highway Tax, \$0.20.

H. J. Leavitt—Lot No. 41 on Wiley's Plan. For description see Book of Plans No. 4, page 75, Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 14.

Tax, \$0.42 Highway Tax, \$0.03.

Freeman Leavitt—4 acres of land with buildings thereon, bounded east and south by land of Edwards, west by land of William Tyzzer, and north by a Private Way.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

B. Waldmyer—4 acres of land.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

A. W. Sullivan's heirs—southerly by an owner unknown, and northerly by a private way called Emerson Street.

Tax, \$7.77 Highway Tax, \$1.73.

A. D. Lamson—Lot No. 2, on Plan of House Lots of D. & N. Norcross, bounded easterly by Main Street, north by Lot No. 16, on said Plan; west by land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; and north by Lot No. 13 on said Plan.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Freeman Leavitt—4 acres of land with buildings thereon, bounded east and south by land of Edwards, west by land of William Tyzzer, and north by a Private Way.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

J. H. Targett—Lot No. 3, on Sargent's Plan No. 3, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 14.

Tax, \$0.84 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Henry Thompson—Lot of land with the buildings thereon, bounded east and south by land of Edwards, west by land of William Tyzzer, and north by a Private Way.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Freeman Leavitt—4 acres of land with buildings thereon, bounded northerly by land of W. Chapman's land; easterly by land of W. Sullivan's heirs; southerly by an owner unknown, and northerly by a private way called Emerson Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Charles Wilson—Lot No. 12, on Sullivans Plan, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 1, page 55.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John Wood—Lot No. 30, situated on Beacon Street.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Geo. W. Bennett—Lot No. 31 on Sargent's Plan of House Lots.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

John B. Bennett—Lot No. 5, Sullivan's Plan, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 8.

Tax, \$1.26 Highway Tax, \$0.05.

Wm. V. Clendenin—4 acres of land being Lots 11 and 33 on Plan of Adam Wiley, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 5, page 28. For particular description of Lot No. 11, see deed recorded in said Registry, Book 638, page 333; also Lots 21, 22 and 23 on Sargent's Plan of 1855, recorded in said Registry, Book No. 7, page 12.

Tax on Lot No. 11, \$0.63.

Tax on Lot 21, 22, 23, 1.40.

Tax on Lot 23, 63.

Tax on Lot 24, 2.10.

Darius A. Martin—2 1/2 acres of land being Lots 29, 30, 46, 47, 48, 49, 55, 57, 58, 59, on Sargent's Plan of the year 1847, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 14. Also three-quarters of an acre of land being Lot No. 38, see deed recorded in said Registry, Book 633, page 355.

Tax on Lot No. 38, \$0.63.

Tax on Lot No. 39, \$0.04.

Thomas H. Cooper—1/2 acre of land with buildings thereon, situate on Mechanic Street, and bounded northerly by said street; easterly by land of Jas. E. Parker, and westerly by land of Joseph D. Mansfield.

Tax, \$0.21 Highway Tax, \$0.013.

A. L. Dennison—2 lots of land on Franklin and Nahant Street, about 1/4 of an acre, and bounded easterly by land of Cyrus Philpot; south by said Franklin Street; west by land of Dager, and north by said Nahant Street.

Tax, \$1.68.

Michael Murphy—5 1/2 acres of land with buildings thereon, situate on Herbert Street, and bounded easterly by land of Wm. J. Butler, and southerly and westerly by land of Jeremiah Green.

Tax, \$0.84.

Nathaniel C. Mayo—3 1/2 acres of land situate on Park Street, and bounded southerly by said Street, westerly by land of Josiah Norton; northerly by land of Jeremiah Bryant, and easterly by an owner unknown.

Tax, \$9.21 Highway Tax, \$0.55.

J. F. Ferdinand—4 acres of land being Lots Nos. 56 and 60 on Sargent's Plan No. 3, which is recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans No. 2, page 14.



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 26.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

## Poetry.

### Men Wanted.

Men, for to-day's hard soil and bather!  
Knights were well in the feudal days;  
Kings, when the people were dumb as cattle;  
Priests, when a lie was a means of grace;  
Dancing-masters, when morals were manners;  
Schemers in ink, when the sword was a pen;  
But now, when God lifts up his banners,  
And war clangs fierce-send us men! send us men!

O, contemptible tailor's dummy,  
Dug and noodle like a snob and quack,  
Stale old floss and weathered mummy,  
Politicians and party hucksters;  
First of fashion and last of bather,  
Living to cheat and be cheated again,  
Drawer of cant and counterfeit martyr,  
Out and begone with you! send us some men!

Send us men for the desk and the altar,  
Men who are fearless of councils and bands,  
Never with righteousness daring to palter,  
Orthodox, rather in God's sight than man's;  
Men who assume no clerical mastership,  
Being man's servants and God's honest free-men,  
Knowing that lordship agrees not with pastorate;  
Men whose first study is always to be men.

Send us men for the public stations,  
Loyal and honest and brave and wise;  
Thoughtful beyond their pay and their rations;  
Parleying never with traitors and spies;  
Men whose works and promises tally;  
Men who build upon Principles grand;  
Learning of Christ, not of Machiavelli;  
What to enact and how to command.

Send us men for the private places,  
Tradesmen and craftsmen and tillers of soil,  
Men with sympathies large as the race is;  
Loyal to fatherland, freedom, and God;  
Loyal in spite of high taxes and prices;  
Loving life, kindred, fortune—all these—  
Rather than sell, in humanity's crisis,  
Liberty's birthright for pottage of peace!

—New York Tribune.

## Select Literature.

### CLAUDE CAPPERONNIER.

J. H. SYME.

"He's the laziest dog in Manin," cried old Gaspard, taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing the smoke towards the stucco image of Napoleon that stood upon his chimney-piece. "He'll never make a Skinner worth a scow."

"Oh, I know it," cried old Marguerite, with a triumphant smile. "I say that the lad was full of nothing but stupidity. You see what it is now, however, Gaspard; you would not take my advice, and so you must have your pellets spoiled."

"No, No, Marguerite," said Gaspard, shaking his head, and placing his feet on the fender, while he balanced his chair on its hind legs; the lad is not altogether stupid, but he has not brains enough to be a Skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

Marguerite suspended the scouring of a pewter platter for a moment, and looked hard at the fender, while he balanced his chair on its hind legs; the lad is not altogether stupid, but he has not brains enough to be a Skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

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"Well, now, Gaspard Beauvais," said Marguerite, in whose mind a sudden revolution had taken place, as she ceased her scrubbing, and placed one arm akimbo, while she leaned in an easy attitude upon the larger platter with the other; "you cannot say that Claude is troublesome, at any rate. He never returns word to your reproaches, and he is content to sit alone in the pulling house, even on these winter nights."

"Troublesome!" shouted Gaspard, spinning his chair suddenly round, and confronting his wife with a look of lively astonishment; "why, my good woman, that word comprises all the faults that I find in him. Do you think it no trouble to see him mixing pickings, seconds and thirds together, while he is muttering away about decensions and conjugations, and running holes in my pellets; while he is rhyming outlandish nonsense about O'wee, who married Boss Solemn at Treeboothunter's—while mass cooled all Sunday? I tell you, Marguerite," cried old Gaspard wheeling round to his former position, and knocking the dottle from his pipe with great energy; "I tell you the lad is not only troublesome, but I almost think he is profane."

"Gaspard Beauvais, take care what you say," replied Marguerite, in a severe tone, while she drew herself up and primed her mouth for a more potential discussion. "You are too free with your tongue, I think, old man."

She might have said the same of mad old Boress, too, for, at the moment she was about to break the polemical group, he interrupted her discourse with a wild protracted howl, that made the doors and windows rattle, and shook all the chimneys of Manin; as if he had an umbrage at them for a year, and was wreaking his vengeance on them.

"There it comes at last," said Gaspard, listening to the wild howling of the wind, while awe was written on his embrowned and wrinkled face. "My rheumatism fore-

boded this storm two days ago, and here it is."

"Are all things secure and ready for it?" cried Marguerite, with a careful woman's promptitude. "Are the bales in the shed, and the skins covered with pack-sheet? Do you think that he saw grim, broken walls, or the black rafters from which the spiders suspended their webs? Do you think that he heard the squeaking of the rats, and the howling of the storm? Hello, gay gentlemen! you hunt the fox upon the fell, and you follow the heath-fowl on the hill; and fresh are the airs you breathe, and fair the scenes you see; but little do some of you know of the magic influence of a book."

"Hello, you are right, old woman!" exclaimed the Skinner, springing to his feet and buttoning on his coat with the greatest despatch. "Bring forth the lantern, while I call that pest of a boy to help me."

Gaspard Beauvais was one of those very useful handcraftsmen who convert the skins of sheep and lambs into leather, and who combine with this profession the sorting of wool. He was a man of powerful frame and iron constitution, and it was well for him that he was so for the life of a Skinner is no joke, and his work is no child's play. To-day he would be standing in the stream of Manin washing sheepskins, that the wool might be clean, and tossing the saturated masses of perhaps a hundred weight each, to the banks during twelve successive hours; to-morrow he would be staved in a damp, close pellitory, dressing skins with warm water; and the next day he would be smearing others with lime. Heat and cold had apparently only indurated his muscles and hardened his tendons, for he knocked about the place with all the agility of vigorous manhood, and sung in the midst of his hardest labors with all the spirit of youth. He was tall and spare; his face was brown and wrinkled, and his gray hair fell in long, straight tresses down his cheeks; yet time seemed to poised itself lightly on his head, and the summer of youth appeared to have kept possession of his heart. He was a kind man and a brave one; but he was a great Skinner, and, being proud of this, it made him severe on his delinquent apprentice.

"Hello, Claude," he shouted, as he stepped out into the night—or, rather, into his skin-yard; "hello, Claude! are you sleeping?"

Gaspard Beauvais's skin-yard was a very excellent illustration, in it way, of Babel. It was never designed to be so, to be sure, but simple people often do great things without design, and Gaspard had certainly filled the quarter of an acre of area which he called a yard with superlative confusion.

Gaspard's own snug little dwelling—with well planked plate-rack, and spasmotic cuckoo-clock—with its great roaring fire, its chains of black and white puddings, and its half-yards of bacon—with its three little overhanging eaves—occupied one end of the skin-yard; the lad was not altogether stupid, but he has not brains enough to be a Skinner. I wish you had not asked me to take him apprentice when his uncle brought him here."

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,  
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS-\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Persons who receive a copy of this paper, and person wished his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, . . . . .
Each square (seven lines) one insertion . . . . .
One square six months . . . . .
Half a square one month . . . . .
Half a square one year . . . . .
Half a square six months . . . . .
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square . . . . .
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, teated, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

BY ALL ADVERTISEMENTS, NOT OTHERWISE MARKED ON THE COPY, WILL BE INSERTED UNTIL ORDERED OUT, AND CHARGED ACCORDINGLY.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

Southbridge—J. J. Mansfield,  
Sturbridge—T. W. Williams,  
Winchester—Josiah Hoyt,  
Reading—L. E. D. Gleason.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES (successor to V. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly authorized agents for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1864.

A few words concerning the Woburn Branch Railroad.

By D. D. Hart.

Many of the readers of the JOURNAL, whose memories extend back over a period of nearly twenty years, will remember the time when the stage driven by Albert Carter, one of the present conductors on the Woburn Branch, was the only public means the people of Woburn had for reaching Boston. This mode of conveyance, though carried on with punctuality, was found to be inadequate to meet the demands of the public, and in April, 1844, the Boston & Lowell R. R. Corporation commenced running a train from the Watering Station, every morning at 7 o'clock, to better accommodate those who wished to reach the city at an early hour. On the thirtieth day of December following, the first engine was run up over the Woburn Branch by Mr. Eli Cooper, with the superintendent of the road, Mr. Storer, for the purpose of inspection, and on the next day the first regular passenger train left Woburn Centre for Boston, and the train which left the Watering Station at 7 A. M., was consequently dispensed with. Mr. Carter at once received from the corporation the situation of conductor, which position he has filled ever since to the complete satisfaction of the public and his employers. During all this time no accident has ever happened, the cause of which could be laid directly to any neglect of duty on his part, and his promptness in all matters pertaining to his vocation will bear comparison with that of any other man, similarly situated in the country. Few men enter more fully, every day, into the advancement of the interests of their employers, than he does; and it is the wish of hundreds, who daily commit themselves to his care, that he may be as successful and fortunate in the future as he has been in the past.

No little excitement existed at the time when the site for the depot was to be selected. Some wanted it in one place, and some in another, and to decide the matter a town meeting was called to choose a committee which should have the power to select a site. This committee met, but failed to come to a decision, and to conclude the difference the superintendent Mr. Storrow, wisely chose the present location, where sufficient land could be obtained for all necessary purposes, and thus ended a knotty question.

At the same time, Mr. D. D. Hart was extensively engaged in teaming between Woburn and Boston, and succeeded though against considerable opposition, in obtaining the control of the express business from the corporation. This he conducted for a time, until his prompt manner of transacting his duties arrested the attention of the managers of the road, and he was employed by them in filling any temporary vacancy that might occur. He did not long remain in this position, as his popularity with his employers increased, and he was offered and accepted the responsible situation of ticket master at Boston, which he occupied for a period of fifteen years, only resigning when called to fill a more responsible post. During this series of years, the corporation had placed entire confidence in Mr. Hart, and never had occasion to feel that it was misplaced. His urbanity of manner has won for him the esteem of all who have had occasion to travel over the road, and he is known for his gentlemanly qualities in all sections of the country. Many poor persons, who have not had a dime in their pockets, with which to proceed on their journey, have been made to feel the good that will arise from even one generous heart, capable of sympathizing with those in need, when supplied with both transportation and money. All men do not allow their feelings for the misfortunes of others to sink deep enough to reach their pockets. But some do, who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame." With words of cheer and advice, they give bodily comfort with no miser's hand, and make the world better for their having lived in it. The standing of such men is to be envied, for while they live they are honored and respected, and when they die their memories are cherished and revered.

Let us now take a look at the Branch as

it stands at the present time. Ever since it was established, the business transacted over it has steadily increased, until now it is a source of much profit to the stockholders. On account of the consolidation of several other roads with the Lowell, the managers of the latter found it necessary to make some change in the Woburn Branch as the business had increased so much as to make it equal to a long route, as far as care was concerned, and they resolved to place its management in the hands of some capable person. They accordingly called upon Mr. Hart and informed him of their plans, and that they had decided to give him the first offer. After due consideration of the subject, Mr. Hart concluded to accept this offer for a term of years, and at once entered into a contract for that purpose.

On the 1st of April he assumed the duties of his new position, when quite a change will take place in men and things connected with the Branch. Mr. Hart has associated with himself, Mr. Charles S. Converse, who will attend more especially to the express business. Under this new arrangement we have no doubt but that entire satisfaction will result to the public, and that our people will be even better accommodated than they have been.

In conclusion we would say, that since the present Superintendent, Mr. Winslow, has been in office, Woburn has been well supplied with trains, and we believe that another, as petitioned for, will soon be added, which will stop only at Winchester. And it is the determination of the managers to so far grant the demands of the public as to leave no just grounds for complaint.

PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Parish in Woburn was held on Monday afternoon last. The following persons were chosen office bearers for the year ensuing:—L. L. Whitney, Clerk; D. D. Hart, Thos. Richardson, and Jotham Hill, Parish Committee; L. L. Whitney, Treasurer and Collector; Frederick Flint, Assistant Collector; L. G. Richardson, Chas. A. Smith, and John G. Cole, Auditors.

On the motion of D. D. Hart, it was voted, that the thanks of this Parish be and are tendered to Horace Collamore, for faithful and arduous services rendered as Treasurer of the First Cong. Parish, during a period of time extending from March 10th, 1856, to March 21st, 1861.

NARRATIVE FROM DEATH.—Mr. Dan'l Kimball, Government Storekeeper of the warehouse at Union Wharf, Boston, fell on Tuesday afternoon from the fourth to the first story of that building, through three scuttles. Although considerably injured, he escaped without the breaking of any bones. His escape from death was almost miraculous. Several deaths have occurred in the same building from a like cause. Mr. Kimball is brother to Mr. John R. Kimball of Woburn, and will be remembered as a former teacher of the Centre Grammar School.

TENNESSEE FUND.—At last reports, the fund being collected by Hon. Edward Everett, for the relief of the Union people of Tennessee, had reached the sum of \$74,000.00. It is hoped that this amount will be increased to \$100,000, as Massachusetts stands verbally pledged to furnish that amount. We notice that collections have been taken up in several churches in towns near Woburn, and we hope that the same thing will be done here, so that our people may have an opportunity of doing their share toward helping the honest and deserving loyalists of Tennessee.

Y. M. L. A. LECTURE.—In consequence of the continued illness of John G. Saxe, Esq. Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, has been engaged to deliver another lecture in the present course. His subject will be "The Nile and Deser," and the lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, March 31st.

TOWN MONEY.—The amount of town money that has passed through the hands of our Treasurer, during the thirteen months ending March 1, 1864, is \$109,730.76. This is exclusive of allotment money, which amounted to \$25,000.00. We think this is a big business for a little town of less than seven thousand inhabitants.

NEW DEPOT.—We have heard that a new depot is talked of for Woburn Centre, the present one being found inadequate for all purposes. If this is so, we may expect to see erected a building that will be an ornament to our town and an index of the manner in which our people patronize their railroad.

TOWN CAUCUS.—It will be seen by a Special Notice in another part of this paper that the Caucus, for the nomination of Town officers, will be held at the Town Hall, on Friday evening next, April 1, at 7 o'clock.

About 150 of the members of the Curers' Protective Union, of this town, visited Salem yesterday for the purpose of attending a mass meeting of the Curers held in that place last evening.

GODEY FOR APRIL.—We have received this popular fashion magazine for April, and find it as usual filled with those good things which are always so acceptable to the ladies. It can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore.

RECRUITING COMMITTEE.—The Recruiting Committee are requested to meet at the Selectmen's room, this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.—An assortment of embroidery patterns can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

THE MONTHLY SERMON to the young will be delivered in the Baptist Church on Sabbath evening next, at 7 o'clock.

CUDJO'S CAVES.—This popular book can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore.

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EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.—An assortment of embroidery patterns can be found for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

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# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

**WESTWARD HO!**—Those who intend locating themselves on the plains of the far West, should not fail to provide themselves with a remedy for most of the minor accidents of life, by taking with them a supply of Grace's celebrated Salve. With that in the log cabin they may do without sending miles for a doctor, and save his bill into the bargain. The Salve is a sure cure for those nasty eruptions caused by the use of scrub oak leaves. It also cures burns, scalds, flesh wounds, boils, and all skin complaints. 25 cents a box. See advertisement in another column.

An Indian and a white man were passing along Broadway, New York, when the former espied a window full of wigs, and pointing to the owner, who stood in the doorway, said—"Um—him great man—big brave—take many scalps."

## Special Notices.

### TOWN CAUCUS.

The citizens of Woburn are requested to meet at the Town Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 1st, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating Town Officers for the year ensuing.

Woburn, March 23, 1864.

### The American Hot-Air Cooking Stove again Victorious.

The American Hot-Air Cooking Stove, manufactured by the F. Loring & Co., Worcester, has received the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair at Rochester, Oct. 1st, 1862, again at Utica, Sept. 15, 1863. Twice the exact Stove has stood first in competition with the best judges in the country. It has been pronounced competent to judge the best Stove in the country. This decision has been fully sustained by the people in this and the adjoining States, as it has received the highest commendation from all classes of the country where it has been introduced.

For sale by J. F. LORING, Worcester, and PATTY & CO., Fitchburg.

### Preserve your Beauty,

Symmetry of form, your health and mental powers, by using that safe, simple, painless, and comfortable article, H. L. HENDERSON'S EXTRACT BUCHU. Read the advertisement in another column, and profit by it—Diseases and Symptoms enumerated. Cut it out and preserve it. You may not need it now, but it will be of great service when you do. Every drop of this extract gives health and vigor to the frame.

And blood to the pallid cheek.

It saves long suffering and exposure.

Beware of Counterfeits!

Cures Guaranteed!

### Hottestter's Bitter

Have received the warmest commendations from the press and people throughout the Union as a valuable tonic for the cure of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Constipation, and general nervous debility; it is not to be surpassed. Every drop of this extract gives its great effect are chronicled through our principal public journals. There is nothing equal to the enterprising article which it contains, especially when using this valuable extract. Its tonic, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, and the cleansing of the entire human body, make it necessary in all cases of our countrymen. See Advertisement.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

### HAVE YOU

A head of Hair, or Whiskers or Moustaches, of an unbecoming color?

### DO YOU

Want use of CRISTADORO'S EXCISION DYE, which is the only hair dye certain, instantaneous and truly natural hair dye in the world.

### SHOULD YOU

Doubt these statements, try the article, and if it fails denounce it.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, \$1.50, and \$2 per box, according to size.

### Crystadoro's Hair Preservative.

Is invaluable with his dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair. Price, 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

### Married

In Haverhill, March 16th, by Rev. R. H. Seely, Sergt. L. S. Wheeler, 25th Mass. Vols., to Miss Mary E. Bernard of H. f.

### Died

In Woburn, March, 21st inst., John Nelson, M. D., aged 73 years, 6 months.

21st inst., John, son of William Greaney, aged 47 years.

29th inst., Patrick Gaillard, aged 47 years.

In Wilmington, March 23rd inst., Miss Mary Carter, aged 24 years.

In Greenwood, South Reading, March 21st inst., Willie R. Taylor, aged 4 yrs. 2 months.

In South Reading, March 24th inst., Mrs. Clarissa Carter, aged 64 years.

### NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, President, Treasurer, Clerk, and a majority of the Directors of the Boston & Lowell Gas Company, do hereby certify that the Company is a Corporation duly organized under the General Statutes of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose of carrying on business in the manufacture of Gas, Filling Process, and other ways, all grades of cloth, cotton, flax, hemp, jute, and any other fiber, and the manufacture of Cloth, Paper, Printing, Dyeing and Bleaching of the same. That the works of the Company are located in the Town of Woburn, and the City of Lowell, and Commonwealth aforesaid, and, in fact, "Treasures" is in Boston, in the County of Suffolk. The amount of the Capital Stock of said Company is One hundred thousand dollars, which is paid in, in Real Estate, Machinery, Patent Rights and Merchandise, and divided into one thousand equal shares, with a par value of One hundred dollars each.

E. L. SHERMAN, President.  
W. H. BAILEY, Treasurer.  
W. W. KNIGHT, Vice-President.  
CHAS. F. HARRIMAN, Director.  
W. W. KNIGHT, Director.  
E. L. SHERMAN, Director.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, BOSTON, SS. BOSTON, March 17th, 1864.

These persons appeared the above named E. Sherman, W. H. Bailey, W. W. Knight, C. F. Harriman, and others, and signed the foregoing certificate, when they signed, is true.

Before me,  
S. H. WENTWORTH, Justice of the Peace.

### NEWHALL'S CHALLENGE.

Any one who has tried

### NEWHALL'S CHALLENGE COFFEE!

Must acknowledge that it is rightly named, for it is

Unequalled by any Substitute

For the expensive kinds of Coffee. No one should fail to buy it. Manufactured by

H. B. NEWHALL,  
No. 36 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

And sold by Grocers throughout the country.

### NEW STOCK OF ROOM PAPER!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF  
NEW PATTERNS,  
of the above, has just been received from New York, at the

Woburn Bookstore,  
and will be sold very low. Also, BORDERING  
in variety, and Paper for Curtains and Side Lights.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

To all persons interested in the Case of SUMNER & ADAMS of North Reading, in and County Insolvent Debtor, GREETING:

WHEREAS, Benjamin Eames, of said North Reading, a creditor, who has proved his claim in said case, has presented to said Court a petition praying that he may be paid in full in cash, in said case, which is ready to be paid up to order at the most reasonable rates.

BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS  
made in the best style, and warranted to fit.

Particular attention paid to making

Boys' Clothing.

He has on hand a large stock of the best and most durable goods in the market, suitable for the use which may be made up to order at the most reasonable rates.

FURNISHING GOODS  
of all kinds, and of the best qualities, constantly on hand.

Woburn, March 19th, 1864.

### G. R. GAGE, MERCHANT TAILOR, New Bank Building, Woburn,

THE subscriber offers his friends and the public, that he is now located in his new store, with improved accommodations, and is ready to fill their orders with promptness and despatch.

Monuments and Gravestones  
ever offered in Middlesex County, at prices which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. Particular attention given to the

Fitting up of Cemetery Lots  
with GRANITE EDGE-STONE and POSTS.

Also, all kinds of Granite Stone-work for Building purposes furnished to order.

OFFICE—Main Street, Woburn Centre, Mass.

A. SCOTT & CO.  
PICKERING, Agent.

Woburn, Feb. 18th, 1864.—S.Y.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE  
EFFECTED IN  
Good Stock & Mutual Companies;

Also, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,  
etc., obtained for Widows, Children, Fathers,  
Mothers, Brothers or Sisters, through the agency of

HOOTON WOODMAN, Esq., of Boston,

By SPAKOW HORTON Agt.,  
AT THE  
WOBURN POST-OFFICE.

C. S. ADKINS,  
DEALER IN  
BOOKS, STATIONERY,  
PERIODICALS,  
CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.,

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity to a good assortment of

Books, Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink,  
Sundries, Mucilage, Sealing Wax, and  
all articles usually found  
in a Stationery  
Store.

Daily Papers and Periodicals of the day.  
Sheet Music—Vocal and Instrumental.  
Violin and Guitar Strings.

Confectionery of all kinds, and of the best quality.

Also, HOVEY'S HAIR BALM, one of the best preparations for the Hair, offered to the public.

"TOWNSMAN" BUILDING,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Diaries for 1864.

A LARGE LOT of the above, in numerous styles and sizes, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

DR. C. T. LANG,  
Surgeon Dentist.  
Cor. Winn and Pleasant Sts.  
Woburn Centre, Mass.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,  
MILLINER,  
Keeps constantly on hand

BONNETS, HATS, RIDING FLOWERS,  
DRESS TRIMMINGS, CAPS, BRAIDS,  
LACES, SILKS, WORSTEDS, &c.

MOUINGGOODS furnished at short notice  
by BONNETS Bleached, Pressed and Trimmed  
to order.

Bank Block, Main Street, Woburn.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,  
Just received and for sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM

WILLIAM WINN,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.

Orders left at the Journal office will receive  
prompt attention.

H. HARRIMAN,  
HARNESS AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER,  
Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite  
Central Hotel), Woburn.

Harnesses of every description made from the best  
stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices.

Repairing neatly done.

HORACE COLLAMORE,  
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX  
COUNTY.

OFFICE:—4 WADE'S BLOCK,  
Woburn Centre.

FRANK B. DODGE,  
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,  
ALSO, DEALER IN  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware,  
Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.

25 Melodeons For Sale and to Let.

WADE BLOCK, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Central Market,  
Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store for  
merely occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep con-  
stantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries, Pro-  
visions, Vegetables, &c. W. WHITFORD.

FARINA COLOGNE!  
Just received and for sale by  
W. C. BRIGHAM.

MIDDLESEX  
WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,  
Office, 4 Niles Block, 33 School St., Boston.

THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to  
aid the Soldiers and Seamen of Middlesex Co.  
and their Families or others, in obtaining PENSIONS,  
WAGES, & MONIES, and other claims against the Government.

Advice will be given by the Attorney or Secre-  
tary, upon all claims, small charges, es-  
timated by the Director, will be made.

Letters seeking information should be addressed to  
the Association for the collection of claims should be made to the Attorney.

HON. JOHN PARKER, President.

HON. GEO. S. BOUTWELL, Vice-Preside-

NTS.—JOEL PARKER, Geo. S. Boutwell, D.

Phineas St. John, Chas. Hosford, James Shute,

Amos Stone, H. Hosford, Horace Con, J. H. Waitt, Charles Kimball, John K. Goings,

B. C. COLE, A. Abbott, No. 33 School Street,  
Boston, GEO. W. COPELAND, Secretary and  
Treasurer, 2 Tremont Street, Boston.

PREPARED BY  
E. M. SKINNER, M. D.,  
27 Tremont Street,  
38—y Opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass.

Luxuriant Hair for All

Hogue's Hyperion Fluid, Restores and Dresses

House & Land TO LET.

FOR multiplying business by judicious pub-  
licity, THOMAS DAVIDS is just the man to  
consult. Experiences and tact joined with his  
genius, enable him to let his customers  
share the benefits arising from his unflagging per-  
severance, enterprise, and ingenuity. His  
firm has a large number of offices, and is  
dispacth and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas  
DAVIDS' customers, or step in and see him at 15  
Washington Street.

18-4

THE Three Graces in Business.

WHAT ARE THEY?

Public Spirit,  
Advertising, and  
General Printing.

Let the Three Graces appear by consulting

THOMAS DAVIDS,  
15 Washington St., (Hagood's Gun Store),  
BOSTON.

FOR multiplying business by judicious pub-  
licity, THOMAS DAVIDS is just the man to  
consult. Experiences and tact joined with his  
genius, enable him to let his customers  
share the benefits arising from his unflagging per-  
severance, enterprise, and ingenuity. His  
firm has a large number of offices, and is  
dispacth and cheapness. Ask any of Thomas  
DAVIDS' customers, or step in and see him at 15  
Washington Street.

18-4

**WISTAR'S BALSAM  
of  
WILD CHERRY**

Hiss been used for nearly  
**HALF A CENTURY!**  
With the most astonishing success in curing  
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,  
Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup,  
Liver Complaint, Bronchitis,  
Difficulty of Breathing,  
Asthma, and every  
affection of

**THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,  
INCLUDING EVEN  
CONSUMPTION!**

THERE is scarcely one individual in the community who escapes, at some time or other, from the grip of the hoarse, slightly developed, of the above symptoms, a neglect of which might lead to the most serious disease, and even to the dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with all other ingredients, the medicinal properties of its value ten fold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.

HILL, N. H., Nov. 31, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & CO.,  
Although I am not in a great position to give medicines, I can but say in justice to Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, that it is a remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases, and have made use of its preparation, with entire satisfaction. It is a safe, reliable and efficacious in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs. I know of one patient, now in comfortable health, who has taken this remedy, and who, but for its use, I consider would not now be living.

R. FELLOWS, M. D.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Oct. 16, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & CO.,  
I can assure you that for more than fifteen years I have frequently used Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat, to which I, in common with the rest of mankind, am subject, and it gives me great relief to say that I consider it the very best remedy for such cases, with which I am acquainted. I should hardly know what to do without it.

E. T. QUIMBY.

From the Depot Master at South Royalton Mass., SOUTH ROYALTON, Mass., Jan. 4th, 1860.

MESSRS. SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston,  
In the spring of 1859, I was greatly afflicted with a long continued cough, with its usual accompaniments of night sweats, completely prostrating my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated condition, that I could not leave my bed, and did not dare to go about. At this point, I turned to Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM, and it immediately relieved the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of DYSPNEA and in less confirmed forms of INGESTION. Acting directly upon the lungs, it acts upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTITUTION superinduced by irregular action of the bowels.

Persons of feeble habit liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Balsam, and in this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agony of BILLIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by the use of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS perfectly suited and immediately relieved me, before they could be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Age, and Decay and decrepitude arising from OLD AGE, it is a most valuable medicine. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are exhausted, it operates to re-erect and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is *The Only Safe Stimulant*, being manufactured from sound and innocent materials, and containing the elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

No family library would be incomplete without this intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

By HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Stoekkeepers everywhere.

Very respectfully yours,  
BENJ. WHEELER.

From GEORGE A. KIMBALL, Esq., Druggist,  
Haverhill, N. H., Nov. 28th, 1860.

Gentz:—It is now about eleven years since I took the agency for the sale of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and I can truly say that so far as my observation extends it has proved a most valuable medicine in the treatment of all the diseases of the Lungs. My sales for the Balsam are increasing. I herewith send you the order for more of the Balsam, which you will please send me soon.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. KIMBALL,  
Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston,  
and for sale by all druggists.

STURGIS'S  
ELECTRIC COMPOUND,  
AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR  
Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

Also, invaluable for Spinal Irritation, High Complaints, Ague in the face, Tooth Ache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Earache, Lumbo, &c. &c.

The proprietor, in offering this medicine to the public, desire to state that this preparation does not belong to that class of patent medicines. It is a simple compound, and in its composition it has been found fully adequate to the removal of many obstinate cases of the above complaints, which other remedies had failed to remove. It is one of which the Patient may expire. Who can say that they are not frequently followed by Death.

"INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION."

Many are aware of the cause of their suffering, but none will confess it. Records of the insane asylum.

And Melancholia Death by Consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.

It requires the aid of Medicine to Strength en and Invigorate the System. While HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does.

A trial will convince the most skeptical.

Females—Females—Females.

Intercourse Affections peculiar to Females. The EXTRACT BUCHU is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness, Suppression of Menstruation, &c. &c. Uterus. Uterine Diseases of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the womb, whether arising from Indigestion, Habit or Disposition, or the Decline of Change of Life.

Its effect is very rapid, in most cases instantly.

It is external in its application, and the patient runs no risk in using it. It does not strike to the stomach.

It relaxes the nerves and muscles, as it is believed to no other medicine does.

It has cured some of the most violent and obstinate cases of Neuralgia ever known.

It has been used on a child or on an aged person alike.

While it is very powerful, it is perfectly harmless.

The proprietor has been allowed to publish the name of many persons who have used the Compound with the most decided results. He inserts here a few names. They are among the most respectable citizens of Boston, and their residences and places are given.

Rev. N. Munroe, Late Editor of "Boston Recorder."

Rev. H. M. Dexter, of Boston.

Joseph H. Allen, 19 Washington street, House #5 Rutland street, Boston.

N. A. Green, Boston Society, 40 Cornhill.

Admission Boyden, 409 Washington st., firm of Hailey, Mrs. Boyden.

D. G. Gould, Conway Insurance Company, 79 State Street, Boston.

Mrs. Rogers, 22 Millford street, Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 5 Cherry Street, Boston.

Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 22 Millford street, Boston.

Mrs. H. Hale, Alpine Street, Roxbury.

Mrs. C. H. Dickenson, 5 Bridge Place, Boston.

Mrs. A. Read, Concord st., Charlestown.

C. C. Bass, Cashier of City Bank, Boston. And many others.

The proprietor is particularly anxious to publish the following list of names of persons who have used the Compound with the most decided results. It is the highest compliment we can give to our patients.

W. H. Williams, Proprietor, 106 Washington street, Boston.

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Apothecaries.

19-Jun.

ARMY CHECKERBOARDS.

PERSONS having friends in the army will find at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE some very convenient ARMY CHECKERBOARDS which can be carried in the pocket. It will cost TWENTINE CENTS to send this article by mail and examine.

Nichols' Sulphite of Lime,

For preserving Cider, on hand and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.



MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

**WOBURN BOOKSTORE !**

THE WOBURN BOOKSTORE is well supplied with a good stock of Books, Writing Paper, Pens, Ink, Inkstands, Pencils, Blank Books, Room Paper, Fancy Goods, Toys, and almost everything usually found in a Stationery Store. The stock of

**Bibles and Testaments**

is large, and consists of a variety of sizes and styles.

**FAMILY BIBLES supplied to order.**

**Hymn Books.**

The various kinds of Hymn Books used in the different Societies are always kept on hand. Those of particular binding, when not on hand, will be furnished to order.

**Sabbath Sch'l Books,**

Such as Hymn and Tune Books, Question Books, &c., supplied at short notices.

**Photograph Albums**

in good variety, and at different prices, from 50c upwards.

**Juvenile Works,**

suitable for children of all ages, including the works of the most favorite authors, to great supply. TOY BOOKS of all kinds and prices.

**Blank Books,**

Ledgers, Journals, Record Books, Pocket and Tuck Memoranda, and all kinds of Blank Books usually called for. BLANK BOOKS, of particular kinds, furnished to order.

**School Books.**

The various kinds of Books used in our Public Schools, are always on hand. Also, Rewards of Merit, in many different styles.

**Writing Paper.**

The stock of Writing Paper is always large, and includes all kinds—Letter, Billet, Cap, Bank Post, Bill, and Ornamental.

**Envelopes**

Of all colors, sizes and qualities.

**Pens.**

All kinds of Gillett's, Washington Medallion, and many others, too numerous to mention.

**Penholders,**

In Wood, Bone, Ivory, &c., at all prices.

**Paper Hangings.**

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Window blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, at LOW PRICES, always on hand.

**Miscellaneous.**

Cartridge, Drawing, Blotting and Tissue Paper, Portable, Fancy and Office Inkstands, Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Crayons, Ivory Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil Leads, Superior, Common and Perfumed Sealing Wax, Wafers, and Stamps, Crayons, Drawing Books, Stamp, Rubber, Boxes Paints and Brushes, Pen Trays, Paper Trays, BILLET, Cases, Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c.

**Fancy Goods and Toys.**

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles, Puff Boxes, Round, Flax, Pocket and Dressing Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Sharing Brushes, Crochet Needles, Emery Cushions, Port Monnaies, Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing, Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and toys of all kinds.

Main St. Woburn Center.

**HELMBOLD'S  
GENERAL PREPARATIONS.**

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropped Swellings.

This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorptions into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

**AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE.**

The only article of the kind ever produced which

**Will Withstand Water.**

IT WILL MEND WOOD, Save your broken Furniture.

IT WILL MEND LEATHER,

Mend your Harness, Straps, Belts, Boots, &c.

IT WILL MEND GLASS,

Save the pieces of that expensive Cut Glass Bottle

IT WILL MEND IVORY,

Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, its easily repaired.

IT WILL MEND CHINA,

Your Broken China Cups and Saucers can be made good as new.

IT WILL MEND MARBLE,

That piece knocked out of your Marble Mantle can be put on as strong as ever.

IT WILL MEND PORCELAIN,

No matter if that broken Pitcher was not a shilling, a shilling seed is a shilling earned.

IT WILL mend ALABASTER,

That costly Alabaster Vase is broken and you can't match it; mend it, we will never let you down.

IT WILL mend BONE, CAVAT, LAVA, &c.

Any article Coated with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mend.

IT WILL mend everything but Metals.

Any article Coated with AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE will not show where it is mend.

IT WILL mend GLASS.

For sale by Druggists in every town, and every place.

IT WILL mend CERAMIC,

That Earthenware which has been broken.

IT WILL mend IRON,

That Iron which has been bent.

IT WILL mend SILK,

That Silk which has been torn.

IT WILL mend COTTON,

That Cotton